THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Day Edgar—Howard Mingos—Isaac F. Marcosson—Arthur William Brown
Nina Wilcox Putnam—Mary F. Watkins—Samuel G. Blythe—Booth Jameson

For men who like to greet the morning with a smile

(And a few words for the wives who plan their meals)

Does it ever seem strange that such a simple thing as a vegetable—a vegetable as good to eat as spinach—can sometimes make such a difference in the way we feel?

Well, don't think there's any magic or mystery about it—it's based on the plainest, simplest diet facts.

Modern civilization has given us mostly "refined" foods, taking away the bulk or roughage these products had in their natural state. As a result, our meals too often consist largely of concentrated proteins, starches and fats. Excellent, of course—high in energy and body building units—but too small in body, too lacking in residue or bulk to pass through our bodies in the normal way that Nature intended.

Any green, leafy food—but especially spinach—is a natural help in keeping our systems clean and in working order, our bodies free of accumulated wastes, our eyes bright, our interests keen and awake.

More than this, spinach brings us, in remarkable measure, iron for rich, red blood—and almost every vitamin we need for body growth.

Right at this season, of course, with all the heavy foods that most of us eat, spinach has a particularly valuable place in our meals. And especially DEL MONTE Spinach! Under this dependable label is all the goodness of the finest fresh spinach, ready washed and cooked—no bother of preparation—only a minute's work to heat, season and serve.

Put it in your menus often—as often as you wish. See if it doesn't make a difference in the way your family feels. But be sure the spinach you serve is DEL MONTE. You'll appreciate its fine flavor, its delicate freshness and the uniform, certain quality DEL MONTE guarantees in every food that bears this label.

Up for another busy day. Energy "okay." Disposition "good." How many of us enjoy the full heritage of health and vigor that proper foods and proper eating can often bring?

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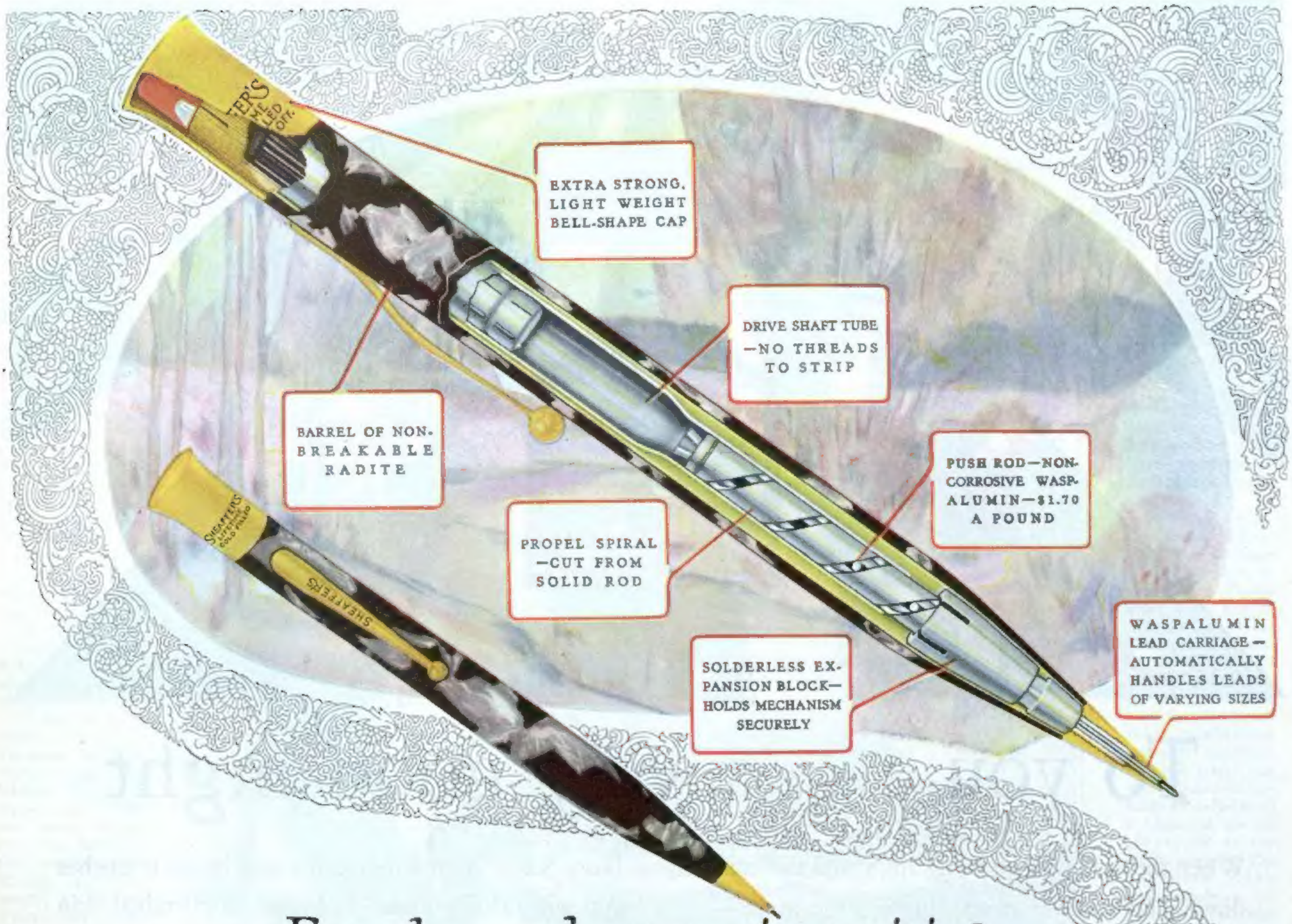
SPINACH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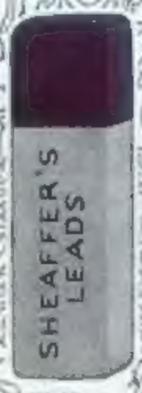

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To you . . . a very good night

When the cold moon swings high, and the fire dies down, and a shiver creeps through the room—

Then quick!—to the gleaming white tub, where waits a summery sea!

Slip into this genial warmth until it ripples gently about your chin. Loll in the golden haze . . . till the last impish chill has trickled away and the blood fairly sings.

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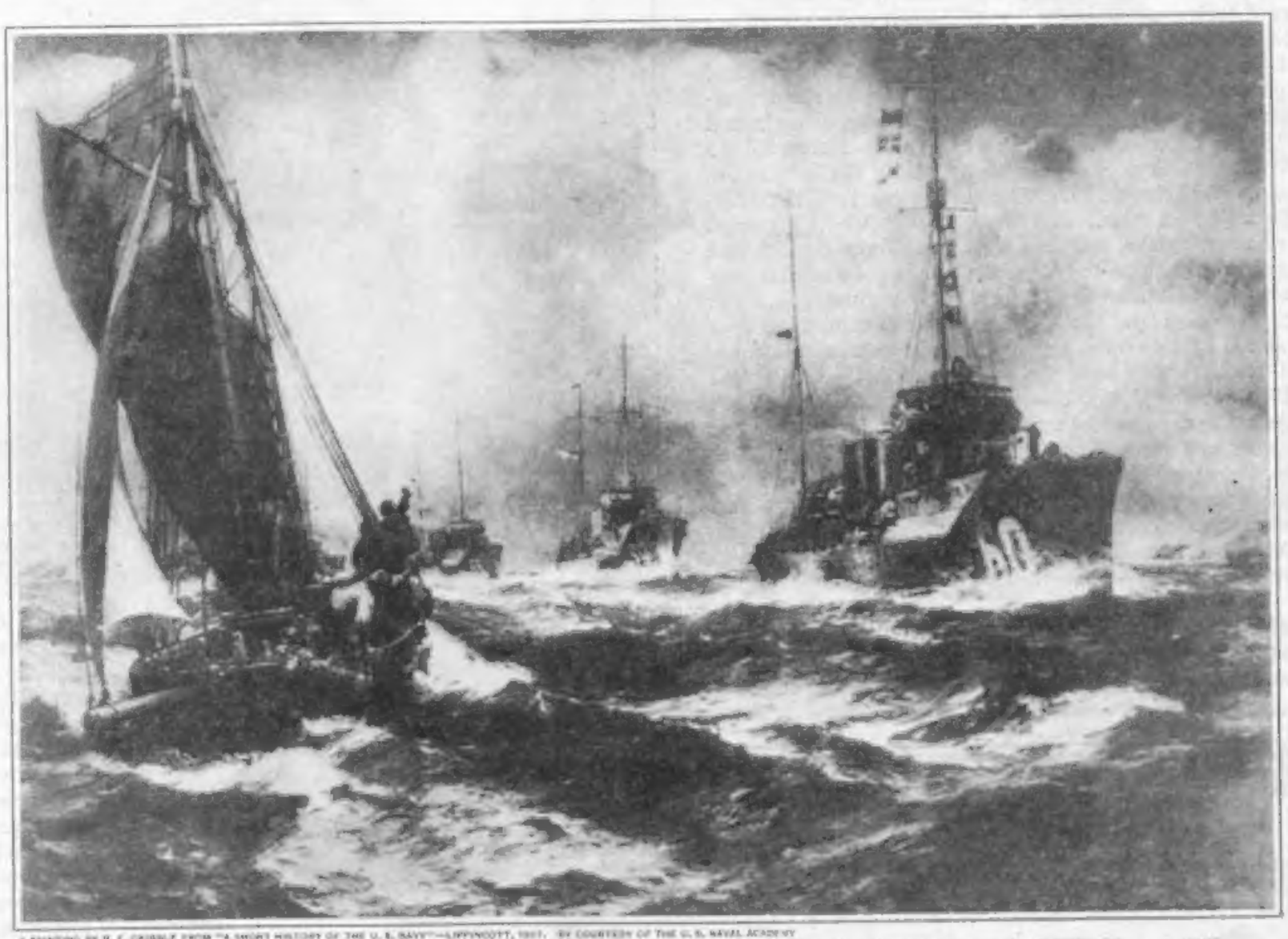
THE NAVY IN THE WAR

By Rear Admiral T. P. Magruder, U. S. Navy

SEA power has contributed generously to victory in every important war fought by the United States. It was a deciding factor in the Revolution which established our independence; it exercised a significant influence in all those later achievements of peace and of war which made our nation great.

In June of 1775, when a band of woodsmen sailed on lumber sloops from Machias, Maine, to capture the British war cutter, Margaretta, the American Navy made its rather humble beginning. Steadily it has grown in power and in prestige through the years that followed, proving consistently its predominant influence in the preservation of American freedom and the maintenance of American ideals. The Navy insures peace for our country.



A PAINTING BY H. F. GRIBBLE FROM "A SHORT HISTORY OF THE U. S. NAVY"—LIPPINCOTT, 1927. BY COURTESY OF THE U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY

"The Return of the Mayflower." The First U. S. Destroyers to Arrive at Queenstown, Ireland, May 3, 1917

The Revolutionary War was won by armies on land, but the victories of the young Navy, aided by the ships of France, made possible their final success. Woodsmen and lumber sloops soon became seamen and privateers; these were followed promptly by Biddle and Barry and John Paul Jones, who, fighting against tremendous odds, disproved Great Britain's assumed invincibility on the seas.

Again, in the war with France in 1798, the seamen of the sturdy Constellation defeated the Insurgente and the Vengeance and cleared the ocean of those privateers which swarmed from the French ports of the West Indies. In 1803 the iron discipline of Commodore Preble and the brilliance of Stephen Decatur did almost as much for the Barbary pirates, who were completely suppressed by Decatur in the Constellation twelve years later.

From Lumber Sloops to Superdreadnoughts

AT THE beginning of the War of 1812 the United States Navy consisted of only 16 serviceable men-of-war and 257 gunboats, of little or no value. The British Navy was many times stronger. But if ships were few, officers were intrepid and courageous and the men were brave. The victory of the historic Constitution over the Guerrière established the United States as a sea power to be respected, while the victories of Perry on Lake Erie, Porter in the Pacific, Macdonough on Lake Champlain and Decatur off the Canary Islands preserved to America her independence.

Later, the battle of the ironclads, Monitor and Merrimac, in Hampton Roads, not only hastened the end of the Civil War but revolutionized the navies of the world, sounding the death knell of wooden fighting ships. Throughout that conflict the close blockade of the Atlantic Coast and the control of the lower Mississippi by Farragut played a most important part in the ultimate consummation of peace for a war-torn land.

Once more, in the Spanish-American War significant victories were achieved by the Navy, with Dewey, at Manila, and Sampson, at Santiago. This war freed Cuba, gave us the Philippines, Porto Rico and Guam and placed the United States definitely as one of the great world powers.

Then, finally, came the World War, which was to make greater demands on the United States Navy than any in its history. It expanded naval personnel to 550,000 officers and men; naval equipment to more than 2000 warships, auxiliaries, transports and other essential craft; and naval operations virtually extended to all the seas, to the air above and to the depths beneath. The enormous Navy which America put into the World War was one of the factors which brought that struggle to a victorious decision.

War Breaks

IN THIS and succeeding articles it is my purpose to describe briefly the activities of our Navy in the greatest of all wars, with the hope that its achievements may be more fully realized and appreciated by the American people.

During the early summer of 1914 a small group of warships, flying the flags of three nations, lay at anchor in the harbor of Mazatlan, Mexico's largest Pacific seaport. Among them were the American flagship, San Diego, and cruiser, Raleigh; the German cruiser, Leipzig, and a small British gunboat. Political disturbances within the southern republic had brought the foreign vessels to protect the lives and the property of their nationals.

On the evening of August fourth it was my privilege, as commanding officer of the Raleigh, to attend a dinner given by Rear Admiral Thomas B. Howard, aboard the American flagship to the captains of the warships present. The function progressed pleasantly and without unusual incident until, suddenly, an aide entered to whisper a brief word to our host. Excusing himself, the admiral withdrew. A few moments later the aide returned, informing the British captain that the admiral wished to see him. We other guests were silent, but each of us suspected what had occurred. A radiogram from Washington had told that war was declared between the British and the German empires. When Admiral Howard reappeared, he was without the British captain.

As soon as was possible the British gunboat slipped quietly away for Vancouver, and kept well within the three-mile limit. The Leipzig steamed to Magdalena Bay, on the Lower California coast. With her went a small British tramp which the German consul at San Francisco had chartered to carry fuel and stores to the cruiser. There the supply ship was ordered to send its radio outfit and its cook, a German, aboard the Leipzig, and to return at once to San Francisco. The captain remonstrated, only then to learn for the first time that war had been declared and to be warned that he must obey or suffer the consequences. In view of the efficiency of the German radio at that time, I have ever since believed that the German captain knew of the war declaration before the dinner, and that he deliberately chose to act in a chivalrous manner toward the British gunboat and merchantman. With his vessel, this gallant officer was later

lost at the battle of the Falkland Islands. The American flagship, San Diego, incidentally, was sunk in July of 1918 by a German submarine about forty-five miles east of Sandy Hook.

The dinner at Mazatlan was my first personal, though remote, contact with the great war which was eventually to draw America into its maelstrom. To many civilians, including men in official capacity, that possibility then seemed both vague and distant. To naval officers, however, it seemed, even in those early days, a serious danger. They realized that in a war between great powers the way of the neutral, like the way of the trangressor, is hard; that blockades and raids on commerce may injure and incense the noncombatant as well as the belligerent. Nor, as developments soon proved, were their apprehensions unfounded. Great Britain soon established her famous and effective blockade, and seized a number of American vessels under conditions which brought protests from Washington. Germany inaugurated her submarine and commerce-raiding campaign, which eventually spared neither American ships nor American lives.

Piling on the Last Straw

IN SEPTEMBER of 1914, Great Britain seized and requisitioned two cargoes of copper in American ships. In October three more consigned to Italy, "for order," were similarly taken and sent to Gibraltar. Then three American tankers were seized and the American steamer, Wilhelmina, laden with foodstuffs, was held for a prize court. The German aggressions were still more provocative. On January 28, 1915, the notorious raider, Prinz Eitel Friedrich, sank the William P. Frye, a vessel under the American flag, in the South Atlantic. On March twenty-eighth, Leon C. Thrasher, an American citizen, perished when the British steamer, Falaba, was sunk by a German submarine. On April twenty-ninth, the American steamer, Cushing, was bombed by a German airplane, but escaped without loss of life. Two days later the American tanker, Gulflight, was torpedoed by a German submarine off the Scilly Islands and three lives were lost. Between that date and April 6, 1917, when the United States declared war on Germany, no less than seventeen other American merchant ships were sunk or damaged by German torpedoes, gunfire or bombs. Between February 19, 1916, and April 6, 1917, six American vessels were sunk by mines and two more were salvaged after suffering severe damage. For individuals necessity knows no law. For nations at war necessity knows no international law—whatever that may be.

Such violations of the rights of neutrals were explained by the responsible belligerents as the inescapable exigencies of war. Great Britain found it necessary, for example, to control the trade destined for her enemies from or through neutral nations and determined to use her superior navy to that end. Napoleon, she knew, had, in the last analysis, been defeated by sea power. The Confederate States, in our own Civil War, were seriously crippled by the effects of a rigid blockade. As in these two great conflicts of the nineteenth century, so in the World War of the twentieth, sea power and blockade contributed greatly to the Allied victory, slowly but surely strangling the Central Powers throughout their four-year struggle. Germany's submarine and raider campaigns had a similar object in view. Not even the well-worn phrase "exigencies of war" could, however, explain to the satisfaction of most neutral peoples the sinking of the Lusitania.

This crowning atrocity of all the war occurred shortly after two o'clock in the afternoon on Friday, May 7, 1915, when the huge British liner was torpedoed by the German submarine U-20 without warning, and sank in eighteen minutes. More than eleven hundred men, women and children, among them one hundred and fourteen American citizens, perished under conditions which aroused the horror and indignation of all but German sympathizers. The Central Powers attempted to justify the act by asserting that the Lusitania was an armed auxiliary cruiser and that she was then carrying guns, gun crews and ammunition. This was disproved later before a United States Federal Court which stated in its decision: "The proof is absolute that she—the Lusitania—was not and never had been armed, nor did she carry any explosives." The captain of the Lusitania testified that his ship was steaming at only eighteen knots, though she was capable of making twenty-five. He had reduced speed to assure reaching Liverpool at the time of a favorable tide. Whether or not this reduced speed was contributory to the disaster remains in many minds an open question.

The outrage caused world-wide indignation. Friday, always a day of evil omen to seamen, as well as others, was indeed an unlucky one for the German Empire, for the ultimate effects of the Lusitania's sinking converted that act into the greatest calamity which befell the Central Powers during the World War.

In the United States the incident convinced many men in both military and civil life that war with Germany was inevitable. On my cruiser, still in Mexican waters, drills were restricted to those devoted to gunnery. Nothing, it seemed to me then, could better illustrate the reaction of the American people to the Lusitania incident than the attitude of the enlisted men as well as the officers on my ship. On one occasion while standing on the poop watching a gun's crew at subcaliber practice I heard a gun pointer exclaim excitedly, "I hit him!" Glancing toward the bull's eye of the target I observed that it had been decorated with a drawing of a German soldier. On that same day a bluejacket whose name indicated German ancestry soundly thrashed another for impugning his loyalty.

PHOTOS. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y. C.

The Deutschland Leaving Baltimore in 1916. In Oval—Rear Admiral T. P. Magruder

The recurrent violations of our rights as a neutral soon impressed other than naval and military men with the necessity of improving our national defense. Early in 1916 President Wilson enunciated the policy that the United States should have a navy as large as that of any other nation. Soon thereafter the Navy Department directed the General Board, of which Admiral Dewey was then president, to prepare a building program "that will continue over a period of five years, with an expenditure of about $100,000,000 each year for five years on new construction only."

Seeking Equality on the Seas

IMMEDIATELY the board recommended comprehensive plans calling for increases in both men and ships. Congress at its next session approved the entire program, reducing the period of its fulfillment, however, to three years. Obviously senators and representatives, too, saw the great need for naval preparedness. Their authorization was contained in the famous Act of August 29, 1916, still regarded by officers as one of the most important and constructive measures ever enacted for the benefit of the Navy. It carried appropriations totaling $312,678,000, the largest ever granted the Navy in peace, and other provisions for which officers had struggled through weary years of bleak discouragement, disappointment and frustration. It authorized among other things, the construction of sixteen capital ships—battleships and battle cruisers—ten light cruisers, fifty destroyers, sixty-eight submarines, eleven auxiliaries and two gunboats. Completion of this program would have made the Navy of the United States the equal of the sea forces of any other nation.

(Continued on Page 81)

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Left to Right: Admiral Beatty, Rear Admiral Rodman, King George, Prince of Wales and Vice Admiral Sims. King George in Uniform of Admiral of the Fleet

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

"Griff," She Whispered. "I Never Saw So Many Pretty Girls in My Life. I'm Afraid You're Going to Get Stuck With Me"

By DAY EDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE two lines of pink chorus girls, kicking in perfect unison to the last, gradually disappeared into the wings; and Thomas Griffith Pendleton, for the second time that semester, watched the initial entrance of the young leading lady.

She appeared from the left and came lightly through a French window; one of the high French windows of what the program described as her aunt's palatial New York residence. She wore a summery dress of pink, and her arrival accomplished amazing things; for in the spell of her presence it was possible once more to believe in girls who were ladies, girls with attractive manners and capable of modesty and graciousness.

On the slightest provocation she danced. Indeed, this musical comedy obviously had been fabricated just to furnish her with opportunities for dancing; and when she presently drifted into a series of billowy undulations everyone in the dark audience sat perfectly still and watched only her.

Thomas Griffith Pendleton, from Seat E-102, Right, followed the leading lady with unsentimental approval. A previous performance had made him familiar with the plot, but repetition could not stale her infinite variety of graceful steps. His enjoyment, however, was purely æsthetic. He admired her appearance and her dancing, and he rejoiced at her unmistakable refinement, for this quality was vital to his plans. The other members of the cast, even the array of underclad chorus girls, bored him, and he welcomed the scene in which the leading lady first encountered the hero. They met at nightfall by a bench in Gramercy Park. The hero at last dared to speak, and it seemed that he had loved her ever since the time, three long days ago, when she had first come to this romantic rendezvous.

"I'm a composer," he was presently confessing.

"I wonder if I've ever heard any of your songs."

"There's one you haven't heard," he announced. "I wrote it just for you."

"For me?" she cried demurely, and soon he was in the middle of the lyric her beauty had inspired:

"Right out of heaven,
Into my arms . . ."

Pendleton paid little attention to the singing hero. He was untouched by jealousy, because his heart was not involved. Although the leading lady had within the past hour acquired for him a particular significance, his attitude remained one of unaffected detachment. He could, therefore, sit back contentedly and not wonder if she really meant those glances, not care if her secret heart was genuinely stirred by the ardent love which the hero was expressing musically. From only one hearing she herself learned the song; now they sang it together, dancing back and forth across the front of the stage.

"Isn't she graceful, dear?" whispered a woman somewhere behind Pendleton.

"Pretty, too," growled a man's voice approvingly.

The end of the song brought them close to the wings; here they stood, hand in hand. The leading lady, raising her shy face, gave the hero a limpid glance, impulsively kissed him and fled.

Their happiness did not endure, for in the next scene the hero's long-absent sister appeared and rushed into his arms. He told about the girl of girls he had just met, about the new love song he had written for her. To illustrate, he sang the song to his sister. And at that moment, to everyone's sorrow, the young leading lady appeared. One glance was enough. There her hero stood, a strange blonde in his arms while he sang:

"Right out of heaven,
Into my arms . . ."

Before she was seen, before anyone in the audience could rise and cry out for her to come back, the stricken leading lady stole away; but she could not escape her memories when a brilliant reception soon took place in the gardens of her rich aunt. The blond sister, to entertain the assembled guests, sat down at the grand piano on the terrace. She started playing her brother's new love song, and this brought on the dance that Pendleton admired most.

At the first notes the leading lady rose quickly, her hand flown to her pretty bosom. She looked around for an escape; she wanted only to flee with her bruised heart before she broke down and wept in front of them all, in front of that unknown, taunting blonde.

"Don't pay any attention," whispered a friend. "Don't let her see you're jealous."

A prompt change came over the leading lady. The perfect chin rose slightly and a serene smile brightened her face. She would not flee or sob. Instead, she would show them all how little it meant to her. Why, she would dance!

She straightened, tentatively flexed one charming leg, and although everyone in the audience knew her heart was breaking, she proceeded to fool the guests completely by moving effortlessly out upon the current of the music and floating into the measures of the dance. Beauty born of youthful contours and a perfect grace hung above her like a fluttered scarf, and her voluble body became a symbol of living rhythm. She seemed unaware of onlookers and her expression told that she enjoyed dancing, enjoyed

watching each silver-slippered foot twirl and rise lightly above her auburn head.

Her little silver evening dress, snugly form-fitting upward from the waist, had a skirt of fluffy ruffles; the dip and sway of her body swirled these ruffles about, occasionally revealing two supple legs of flawless symmetry. They were triumphs in tapering loveliness, and when one remained gracefully poised, it was quite possible, for a man seated no farther away than the fifth row, to detect a gentle radiance of flesh shining through silk in a golden glow of perfection.

The dance merged into a whirl, the silvery skirt spinning umbrella-wise. Now it could be seen that where smooth stockings vanished, knickers began. They were white satiny knickers, smart and infinitely dainty. To Pendleton they seemed as pretty and innocent as a baby girl's best Sunday rompers; there was an intimacy entirely charming about the tiny wrinkles and folds. And now, as she revolved silently, hers was physical beauty for which wars have been started and ended, kingdoms pawned and peasantry embittered; the enslaving, maddening physical beauty for which men throw away honor, good jobs and economical wives.

"She'll do," was Thomas Pendleton's impersonal appraisal. "Better get a look at her offstage, though."

The dance ended in a colonial curtsy, and sharp, sustained handclapping filled the air. Pendleton, although there were two more scenes, rose. As he walked leisurely up the dim aisle he felt superior to the hundreds of people sitting here. It was a pleasant feeling, one which his years of conspicuous brilliance on the campus had made familiar and necessary to his contentment. Being simply one of the crowd had always stirred in him a restless unhappiness. It was this that had spurred him onward to many campus honors; this same distaste for personal obscurity was at work when, after enjoying his pipe in the foyer, he presently emerged into the wide glare of Broadway.

He turned down a side street and stopped outside of the stage door. It was comparatively dim here, with a faint air of dinginess. A few cars were parked along the curb, on the sidewalk stood several big drums of cable and a battered tool box.

The performance, he knew, was over, for a number of nondescript men had been coming out and walking rapidly away, one carrying a violin case under his arm. Several elderly women emerged and dissolved into the night. Singly and in pairs the chorus girls began to appear, and Pendleton observed how different they looked now. Their street clothes were entirely conventional; their exaggerated facial make-up only completed their resemblance to debutantes he knew, or to girls issuing, homeward-bound, from an office building. For the few men loitering on the sidewalk Pendleton felt again his pleasant sense of superiority. They were lingering, unnoticed and unimportant, to ogle the chorus girls. He had an appointment with the star.

There came a lull, the stage door opening less often now. A touch of doubt, an emotion rare with him, troubled Pendleton. Could his plans be going wrong? Had the leading lady forgotten? After all, she was the star of a Broadway success; she was probably deluged with invitations. And, unfortunately, there was no way for her to know beforehand that this particular occasion was distinctly out of the ordinary.

Thoughtfully he reviewed his earlier strategy. He considered the note he had sent in by the doorman just before the performance started. He had purposely made that note indefinite, vaguely implying something of importance, because he shrewdly reasoned that this was the surest way of getting an interview. As he had hoped, a hasty message, relayed by the doorman, had promised him a moment here at the stage door after the final curtain. Surely she would keep her word.

His doubts dissolved and he fell to speculating upon her probable appearance at close range. Would she, away from the colored footlights, seem less attractive? Would she even prove to be a little hard? For the good of his plan he hoped not. Her fame, her position in the public eye, was the quality that had first recommended her to his consideration; it was equally vital to his plan that she be every inch a lady. That much, at least, had to be said for obscure, agreeable Vivian Ayrehardt. He still liked Vivian, but she lacked the magnificence required for his present plans. He did not, even to himself, put his motive into blunt words; his intention, however, was to find a girl whose importance made her an appropriate partner for the senior who was president of the undergraduate council, three times an officer of his class, chairman of the prom committee, a letter man in hockey and a member of the varsity club. His desire was one great Pompey might have felt when preparing for a triumphal return from the wars. There was no glory in leading some unknown female behind his chariot while he passed through the streets of Rome; new glamour, however, would be Pompey's if the lady in chains were Cleopatra.

"Oh, I Know I'd Enjoy It Very Much," She Said Politely, "But Friday Is a Particularly Bad Night for Me"

It occurred now to Pendleton that possibly the character he had approved of on the stage was an artificial product, totally different from the *première danseuse* herself. But the memory of her in the silver evening dress, erect, attractive and gracious, reassured him. He knew a lady when he saw one; he was confident that he had not been deceived on this point.

Would she accept his invitation? He wished there was some indirect way of letting her know who he was, just what his name stood for on the campus. She would accept more readily, he felt, if she knew she was being asked by the student who occupied the same position in college that she held in this musical comedy. Other girls—Vivian Ayrehardt, for example—naturally much preferred a campus celebrity to the merely average student. This would also be true, he supposed, of the leading lady. But even though it would help his chance of success, he reflected, it would not do for him to begin his interview by informing the leading lady that she was listening to the president of the undergraduate council, the secretary of the Right Wing Club, chairman of ——

"Are you Mr. Pendleton?"

He turned quickly and faced a person who, judging by the small hat and the brown fur coat, had just come down from some smart but conservative boarding school for a holiday in New York. His own hat came off automatically and there was nothing of the stammering undergraduate about him as he made his request for the pleasure of her company at the senior prom.

"It comes three weeks from next Friday," he was presently saying. "I purposely asked you well in advance, so you wouldn't have a previous engagement."

Her dark blue eyes remained on him until he paused.

"It's awfully good of you to ask me," she said, "but I really don't think I can go. I'm busy until after eleven o'clock every night except Sunday."

"That's no obstacle," he said, smiling reassuringly. "You see, our proms don't get started until midnight, and they last until five in the morning. I could have a taxi waiting right here at the stage door, and we'd catch that 11:40 from the Pennsylvania Station. That means we'd walk into the prom shortly after one o'clock, with the best four hours of dancing left. And if you've never been to one," he added persuasively, "I'm sure you would find it quite amusing."

"Oh, I know I'd enjoy it very much," she said politely, "but Friday is a particularly bad night for me."

"It is?" he asked uncertainly.

"Yes, you see I have a matinée every Saturday."

"Oh, that's all right," he said, relieved. "I'll see that you get back in plenty of time for your matinée."

"What I meant," she replied, smiling briefly, "is that I'm afraid if I danced all Friday night I'd be too tired for the two performances on Saturday."

"Oh," he said, a little at a loss. "But we could leave the prom early," he added quickly. "I promise we'll leave the floor the minute you begin to feel tired."

Notwithstanding this concession, she was still visibly reluctant about accepting. He determined not to insist upon a final decision now. To give her time to think it over, he felt, was the diplomatic move.

"You don't have to make up your mind tonight," Pendleton explained suavely. "You can take three weeks to think it over. In fact," he added, chuckling humorously, "as chairman of the prom committee, I'd even be willing to postpone the whole thing if that would persuade you to come."

"As much as I'd like to go, Mr. Pendleton," she said, laughing, "I'm almost sure I won't be able to do it."

"Oh, don't decide now," he protested with good-natured insistence. "You think it over and I'll come up next week, say, and get your final answer."

"All right," she agreed, preparing to go. "Perhaps that will be best."

"Now don't forget the date," he said, "and remember that I'm extremely anxious to have you accept."

"Well, it's certainly very kind of you."

"The whole college will be disappointed if you don't come," he said flatteringly as he put out his hand. "In fact, if you refuse, as head of the undergraduate council and president of the senior class, I'm simply going to order the gymnasium decorated all in black!"

Her blue eyes, just before she vanished into the misty night, seemed to hold new respect. Thomas Griffith Pendleton, settling his derby, turned briskly in the other direction. As he strode away he noticed that the men standing around, units of the obscure species, were regarding him with envy.

II

LEAVING his club after luncheon the next day, Pendleton succeeded in an effort to be alone with Lew West, his roommate, while they strolled back toward the dormitory.

"Who you bringing to the prom, Lew?" he inquired casually.

"Think I'll go stag, Griff," said West. "You taking Vivian Ayrehardt?"

"No," said Pendleton slowly, "not this time."

"You going stag too?"

"No," Pendleton repeated and paused for his effect. Only after West turned his head inquiringly did Pendleton, in a matter-of-fact tone, give the name of the girl he was going to bring to the prom.

"You are?" exclaimed West with incredulous admiration.

"Yes," said Pendleton calmly. "I was talking to her at the stage door last night." He allowed his roommate to draw from him a detailed account of the exploit, and he could not avoid admiring his own attitude toward the adventure. He achieved self-approval by remaining impressively unimpressed.

"Think it'll be all right?" asked West at last. "I mean, hadn't you better get the dean's permission?"

"I couldn't do that," said Pendleton, smiling indulgently. "That'd be a reflection on my guest. But I will mention the matter—simply tell him who I'm bringing—when I see him this afternoon."

There was silence while the roommates mounted stone steps flanked by the figures of two drowsy lions in bronze.

"As far as I know," said Pendleton musingly, "no one's ever brought a Broadway star to a prom."

"Well, it's not the kind of an idea that'd occur to many fellows."

"I suppose not," admitted Pendleton in modest reluctance.

"It's something really big, Griff," said West warmly, "and you're the logical fellow to've thought of it."

To agree audibly would sound conceited; to murmur protests would be denying what he felt to be the truth; so Thomas Griffith Pendleton compromised by allowing the charge to go unchallenged, and an hour later set out to call upon the dean.

He selected automobiles as the ostensible reason for this visit. During the prom week-end, he knew, the dean would lift the university ban on student-driven cars; as president of the undergraduate council, there was nothing unnatural in Pendleton's bringing up this matter. Little could be said on the subject, but even before that little had been disposed of, Pendleton's interest had shifted to the real object of his call.

"Don't say it," prudence urged. "Suppose you spread the report, and then she doesn't come!"

This was, he knew, good counsel. To put himself in a prominent rôle, however, was the dominating impulse of his nature; something in him hungered incessantly for attention, and he could not resist the desire to separate himself from the herd.

"As it happens, dean," he was presently saying, with a deprecating chuckle, "this time I'm going to have particular need for a car myself."

"Yes?" the dean asked, and when he gave the name of his intended partner Pendleton was gratified by the dean's admiring surprise, by his instant recognition of the leading lady's status. "Well, well!" the dean exclaimed. "I'm delighted to hear it, Griff."

"I've arranged to meet her in a taxi at the stage door," Pendleton explained, "and we'll dash from there to the Pennsylvania Station. I'm going to have my own car waiting over at the Junction, so we can make a final sprint to the gym."

"If you don't save me a dance with her," the dean said, "I swear I'll put you on cut pro the morning after the prom!"

Together they chuckled, two men of the world who had got on famously for almost four years, who could discuss even an attractive young *première danseuse* on a basis of adult equality.

"Well, Griff," said the dean, rising, "during the past three years you've hitched a good many stars to that wagon of yours. Now you're about to harness your biggest star right at the head of your team!"

Admiration, as always, had a profoundly stimulating effect upon Thomas Griffith Pendleton. In a spiritual glow he left the dean's office and realized that now the leading lady simply must come. Nothing could be gained by waiting until next week; so, on Wednesday forenoon, in the forthright manner in which he had successfully pursued other campus distinctions, he entrained for the Broadway theatrical district, determined not to take no for an answer.

III

"SHE'S on the stage now," the doorman announced, reappearing. "I'll give it to her when she comes off. You can wait in here."

Gratefully Pendleton stepped into the narrow vestibule. That dollar tip, he reflected, had softened the doorman's hostility. Now, from his privileged position just within the half-glass stage doors, he could allow the passers-by to glance curiously at him and realize that he was not an ordinary stage-door johnny, like the few loitering obscurely on the sunny sidewalk.

"All right, this way."

Pendleton saw the doorman beckoning rapidly at the other end of the narrow passageway. He whipped off his

(Continued on Page 118)

"I'm Back Again to See If I Can't Possibly Persuade You to Make Up Your Mind to Come to the Prom With Me"

THE GOLD RUSH IN THE AIR

By HOWARD MINGOS

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y. C.

Looking at the Aerial Circus at Mitchel Field, Long Island

THESE are boom days in aviation. New companies are formed almost daily. Airplane factories are springing up like mushrooms. Air-transport lines are being organized and reorganized as new routes are projected. Air lines already established are pushing into new territory throughout the country.

Old companies—let us say the pioneer and the near-pioneer builders—are turning out machines on a scale approaching quantity production. Important units engaged in both the manufacture and operation of flying craft are pooling their interests through interlocking directorates, and there are mergers without end.

A constant stream of capital is flowing into the flying business from the banks and investment houses, from private investors and speculators—all eager prospectors in what they believe is now the most promising field for future industrial expansion. Some of them hope to strike it rich in two or three years. Yes, they do.

Nothing quite like it has happened before. Never was there such concentrated effort from so many varied sources as that which is trying to get a large part of the public up in the air and keep it there, literally. It is bringing about a rapid reorganization of the industry, tending to set up gigantic corporations controlling many branches of aviation, from the production of planes by thousands to the operation of air-transport lines, flying schools and local aerial taxi combines.

When Opportunity Passed By

IF THERE is any vexatious problem awaiting solution before flying becomes wholly popular, it has slipped into the background, and the picture at present is one of widespread confidence that the airplane is about to become a mighty factor in every phase of transportation.

A banker who is reorganizing a company so that it can spend millions on new factories, explains the public interest in this manner:

"Part of the popularity is sheer speculation. Prosperity has made money plentiful. People think aviation stocks must rise in market value along with everything else. The vast majority are sure that this is another kind of automotive industry, that it must grow accordingly. Some have a vision of the sky clouded with airplanes. Others have a more simple faith; they say that here is a new vehicle and it just must become popular, that's all."

The change from public lethargy to zealous interest has been rather sudden. It was not so long ago that the average person looked upon flying as solely a game for heroes. Not by the widest stretch of the imagination could it be termed popular.

The men who built airplanes, as a rule, were individualists. They financed their factories out of their own pockets or those of their friends and acquaintances.

Rarely could they borrow money at the bank. At best, their credit was limited. They were lucky if they could pay their bills. They spent a large part of their time in Washington trying to wrest from the Government orders for military machines; and only those who procured contracts for military craft succeeded in keeping their plants open. At best, aviation was a gamble, whether one flew airplanes or built the things.

Today in Wall Street there is a financier who mentally kicks himself when he thinks of the appreciation in the value of aviation stocks.

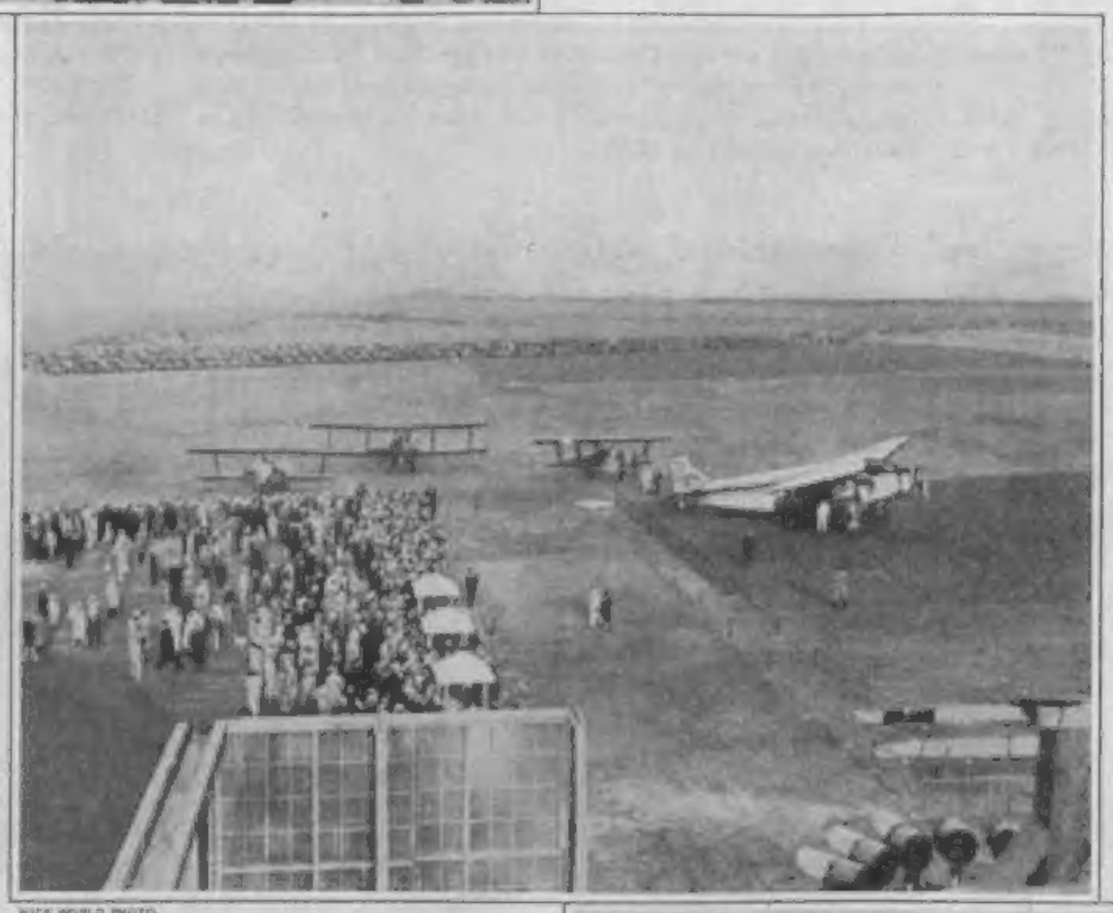
"Just think of this," he said: "Two years ago I could have purchased a controlling interest in the five leading airplane and aircraft-engine plants for something like $12,000,000. All the others that showed any promise at all could have been counted on the fingers of both hands. And today I could not buy control at any price."

Approximately $100,000,000 in capital has been put into the industry in the past few years. The number of front-rank companies has jumped to about thirty separate organizations. Expansion has been so rapid that aviation no longer is in the hands of the few individualists. It is everybody's business.

Manufacturers of other things—wheelbarrows, hardware, tools, wood materials and what not—are now getting down to building airplanes. Men who have made their money in other lines—in oil, motor cars, real estate, to mention only a few—are organizing companies to build and operate flying machines.

There are more airplane factories in the United States today than there are automobile plants—more than twice as many, in fact; for against some eighty motor car plants there are, roughly speaking, 165 so-called airplane factories.

Something besides prosperity and speculation has wrought the transformation. There are two main reasons for it: Successive bursts of popular enthusiasm created by the stunt flights have aroused the business and the financial interests, and thousands of cool-headed capitalists, bankers and executives in other industries have been convinced that the enthusiasm is lasting, that it represents a growing demand for the multitudinous service that airplanes alone can render. They have been watching aviation since Henry Ford entered the field about four years ago, and they have discovered that some of the airplane manufacturers are making money and that the operating companies are beginning to show profits.



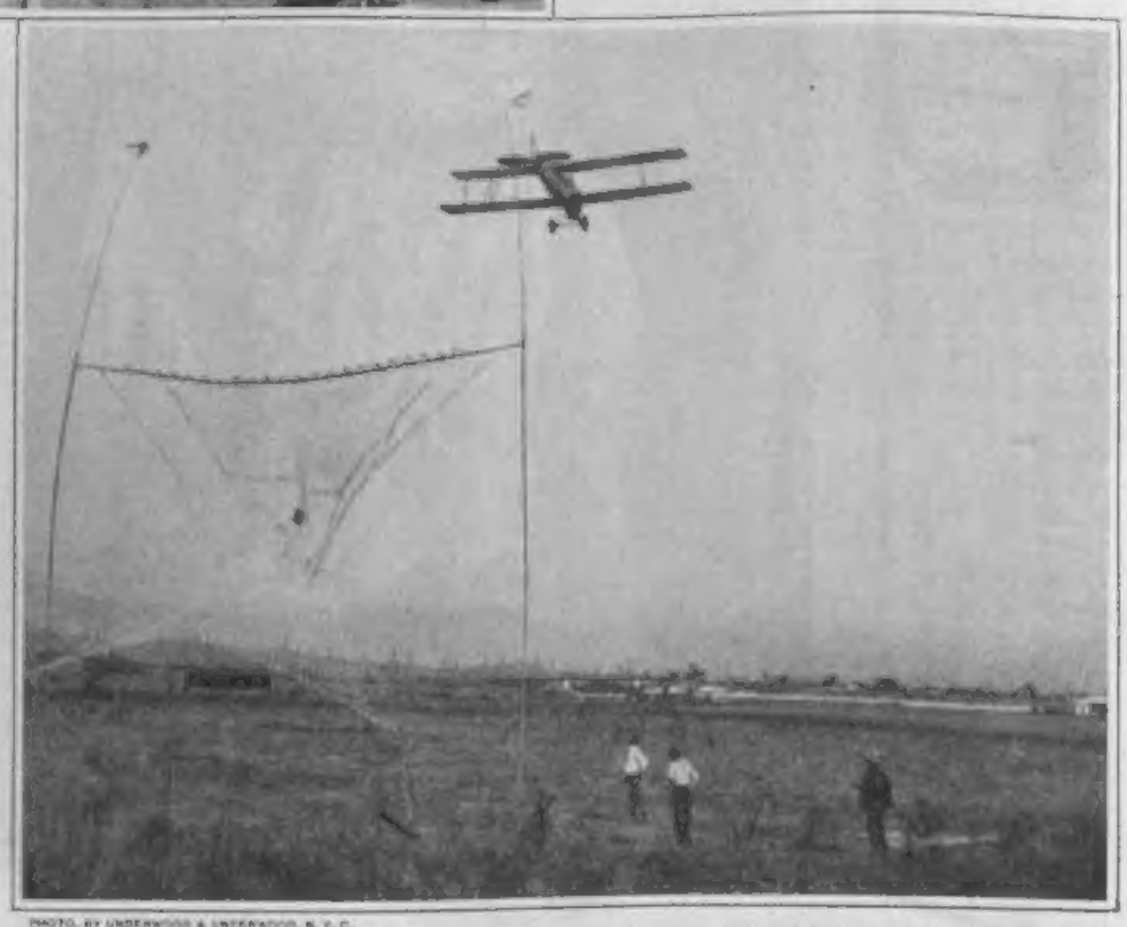
WIDE WORLD PHOTO.

The Newark Airport Landing Field

The Public's Patronage

ASKED why he and his associates are now putting millions into a new aeronautical venture, an investment banker gazed at the writer in astonishment, as if it were a silly question. Reminded that only two years ago he had turned down appeals for assistance from other and old-established companies, he smiled and said:

"The banks will never enter a field until it proves that it can return a fair margin of profit on the investment. Sometimes our guess is wrong, but rarely. We have seen that the airplane can earn money. We believe the public generally is now ready to patronize flying in one way or another. If we are wrong there, then the people themselves will bear the



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

A Mail-Catching Device in Operation at the Aero Security Field. Sacks of Mail Let Down From Speeding Planes are Caught in a Huge Net

burden, for you must remember that in the long run the bankers only represent the people; we are handling their money."

It is conservatively estimated that at least a hundred banking and investment groups are now taking part in the reorganization of the industry. Some are financing the expansion of established building companies. Several are buying control, still others are acquiring an interest in many organizations at once, their object being to bring about mergers later on. The confidence of the bankers equals that of the manufacturers themselves.

Good Flying Weather in Sight

THE aircraft builders cannot be put in any one class. Some of them have confined their production to small commercial planes. A few have specialized on large multi-engined machines. A number of the older companies have been concentrating on Government orders for military and naval aircraft. And until six months ago there were many concerns struggling along with an output of a few experimental planes each year. Now all of them have adopted a policy of expansion. All are going into commercial production. All are sure that from now on they will have a fast-growing market.

In 1927 less than 1600 commercial planes were built by the thirty companies then producing other than experimental craft. In 1928 close to 4000 commercial machines were turned out by approximately 140 plants. No less than twenty others were about ready to start large-scale production.

For the next twelve months, according to estimates of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, which embraces 95 per cent of the builders and operators, American aircraft plants have production programs aggregating about 10,000 machines. They represent an increased output of from 25 per cent on the part of the smaller plants to 900 per cent in the older factories which have been preparing for quantity production. It is said that the selling value of the commercial airplanes and motors will jump from about $30,000,000 in 1928 to $75,000,000 this year.

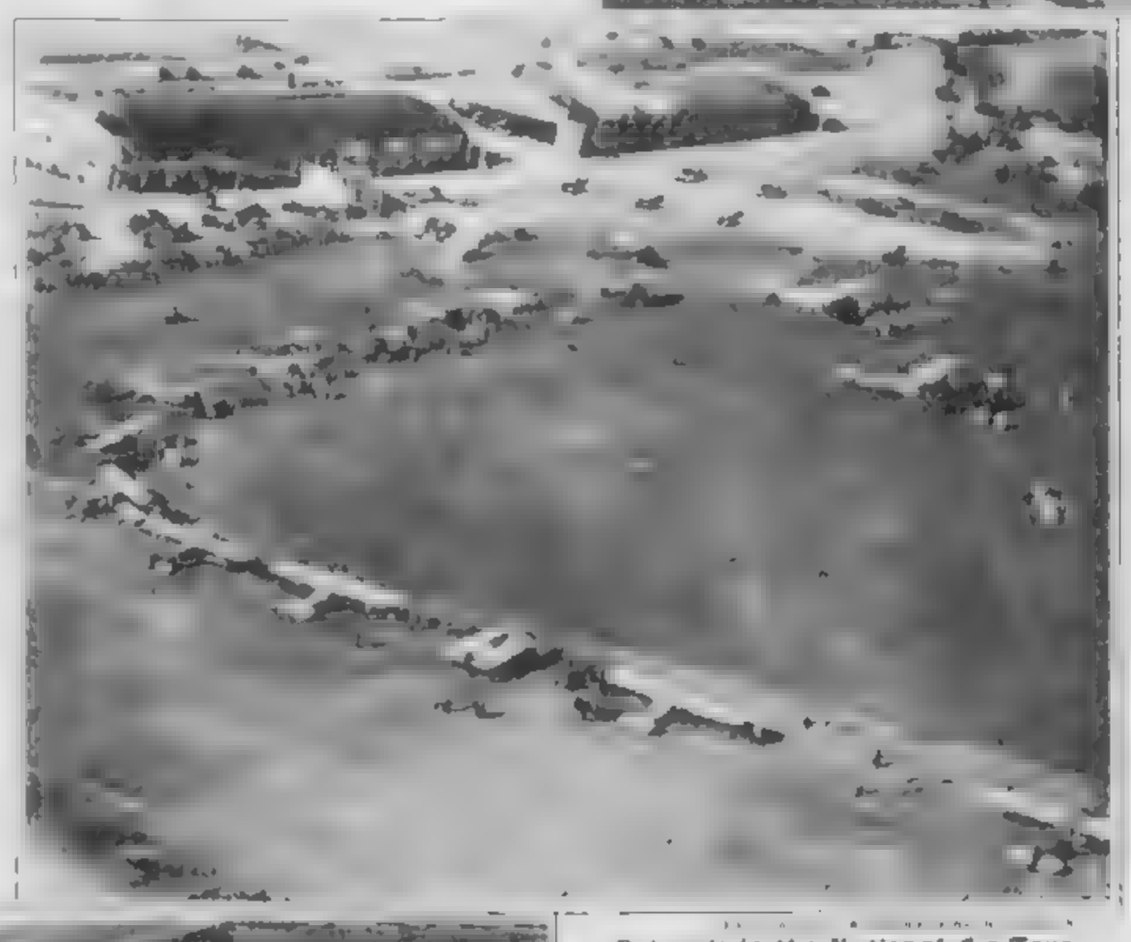
Many of the builders are putting up one, two, and in some instances, three new plants. One of the oldest companies, which in 1928 devoted all its production to military machines, will have much larger plant facilities this year and 95 per cent of its products will be commercial.

An engine company which last year produced four military engines for each commercial has reversed the ratio and is building three commercial to one military engine. Yet its military production will be nearly twice as great. Another company built about 800 engines in 1928, a fivefold increase over the previous year. It has expanded its plant facilities and started on a program to produce 3500 engines in the next twelve months. Financing is essential to that kind of growth, and there one may find the reason for several mergers. The small companies find financing costly. To increase their capital they have in the past paid large bonuses and commissions. With growing competition they face a cut in prices; to compete with the large producers, they must grow up. Many are finding it much easier to become big through mergers than by reorganization. It is less costly to be financed by a parent company with proper banking connections.

There are other reasons for the mergers. In the past the manufacturers have not been able to maintain a staff of sales managers and promotion experts. They could not have afforded it, for one thing, and indeed there was no reason for it. A man built an engine or a plane and took it out to a few pilots for a demonstration. The pilots were the only ones in the market for machines. The constructor talked the lingo and was simply one of the boys. But those were days when one thought himself lucky if he sold two machines in a month. Today airplanes are marketed like motor cars—through distributors.

No first-class sales expert would leave another line of trade to join a shoestring company in aviation, not even today. But if he can tie up with a big concern, he can be persuaded. So the mergers are bringing into the industry some of the best talent from other fields. Because they can reduce the cost of raw materials by buying in quantity, cut the overhead by having the same staff of executives, and in many cases procure adequate plant facilities without the urgent need for new buildings, two or three companies are consolidating into a single concern. This has been found especially desirable where one company has been making a different type from the others. When orders for one type are filled, the entire force and a large part of the factory space can be devoted to other types. It also is as easy for a sales force to sell several types as to confine its efforts to one. Again, there is the ever-present hazard in commercial aviation of the market becoming saturated with one type.

Mines Field, Los Angeles' New Municipal Airport, as the International Aeronautical Exposition and 1928 National Air Derby Opened



Entrants in the National Air Tour at Wichita, Kansas

Bystanders Watching Operations at the Boston Airport on an Active Day. An Official Photograph by the U. S. Navy Taken From a Scouting Plane

Fitting the Plane to the Job

OTHER pitfalls must be avoided. A company might spend months designing and building its first series of a certain type, to find that a rival had brought out something along the same lines, but which for one reason or another was bound to become more popular. The motor-car industry has witnessed many such experiences.

The airplane is nowhere near standardized. At least forty separate models on the market at present possess individual characteristics, important features which make one machine far more practical, and therefore desirable for specific kinds of work. Though two planes may look alike and have the same engine, one may be designed for long-distance flying, the other for short hauls with heavy loads. Or one plane may be built for mail and express, another for passengers, still another for sight-seeing and short hops. Other machines are especially designed for crop spraying. Several small planes are proving to be money-makers carrying passengers over routes when they could not be operated on any other line in the country. In many respects the airplane still is a special job.

The majority of the older manufacturing companies have reputations for producing certain types. These machines have become popular with the pilots, and for some time to come the pilot's judgment must make the final decision in the purchase of a plane, whether it be for a private owner, for the executives of a company who want to fly on company business, or for the regular transport lines.

In merging companies the engineering staff is of prime consideration. The designers best known for their work contribute a number of advantages to a consolidated company.

Foreign trade is becoming of paramount interest to the industry, Central and South America, Japan and China offering excellent markets which have not been exploited to any extent. Not only is it easier to cultivate foreign trade with a full line of goods, with several types, but the larger corporations are able to go after this trade when the small

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"WHAT A WHOOPEE!"

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

YOU know, Rosamond, dearest, if I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth, the chances are that it would have had the name of a hotel on the handle.

My parents belonged to the great Souvenir Period, and it's probably the love of getting away with things, which I inherit from them, that makes me understand my Dickey so well, in spite of the awful chances he takes.

Like our trip to England, for example. Why, darling, if we had flown across the ocean it wouldn't have been one-half as risky as what we actually did. But the moment we got the Ledwells' invitation, Dickey began to argue in favor of it; and you know, darling, Dickey's arguments are even more irresistible than a department store's invitation to open a charge account.

"A trip to London!" he chortled. "What a whoopee! Why, listen, dearest, we'd be batty to turn it down! Say, it's the chance of a lifetime—the Ledwells having their parents' cabin on their hands, empty, and offering it to us free."

"But, sugar boy," I told him, "there's no return ticket. We'd have to buy our own. And you know we can't afford it, with you out of a job again."

"It's just because I am out of a job that it's such a good time for us to go," the dear nut came back at me. "And on the boat I might get to meet some big-timer who could steer me to just the sort of a job I want."

"And what, exactly, is that job?" I asked him for the one-millionth time. You see, darling, Dickey's jobs have always rather been a point of argument between us.

"For the love of Pete, are you going to bring that up again?" he said, exasperated. "Just because I realize my ability, because I refuse to be tied down to some petty bookkeeping chore, you think I'm a bum! I tell you, I'm wasted on any job I can land in the ordinary way, and I'm going to get a real position or go without!"

You know, Rosamond, he's always been so ambitious! And always made good, in every one of the dozen jobs he's held. Do you remember the time he was with the Ready Pencil Company and completely reorganized their office during the first two weeks? My dear, he'd have been general manager there in absolutely no time, if the company had lasted that long. And the Koolover Ice Chest people said he was the best man they ever had, even if he had been to Harvard. It certainly wasn't Dickey's fault the Koolover Company failed. So when Dickey brought that up about my thinking him no good, of course I had to deny it!

"Sweetheart," I twittered, "of course you're not lazy, and I know you'll be a success some day. Only I can't quite see how this trip to London is practical."

"Look here," he said, with that air of infinite patience which always gets my goat so—"look here, Natacha Brooks; we have to live somewhere for the next few weeks, don't we? It's going to cost us something, isn't it? Well then, listen! It takes seven days to cross the Atlantic, and while we're doing it, we'll be living free, except for a few tips. Besides which I'll be looking for work, just as if we were staying in New York. I'll be looking in the smoking room of the steamer, among big-time men whose offices I couldn't even crash back here. And in the meantime we are getting an invaluable experience. Everybody knows it's an asset to have been abroad. Any way you look at it, the trip is an investment."

"I suppose it is," I said, beginning to see the logic of what he said. Because, of course, Rosamond, I did awfully want to go, as globe-trotting is one dance I'd never had a chance to learn. "But, oh, Dickey, do remember what happened when you joined the Barborough County Golf Club as an investment," I went on, "and then lost your job and couldn't pay your dues. I'm not so sure about this investment idea."

"Well, I met Ledwell at the county club, didn't I?" Dickey replied triumphantly. "And he's invited us to go to Europe, hasn't he? Well? Wasn't it an investment, after all?"

I simply didn't know how to answer that, Rosamond. When Dickey begins to reason so beautifully, I am never able to think until it's all over and we're in the mess. But I had to put up one more kick, just to ease my conscience.

"Listen, darling," I said. "Wouldn't it really be more sensible if we were to just put the whole thing out of our minds, and you go out tomorrow morning and hunt the elusive job? What about making another try to see Mr. J. Howe?"

"No, no; that's useless!" said Dickey, impatient of my childish suggestion. "It's a funny thing, though—the way I can never manage to get into the old bird's office, when he and my dad were once such friends. The Work-rite Office Furniture Company is one concern I certainly would like to be with, but I'm sick and tired of going in there with my hat in my hand, only to be told the old gink is busy putting his private golf links into his cuffs, or some such stall. No, sweetness, let's make it Europe, and take up old man Howe after we get back."

To tell you the truth, Rosamond, I'd known from the very minute the trip was mentioned, that we were going to make it. I could feel it coming over me! And when I packed our bags, I did it, my dear, with a sinking feeling that was a great pleasure, if you can possibly understand what I mean. Like charging too many Christmas presents at your pet shop, and hoping a miracle will happen before the New Year's bill arrives—an awful sensation. But eventually I put my cold feet into the bag along with the lingerie and forgot them temporarily.

Well, Rosamond, the trip over was lovely. We played a lot of bridge with the Ledwells and Dick lost about fifty dollars that he could no more spare than he could a front tooth. But he did not meet any financial giants who offered him jobs as vice president, and when I mentioned the bridge losses in an attempt to be practical without being vulgar, Dickey floored me with one blow.

"Shucks," he said, "this losing to Ledwell may pay well in the end. If he thinks I'm a piker, he'll never offer me any business connection worth a damn."

But Rosamond, my dearest, the Ledwells didn't offer us a connection of any kind. Just a burned-out fuse—that's all the contact ended in. I guess their original invitation had been one of those cocktail impulses, and though they had undoubtedly been glad to have us along, they were headed for a pleasure trip, and showing the Tower of London to a couple of impecunious acquaintances wasn't any part of their program. So, when we finally hit Southampton, all they gave us was a hearty handshake, and, quite inadvertently, an introduction to Laddie Whitfield.

Of course, you never knew him, Rosamond. Laddie's other name—the one on his tailor's bills—was Lord John Charles Allington De Vore Gratham, but the family name is Whitfield—pronounced Whittle. This blond wisp of an Englishman—one of the monocle-bearing variety—drifted up to the customs place under L where the Ledwells were explaining that their portable American phonograph had originally been bought in Bond Street.

"The What-You-May-Call-It Seems to be Stuck in the Thingamajig"

"Oh, hello, hello, hello!" he said, shaking hands with Mrs. Ledwell, but looking at me. "I say, what are you doing here? . . . What am I doing here? I haven't the remotest notion, really! It's that beastly carburetor on the car. Over there in the garage, you know. Lets me down continually." It was just as though he had seen them two days ago, instead of nearly two years.

"Hello, Laddie!" said Mr. Ledwell. "On your way down to your mother's place in Cornwall, I suppose. This is Mrs. Brooks and Mr. Brooks. Their first trip over."

"Ah," said Laddie, staring at us a little as if this were a criminal offense on our part, or at best, an idiosyncrasy. "You don't happen to know anything about carburetors, I don't suppose?"

"I know a little something," Dickey admitted. "What kind of a car have you?"

"Europa," said Laddie with an air of disgust. "Never wears out, you know. Mine don't move often enough to get any wear. Ah, I wonder if you could persuade it, eh? The what-you-may-call-it seems to be stuck in the thinga-majig."

Well, my dear, the Ledwells were being met by their own car and were giving us a lift to London, so what the boat train did was no matter. The very mention of a carburetor was like music to Dickey's ears, and so, before I knew what was happening, he and Laddie had drifted off toward the garage in one of those sudden intimacies which only automobiles and pet dogs can bring about, while I was left to get our baggage through the customs. I tell you, Rosamond, I certainly was surprised at Lord Gratham's casually poking around the boat shed and quietly annexing Dickey as if he had known him all his life. I felt horribly uncomfortable and fidgeted from one foot to the other while the hand baggage was put into the Ledwells' motor, and still no Dickey appeared. Then, at last, just as Mrs. Ledwell was beginning to cast slightly soiled looks at me and wondering aloud at the inconsiderateness of unnamed parties, a glorious sports car purred smoothly around the corner with Laddie at the wheel and Dickey sitting in triumph beside him. They drew up beside us and Dickey changed over to our car.

"I say, thanks most awfully!" said the casual title holder. "Now I shall get on home before my mother can accumulate one of her glacial periods. She gets so frightfully annoyed when I tell her that I'm coming, and then forget and go off somewhere else."

With that he stepped on the gas and drifted off in that funny casual way of his, as if he expected to see us immediately after tea, but it wouldn't in the least matter if he didn't. Dickey, on the other hand, was terribly keyed up and excited as we sped away London-ward through the lovely country which looked simply too much like England for words!

"Natacha Brooks!" Dickey cried, slapping me on the knee very emphatically. "'Tacha, my love, do you know what that bus of his is?"

"A Europa," I said apprehensively, for Dickey had a queer gleam in his eye.

"It's a 1913 chassis," Dickey exploded, "with a modern body on it! You can't wear 'em out, you know! And guess what he paid for it—just guess!"

"I can't," I said.

"One hundred and fifty pounds!" he exclaimed. "Seven hundred and fifty dollars! Imagine! He's given me the address of the man he got it from."

"Then give it to me to take care of!" I said hastily. "Perhaps I'll be able to lose it! I know cheaper cars that can climb a lamp-post in second." But Dickey did not even hear me. He was looking out of the back window for a last glimpse of the glittering bargain in luxuries, while I took a firmer grip upon my little hand bag which contained our slender letter of credit.

Oh, Rosamond, dear, you have never been abroad, so you can't imagine how exciting and confusing it all is at first! London isn't pretty, or even very citified, but it's so quaint. Smoky, you know, and very, very English! It's a little like Bridgeport, Connecticut, in places, and the servants are all terribly polite.

And how the prices fool you! You see something in a window marked two guineas, and you think, "Oh, that's nothing," and, my dear, you buy it before you realize it's ten dollars. Dickey and I spent an awful lot of money that way in the first couple of days. Everything is really much more expensive than back here in New York, except men's clothes and furs.

That was why I got my mink coat. Of course, darling, coming over on a shoestring as we did, we had resolved not to buy anything. But as Dickey pointed out, after all, it really was foolish not to get a few nice things which perhaps we would never see again. And naturally I was almost dying for that coat, the moment I set eyes on it in a window on Leicester Square. Not a fashionable shop, but so reasonable! Imagine, my dear, that mink coat for only one hundred pounds! Why, a wrap of that class would be two thousand dollars at home. I did not want even to try it on at first, but Dickey pushed me into the shop and simply made me.

"Gee, kid," he exclaimed admiringly as I paraded in front of the mirror, "you look like a million. That's the sort of thing you ought to wear."

"But, Dickey," I protested, ashamed to say very much in front of the scornful saleslady, "it's so expensive!"

"Well," said he enthusiastically, "let's see if it really is! You buy an ordinary cloth coat about every year and you pay around a hundred bucks for it, don't you? Well, this coat will last five or six years, anyhow, and you've got something really worth having. Go on, take it. It's an investment!"

Well, of course, in a way what he said was true. And if the next job Dickey got was a good one, I would always regret not having grabbed this bargain while I had the chance. So in the end we took the mink, and I walked out looking like any fur-bearing millionairess, but with that awful empty pang, way down deep in me, which was always there after I had persuaded myself that the thing I wanted to do was the sensible thing to do.

"Don't worry, baby," said Dickey. "Just enjoy it. We never get anything in this world unless we take a chance."

Well, Rosamond, I had one comfort. At least we were not staying in a big, expensive hotel. Neither of us had even wanted to do that—not after all we had read about the quaint, comfortable English lodgings, where the butler is just like your own butler would be if you ever had a butler. And of course, if you never had, you wouldn't know the difference. You know the sort of place, darling—early tea and five-o'clock tea, and te-hee for expenses! Well, the Ledwells had given us an address on Half Moon Street, which is a very fashionable street, my dear, although somebody has to tell you this in advance, or you would never know it.

The house was simply awful outside, but inside we had charming lodgings full of chintz and hot-water cans and a picturesque, lumpy double bed. The rooms were as cold as a traffic cop's heart, for of course there was no heat except the open fires, which were a quarter each per fire per day extra. But to make up for this the bathtub was of picturesque tin; a vintage affair that I at first thought was meant for boiling blankets in or maybe washing dogs. Yes, you are quite right, Rosamond, at home those would have been nothing but furnished rooms. However, the dump was only ten guineas, or fifty bucks, a week without tea, and that's cheap for London. So we decided to stay on an extra week, or maybe two, and have a real look around, and one of the things which helped us to decide this was Laddie Etc. Etc. Etc. Etc. Whitfield—pronounced Whittle.

We ran into Laddie one night at the Café Anglais, where we had gone to recover from the vaudeville show at the Alhambra. He was vaguely alone, with that lost appearance which most well-bred English boys seem to have when temporarily detached from their regiments. And when he spotted us he

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"Go On, Take It. It's an Investment"

GUESTS FROM MRS. WEST'S

By Booth Jameson

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Zula Felt That He Was Wrong, But She Unfortunately Didn't Know What He Was Wrong About. She Decided to be Noncommittal

THE low, sleek sedan hummed along through the autumn night, and its solitary occupant sang softly to himself. The song he sang lacked coherence, tune, and at times even words; it was a vigorous drone, well suited to the accompaniment of the mechanical purr of the engine, and it pleased him.

Evidently Mr. Henry Rilling had no regrets about leaving young Mrs. West's party within an hour after dinner. It was a dinner party that should have delighted him, for it was better than what he thought of as smart; it was "right." The right people were there; they were right ancestrally, so to speak, and Mrs. West herself was rightest of all, ancestrally and in every other respect; a hostess of the very highest importance, in fact. Moreover, the dinner was right; it couldn't well have been righter, especially in regard to the things that Mr. Rilling liked and ardently believed should go before a dinner and with a dinner and after a dinner. Nevertheless, Mr. Rilling—perhaps because of these things—was somehow unable to induce himself to settle down to contract bridge. He was inoffensively companionable by nature, and this spirit of jolly fellowship rose up so strongly within him that he felt a hunger for something warmer, brighter, more adventurous and more radiant with human kindness—song and love. Indeed, he wanted the lights—the lights and the music—and firmly, but with gentle and copious apologies, he had betaken himself to his sedan and the moonlit road.

Now the road lay before him—a broad strip of concrete leading southward to the city—and to the young gentleman in the sedan it seemed a highway where anything might happen if given opportunity. In this impulsive state of mind it was not astonishing that he should have more than a passing interest in the two figures that stepped out into the white glare of his headlights and waved appealingly.

They were girls and, Mr. Rilling decided instantly, pretty girls. None but pretty girls could move with such graceful assurance and be so slimly at ease in the middle of a lonely road at night.

Near them, at the extreme edge of the concrete, was a small, battered touring car, silently inert. Its inertia was apparently undesirable, for beneath the raised hood a man was engaged in thrusting his upper portions in amid the machinery in the ostrichlike manner of a driver suddenly become roadside mechanic.

Henry Rilling swerved, slowed down and drifted by, looking over his shoulder; then he stopped. The girls waved again. One hand on the steering wheel, he sent his sedan whirring backward until it was even with the stalled touring car. The two girls stepped in front of him, briefly silhouetted, and came to the open window at his left side.

"Which way you going?" the smaller girl asked, somewhat informally.

"Which way?" he said blankly.

"I said, which way are ——"

"Yes," he broke in, "I heard you. I don't know which way I'm going. I mean, I don't know which way that way is. If you'd just explain ——"

"I see," the other girl said; she laughed. "I spose it did sound mixed up. Zula was trying to say: What way are you going? Are you going all the way to town, or are you turning off somewhere?"

"Yes," said Zula, "that's what I meant. What way are you ——"

"Oh!" he said brightly. "Any way. Won't you get in?"

"Thanks," she said. "We'd love to." With quick little steps she scampered off. "Wait a minute!" she called back.

The other girl lingered at the window.

"It is awf'ly nice of you to offer us a ride," she said pleasantly. "We're terribly much obliged."

"Not at all," Mr. Rilling warmly responded. "And can't I do something about your friend's car? I'd be glad to give him a lift to the nearest garage and ——"

"Oh, no; don't bother," she said. "He thinks he can get it fixed all by himself. He's like most older people."

"But you don't want to leave him here, do you?"

"Why not? He's just a man who was taking us to town." She smiled at Henry. "My, you've got a nice sedan! Can you wait till I get my things?"

"I'll help you get them," he said, opening the door.

He followed her round to the side of the road, where her former host had set up a temporary workshop. At Henry's approach the owner of the touring car emerged from beneath its hood, grease to the elbows of his bared arms. He glanced casually at Henry, struck a match on the front hub, and with this flimsy illumination prepared to plunge once more into mechanical depths.

"Anything I can do?" Henry asked politely.

"What?"

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Well ——" The older man paused, and holding his blackened hands away from his clothes, he thoughtfully attempted to scratch his nose on his shoulder. "Well, you might take these two girls on out o' here," he said. "You might take them clear on out o' here. I'm a fam'ly man myself. I got plenty to do without entertaining 'em. I got to get my car fixed." He leaned over to peer at the engine.

"All right," Henry said. "What's wrong?"

"It's the coil," the older man returned sadly. "It's the coil again. Now, you'd think I'd had enough trouble, what with ——"

"I think it's glands," Zula said, suddenly appearing at Henry's side. "I do believe it's glands!" She pointed to two knapsacks on the running board. "There's our baggage. Elise is already in your car. Shall we go?"

Henry picked up the baggage. "Sure we can't give you a lift?" he said, turning back.

"No," the voice from under the hood said wistfully. "I'm a fam'ly man myself. As soon as I get this coil fixed I'm goin' to ——"

The sedan smoothly departed, leaving the family man to his labors, and as Henry drove through the night he became even more convinced of his wisdom in forsaking Mrs. West's party for the open road and chance romance. The cold moon poured down its silvery light in misty diffusion over the countryside, the breeze brought with it the faint tang of a far-off wood fire, and the brisk air gave the three on the front seat a feeling of snug friendliness. In the charm of the fall evening conversation had given way to cozy silence.

"So you're hitchhiking down to Florida for the winter," Henry said, reverting to a topic broached and abandoned a little earlier. "You don't look like any hitch-hikers I ever saw; not with those clothes on."

"Do you like us, Henry?" Elise adjusted her rakish little hat. "Do you ——"

"You look great!" he said. "Both of you."

"We ought to," Zula returned. "We spent enough time thinking about what to get for this trip and going to end-of-the-season sales at the best summer shops. We ——"

"Of course we haven't room for very many clothes," Elise broke in. "When we're really on the road we wear knickers. But we always make it a point to change for dinner."

"That's how that man back there happened to offer us a ride to the city," Zula said simply. "We were the best-dressed girls in the dining room at the hick hotel where we ate; so naturally he sat down at our table."

"I see," Henry said stiffly. "He would—that kind of a man would. Did he flirt with you, or insult you, or anything?"

"No," Elise suppressed a slight laugh. "We insulted him. We asked him if he wasn't afraid his wife might hear about him sitting at our table, and my goodness! what would the neighbors say? And then we kidded him about his car. Finally he got so mad that he was pretty near ready to take us clear to Miami."

"We don't have much trouble," said Zula. "We like people and people like us. It works out all right."

Henry declined to let the matter pass off so easily; he became their champion.

"That kind of a man," he said virtuously, "is a menace."

"Oh, no," said Zula. "He was just a nice enough old fellow. He didn't do anything but offer us a ride in a car that broke down."

"He's a menace to civilized society at large!" Henry glanced down at Elise beside him; her slim white hands

fluttered in the faint light from the dash as she slipped back the lap robe, smoothed her brief skirt and replaced the robe.

"We didn't really like him," she said confidingly. "But, you see, we can't always count on attractive people in sport sedans to come by at just the right moment."

"Can't you?" he said admiringly. "Anyhow, I bet you haven't walked more than ten miles since you started from —— By the way, where did you start from?"

"Maine," Zula informed him. "We waited table up there this summer in a hotel; we ——"

"Are you sure you don't mind going all the way to the city tonight?" Elise interrupted hastily. "We'd hate to put you to any trouble on our account."

"It's a privilege!" he said grandly. "I consider it a privilege to be of service to you." He relapsed into a more normal manner. "I live in the city myself."

"But maybe you weren't going there right now," Zula suggested. "We wouldn't for the world take you out of your way."

Henry was silent for a moment. "Well, to tell you the truth," he admitted, "I was just thinking I might drop in at a dance at the Blue Barn."

"Oh!" Elise was apparently conscience-stricken. "We're ruining your evening! You've been so ter'bly sweet to us that we couldn't think of interfering." Troubled, she gently pressed his arm. "You wouldn't have mentioned it if we hadn't made you. . . . One reason I like city men is they're so generous and considerate. Why didn't you tell us we were spoiling your plans?"

"But I didn't have any plans until I met you," he said. "What made me think of going to the Blue Barn was simply this: How soon do you have to be in town?"

"Oh, don't worry about us," Elise said.

"Any time tonight," said Zula. "We don't care."

"Well ——" He hesitated. "Of course it might not be much fun for you, but how would you like to go to the dance?"

"That would be nice!" Elise snuggled her shoulder against his. "We'd love to!"

"Yes," Zula agreed promptly. "We'd adore to!"

He beamed paternally on both of them, and Elise twisted toward him as far as the construction of the car conveniently permitted.

"Tell us all about this dance," she said, with a pretty show of eagerness. "Is there a party going on at this Blue Barn?"

"Sounds more like a road house," Zula said calmly.

"It's a kind of country tavern," he explained. "Some people I know have taken the whole place for the evening, and they're giving a Harvest Dance."

"What's that?" Zula asked. "What's a Harvest Dance?"

"You know—men dressed up in overalls and big straw hats, and the girls in ginghams and sunbonnets—people that live a little way out of town and like to play they're farmers. You've heard of 'em at country clubs and places."

"Oh!" Elise said vaguely. "But what about us? Are we dressed all right to go?"

"Yes, of course. Quite a few don't bother to wear costumes. You two will be the best-looking girls there." He became expansive. "Why, you know, you're both better-looking than the best-looking girl at the last F. A. ball."

"What is the F. A. ball?" Zula asked.

"It's the ball given by the Founders Association," he said.

"Go on, Henry," Elise leaned forward. "What's the Founders Association?"

"It's the most important thing there is, some people think. If you belong, it means your great-grandfather had a valet and your family never moved away."

"Did your great-grandfather have a valet?" Elise said.

"They say he did," Henry informed her gravely. "Anyhow, he had one of the first dry-goods stores. We've still got the store, and I'm the office boy there now; I work for my father. But most of the F. A.'s don't care much about being downtown."

"Then you belong to the—the Founders Association?" She was a little breathless. "You're a member?"

"You've found me out," he said brightly. "I was born into it. That's really what it amounts to, being a member—either you're born into it, or you're not. A few new people do get in sometimes, but it's horribly uncustomary."

He turned to look at them for an instant; the two serious, perplexed little faces startled him.

"Don't take it that way," he said. "Of course it's important, but don't be frightened. I wasn't talking about the Einstein theory or something."

"Tell us some more," Zula said. "We've heard of things like that, but all we know is what we see in the Sunday rotogravure sections. Do rich people really have as good a time as their pictures make 'em look as if they didn't?"

"What's the Founders Association for, Henry?" Elise asked. "What do you do there?"

"Well, twice a year we give a dance, and I believe there's a meeting in the spring sometime. I'm not sure about the meeting; I've never been to it."

"What?" said Zula.

He spoke slightly louder. "We give a dance twice a ——"

"I got it all right the first time," she broke in. "I only meant I didn't understand. Is that all you do—just have two dances a year?"

"No," he said. "We belong to it."

"And it's considered the biggest thing to belong to in the city?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I don't know," he said, somewhat crossly. "I don't know, unless it's because it's the hardest thing to belong to. Don't you see how it is?"

"I'm beginning to. I should think you'd have more fun belonging to the Y. M. C. A. or something."

He stared straight ahead, momentarily giving Zula the impression that she had not said the tactful thing. Then suddenly he became amused.

"You're right—of course, you're right. But belonging to the F. A. hasn't got anything to do with fun; it's a serious business."

"It is? Oh!" Zula uttered a burlesque little wail. "Something like that always happens to me—just when I think I'm beginning to understand, somebody says

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"How Perfectly Lovely of You, Mr. Rilling!" She Exclaimed. "I Think This is Perfectly, Absolutely the Nicest Thing I Ever Knew in All My Life!"

PERSONALITY—By Isaac F. Marcosson

President Hindenburg Is Greeted by the Chief of the Citizen Guard, on a Visit to the University Town of Bonn

Marshal Chang Tso-Lin, Chinese War Lord, With General Connor After Talking Over Negotiations at Tientsin

A Morning Conference in the Office of Secretary of State John Hay, in February, 1902

AFTER himself, the average man's chief interest centers in other persons and how they succeed. He reads about conspicuous achievement and wonders just what made it possible. It may be Mussolini's mastery of Italy, Thomas F. Ryan's rise from store clerk, Henry Ford's evolution into the most powerful of industrialists, Northcliffe's emergence as unofficial British premier, or Herbert Hoover's ascendancy to the highest place within the gift of the American people.

The failures in life—usually incorrigible optimists who cannot see beyond their own stature—are apt to attribute these and kindred performances to luck and let it go at that. Appraise the technic of any outstanding person, however, and you find that the legendary front-door visit of opportunity is usually a distinct false alarm. Personality combined with vision creates the big chance. It has been the dominating and determining factor in compelling careers. To adapt Barrie's characterization of charm in women, with personality no other gift is necessary; without it all other virtues are in vain.

Great Men With Little Front

YET no asset in the whole category of human inheritance can be quite so elusive. It works both for weal and woe. The Napoleonic complex, ranging all the way from the original Bonaparte by way of William Hohenzollern to the late Hugo Stinnes, almost invariably creates a Frankenstein monster that makes for self-destruction. Here personality expresses itself in supreme egotism linked with ambition for unlimited power. So-called personality plus is sometimes a train of dynamite. You find an example in our own high-powered 100 per cent go-getters who, in excess of zeal, oversell themselves and spoil many a prospect. The essential complements to personality, whether applied to finance, commerce or politics, are character and judgment.

Many men, labeled colorless by the undiscriminating, camouflage personality behind an unassuming front. President Coolidge, for example, never gives the impression of force, but when his purpose is crossed the granite of his New England hills is revealed in him. The same is true of Marconi, one of the mildest and most undemonstrative of men. He held to a dream through years of toil, overcoming obstacles that would have daunted a less tenacious person. John D. Archbold, who ruled the destinies of the old Standard Oil trust for years, was as unprepossessing as one of his secretaries, and apparently as self-effacing. In his suave and unctuous manner there was no hint of the aggression that made him feared and sometimes hated in a period when American business meant battle royal. Poincaré appears cold, hard and unemotional. At first glance you think that his personality is as pallid as his mask of a face. France, and for that matter all Europe, has learned the contrary. Once aroused, he is like a lion at bay. You can never tell about personality from externals

What is this thing called personality? One dictionary defines it as "the sum total of traits necessary to describe what it is to be a person." The trouble is that these traits frequently are in conflict with one another. A man with genius of statesmanship may jeopardize it with his emotions

Winston Churchill is an illuminating case in point. Measured by every standard he is one of the most purposeful and many-sided men I have ever met. Famous at twenty-five, a cabinet minister at thirty-two, First Lord of the Admiralty and in control of the greatest of all fleets at thirty-seven, his life has been a romance of adventure. When most people would just be finding themselves, he had been through several political downfalls and faced another. He has yet to realize the greatest of his ambitions, which is to be prime minister. Why has he failed to make the ultimate grade?

One reason is that he has changed his party affiliations several times. This has denied him the popular confidence that centers on a more consistent leader. There is another and more fundamental reason, which reveals a defect in a man who drips with personality. It was once stated to me by Lord Carson—he was then Sir Edward Carson—who had succeeded Churchill as First Lord of the Admiralty. Churchill was then in eclipse, due to the failure of the Dardanelles expedition, which he had sponsored. I asked Carson to explain the trouble with Winston, as he is always referred to in England. Quick as a flash the brilliant Ulsterman replied: "He is a dangerous optimist."

It was an apt phrase which could be applied to many who have failed to realize their dearest aspirations. No one questions the value of constructive optimism, because it hopes for the best but invariably prepares for the worst. The kind of optimism that Carson indicated was largely responsible for the downfall of General Cadorna, commander in chief of the Italian armies up to the time of the Caporetto disaster. He had a charming and magnetic personality. Everyone who met him came under its spell. It was generally known in the early summer of 1917 that his army was honeycombed with defeatists. When the fact was brought to Cadorna's attention he invariably said: "I have confidence in my troops and all will be well." He sat back calmly and did not take the necessary precautions. The Austrians swept down like the Assyrians in the famous poem, hurled his men to defeat and himself into disgrace. The familiar everything-will-be-all-right formula was his Nemesis, just as it has been to countless others.

The Victim of Too Much Optimism

THE prize optimist of the war—and it cost him his power—was Kerensky. When I first met him in Petrograd, in April, 1917, he was cock of the Russian walk. He had dictated the abdication of the czar. He held half a dozen cabinet posts. He loomed as the white hope of a distracted Allied world. Like many Slavs, he could not comment on the weather without making an impassioned speech about it. He had a virile personality and radiated magnetism.

Nikolai Lenin With M. Stalin, a Few Days Before the Death of the Russian Premier

Nearly everybody left his presence with the impression that he was a born leader. Behind his spectacular and oratorical façade lay the inherent weakness of vacillation. His consummate ego made him want to be all things to all people. The besetting defect, however, was the optimistic streak that led to his collapse. This was the way of it:

After the unsuccessful Bolshevik revolution of 1917, Trotzky was imprisoned and Lenin fled to Finland. Kerensky's associates, especially Kornilov, the great Cossack leader, insisted that Trotzky be shot and a ban put on Lenin's return. Kerensky, who loved the grand gesture, refused, saying, "Let us be magnanimous. The Russian democracy is safe." Trotzky was freed and Lenin permitted to return. Four months later these two arch conspirators ruled Russia and Kerensky was a fugitive. If he had acted with force when he had Trotzky under his hand, Russia would probably have been spared the tragedy of a Soviet régime.

Too Much Alike for Comfort

THIS little excursion into the follies of optimism, even when linked with kindling personality, is a digression from the task at hand. People are much more inclined to be curious as to how personality has made for success rather than failure. In the course of my work as interviewer I have had to meet nearly every conspicuous figure of the past twenty-five years. Out of this wide range of contacts we may be able to discover how certain attributes have shaped the course of men and events. Heretofore it was what they said that mainly counted in these columns. Now the temperamental make-up concerns us.

Nearly every day someone asks me, "Who is the greatest personality you have ever met?" Instead of naming some spectacular figure, I invariably give them a surprise. All things considered, the biggest man I have ever known was John Hay. I say this, not because he was distinguished as diplomat, biographer, poet and statesman, but because he had a quality which, in my judgment, is the acid test of bigness. He invariably made an obscure person feel at home in his presence. When all is said and done this is the real measure of a man.

Mediocrities—and the world is packed with them—hedge themselves in behind a barricade of secretaries and useless formalities. They invest themselves with an atmosphere of importance and maintain that they are too busy to be seen, not realizing that the busiest people find time for everything.

John Hay was the exact reverse. Although he played a star part in the drama of his times, he was frank, simple and accessible. He never appealed to the galleries, but he had that quiet, effective force which creates the enduring things. I cite him as the type of personality which, though making no obvious attempt to attract, becomes the unconscious center of interest. Zangwill once said that the highest art was unconsciousness. It has no wider application than is personified in men of the Hay caliber.

General Pershing Leading the Returning A. E. F. Under the Victory Arch, Fifth Avenue

President-Elect Hoover Talking From Washington to a New York Audience, Who are Able to See Him as Well as Hear His Address

In the Public Eye a Score of Years Ago. The M. M. Van Beurens and the John D. Archbolds

Hay had another trait which I have found in other really big men. They are not only unassuming but once you play the game squarely with them they will help you with others. Again I must intrude the personal element. People wonder how I have been able to get at persons hitherto unapproachable. They believe that it involves some kind of studied, or, rather, standardized, approach. Study does enter into the transaction, because it is important to find out all there is to know about a personality before you encounter it. No two human beings are precisely alike. In the phraseology of business, each must be sold differently. Men who fail in interviewing, as in every other activity, do so because they deal with everybody in the same way.

I have been able to meet aloof personages, first, because I have always had the most powerful of all engines of publicity behind me. Public men are usually vain, although but few, with the exception of Lloyd George and Roosevelt, have been honest enough to admit that they love exploitation. In the second place, I have had the help of men like Hay, who are always willing to give others a lift. This was particularly true of Lord Northcliffe during the war. He felt that the great conflict, like everything else, needed advertising. He therefore aided me to see Haig, Lloyd George, and others who were then out of the range of the writing person. The point that I want to emphasize is that the big man is generous because he can afford to be so.

As long as we are dealing with traits common to outstanding people, let me cite another. Kindred personalities are not always congenial. No two men were more alike in many respects than the late Theodore Roosevelt and Lloyd George. Each dramatized himself in everything he did. During the war I brought messages back and forth between them. Their comments were diverting, to say the least. Though they had great admiration for each other, there was also mutual suspicion. Perhaps each suspected the other of playing his own game. I have a strong hunch that Mussolini and Roosevelt would have had precisely the same kind of attitude because of identical traits.

Before we go further into specific illustrations another common characteristic of powerful personalities may be disclosed, because it gives a hint of their methods. All big personages are athirst for information. With them, knowledge is always power. Your ability to provide information furnishes one of the best passports to their presence.

Moreover, a real personality, whether king, premier, field marshal or industrial magnate, learns from everybody and profits by it. Men who were not friendly to Lord Northcliffe used to say that they always paid deference to his office boy because he might be editor of the Daily Mail next day. This was a slam at the famous publisher's not infrequent and abrupt habit of cleaning editorial house. The fact of the matter was that Northcliffe, who had the big man's avidity for facts, did not hesitate to cross-examine the most commonplace persons, office boys included. He once told me that he got the germ of an idea that almost revolutionized British journalism from a clerk in a shop. Information was his mania. He always said: "The chief purpose of a newspaper is to supply information. People can form their own opinions from the facts."

A Bit of Social Strategy

THIS reference to information reminds me of a clever piece of strategy through which a certain London woman established a unique social position. For many years her house was the rendezvous of nearly every outstanding figure in British public life. I have sat at her table when she had a full cabinet quorum present. Frequently I was asked how this hostess put herself over. She was not particularly prepossessing, had no sense of humor and lacked the mental equipment of the dowagers who pulled political wires back in the Georgian and Victorian eras. Yet everybody flocked to her salon. The reason was that she played one big man against the other. She would tell Mr. A, for example, that it would be to his distinct advantage, and that, furthermore, he would hear some interesting disclosures, if he would come and sit alongside Mr. B at dinner. Mr. B was, of course, plied with the same line of talk. Each thought that he was putting something over on the other fellow. It was all grist to this particular lady's mill.

With practically the whole world for a field, there is such a wealth of material available for diagnosis that it will be possible to present only some scattering types or make group appraisals. As a newspaper reporter, back in the 90's, I met many of the compelling figures of the day long before I was out of my teens. It so happened that I cut my journalistic teeth, so to speak, on one of the most picturesque

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A BACKGROUND FOR CLÉO

By Mary F. Watkins

ILLUSTRATED BY PENRHYN STANLAWS

IN SPITE of its size, it was not an impressive house in which the famous Cléo Hanni resided during her New York season; and certainly not an impressive apartment, as several keenly disappointed reporters had discovered when writing up Hanni for the Sunday page. More accustomed to prima donnas enthroned on Park Avenue, at the Ritz or the Plaza, some had compromised tactfully with the words "homelike," "picturesque," "individual." It was, however, none of these things, but exactly like a thousand of its fellow cliff dwellings. Only the portrait by Stenek of Hanni's Venus and the gleam of the copper kettles and jugs bequeathed her by a Norwegian friend of her mother, marked the place as the abode of anyone in particular.

The flat, as Hanni, London-wise, persisted in calling it, had, in fact, been furnished in the taste of a former secretary. Miss Flick had been turned loose in a department store for two whole delirious days during the rehearsal weeks of an important revival, when Hanni's mind was firmly upon other matters. The sudden conviction that hotel drafts and hotel food were responsible for a slight *malaise* of the vocal cords had inspired the idea.

"Find me a flat and get it furnished so I can move before the première," she had commanded, and Miss Flick had conscientiously enjoyed the process of obedience.

The result was a somewhat soberly glorified version of Miss Flick's own home in Brooklyn. Where the Flicks had a linoleum rug, Hanni acquired a Wilton of much the same tone and pattern, and her bedroom rejoiced in a lacquered brass bed where the Flicks had done more thriftily with white iron. The remaining rooms were amply and practically outfitted with "suites" in the complacent elegance of real mahogany and solid oak, but as new and shining as the art of Grand Rapids could produce. Plate-glass protectors fitted neatly over the tops of everything and durable velour hangings throughout the apartment were tinted in secretarial sobriety.

She Drew Him to the Unyielding Shelter of a Carved Gothic Pew by the Fireplace

The green tufted davenport intended for the living room was, early in its career, transferred by Hanni's own orders to a corner of the dining room and there remained, in the outraged face of convention, to her enduring comfort.

"Ridiculous to keep the nicest room in the place sacred to a lot of bad cooking!" she would say belligerently; then add, as a sentiment perhaps more in character: "Give me either the banquet hall with a lackey behind each chair, or else the simple, true *Gemüthlichkeit!*" "German for coziness," a secretary would obligingly translate.

It was in this dining room, with its dark wainscoting and, alas, its stained-glass transoms, that the Norwegian copper sat contentedly upon the plate rail. There was always a cross-stitched linen cloth upon the round table and a jug of flowers in the center. Hanni never had to think of buying flowers in those days, merely of providing receptacles, for at the height of her career every performance would yield a gratifying harvest of tributes. Once an admirer had even sent a canary in a yellow pagoda, and this also hung in the dining room. Under it, in a spot of sunlight, would slumber Fafner, the Pomeranian. The room was indeed an informal place, and not unpleasing: a place where Hanni could lie engrossed in a detective story on lazy free afternoons, or fling herself down, dog-tired, listening to jazz upon the phonograph to ease her tension after Parsifal.

The living room, with its Michigan Hepplewhite, became more and more exclusively the scene of the necessary interview and professional call, when it was not devoted to the austerities of Cléo's practicing. Here was the piano, decked in the somewhat obvious charms of the Carmen shawl, and all the scores of her operas stood beside it in sectional bookcases. Several just sufficiently used pens and a pile of pictures for autographing dwelt in a cramped and polished writing desk, with blotters and an engagement pad. A chaste white mantel held a chiming clock and two candlesticks above a gas log. It would have been wiser to hang the Stenek Venus here than in the foyer for the edification of waiting errand girls.

Hanni, who of course had walked with princes as familiarly as with peasants and knew the value of taste and imagination, had found much of both lacking in these interiors by Miss Flick, but she had always had so many greater current irritations that eventually familiarity blossomed into affection. She called the place and its agglomerations "My Home" and thought of it frequently and gratefully when engaged upon those arduous journeyings, those weeks in Pullman staterooms and *cabines de luxe* which comprised two-thirds of her restless life. Miss Flick and an infinite number of successors had passed through these rooms to oblivion, twenty cooks in a season had labored sullenly in the oaken confines of the kitchen, and as many maids had wept in the confusion of boxes, trunks and wig stands which was the costume room—but still it was home, as much of a foot-on-the-earth as Cléo had ever managed to contrive, and it sufficed her.

On one matter of decoration, however, she never erred or compromised—her clothes. A naturally beautiful woman, she had the grace and proportions of the Winged Victory—to quote her admirers and the reporters. She had, nevertheless, the sense to recognize that her possibilities were dangerous. She could look like an empress or like her father's sister Hilda, who was once, it is whispered, cook to the governor of Minnesota.

So Cléo bought all her clothes in Paris or at the very best places just off Fifth Avenue, with the usual professional discount and after the most exhausting battles. But triumph was the inevitable result, no matter what the cost in blood, tears and francs. No one at the opera could hope to rival Cléo's looks. God had given her a pink and delicate skin, so she never powdered too much nor used a blatant lipstick, but her eyes, blue as the flash of a short circuit, under level, wing-like brows, were shadowed with mascara. She liked earrings and owned superb pearls. Her taste was unerring. Her white velvet gown made history at Carnegie Hall, and Sunday-night opera concerts were sold out merely to see her in black and silver or in the famous peacock brocade.

It was in this that Ian Darrow had first admired her, but he really preferred her in the trappings of opera, and took his own way of saying so. One evening, after a performance of Santuzza, never very taxing for her, the current secretary, Miss Dymple, brought in the theater mail while Amelie, the dresser, completed the packing of the bags. Cléo was looking with favor then upon Miss Dymple, who was young, earnest, healthy and delightfully resourceful.

For the moment the girl had contrived quite satisfactorily to be combined secretary and maid. Cléo thought seriously of continuing the arrangement; it was enticingly thrifty. So, although she felt out of sorts—the music certainly lay too low for her best voice—she forbore to complain of a number of things which had occurred to her throughout the evening.

For such virtue she was promptly rewarded by the sight of a large box in Miss Dymple's hands—a box of purple satin, marked "Immediate!" It contained, to her delight, a mass of dark and fragrant single violets in a disordered profusion which suggested not only money but sentiment and imagination. The flowers were by no means all, however. Her long, strong fingers, with the rose grease paint wedged beneath the careful half-moons of her nails, encountered a carved circlet of heavy gold down under the moist stems. It was a ring which might have been Lancelot's gift to Guinevere, with its faded enamels and embossed symbols. The sender had had even a better idea: "This seems to belong to you, Isolde!" he had written on

a card, and then, almost like a careless afterthought, the scrawl of his name, Ian Darrow.

The name was quite strange to Cléo, but she puckered her fine brow in the agreeable anxiety of trying to conjure him up from the limbo of the myriad men she had forgotten. She could scarcely wait to consult Charlie Duke, who, as usual, was sitting in her car when it drew up. Charlie dated to the good old days when friends were allowed the run of the house and the intoxicating freedom of the dressing rooms. Although the new laws of exile had been in force for a year, he was fretting as over a fresh wound when she joined him. He went on grumbling, undistracted, while she laughed and panted a little from the exertions incident to the usual stage-door rush and tossed roses and kisses through the window as Miss Dymple solicitously closed it.

"Oh, do shut up, Charlie!" she protested, when at last the reverberations of his grief penetrated her consciousness, "I never wanted you underfoot all the time the way you were. But it was nice of you to send the roses. Roses—yes, always roses! You never send violets, do you, Charlie? Or a lovely old ring like this? So much easier to leave a standing order at the florist's!"

"Cléo, you are abominable, and don't deserve even a geranium. What are you talking about? What ring?"

By the flame of his cigarette lighter he examined the ancient circlet on her forefinger, and admiration was reluctantly forced from him.

"What jackass pulled this trick? That bauble is a museum piece or I'm a Chinaman!"

"Probably!" agreed Cléo. "But now you have something of importance to do for me, Charlie dear. You must find me this Ian Darrow. You see, he sends no address. Ah, how shall I know him? And the man is a poet, I tell you! What imagination! What finesse!"

"Hooey, Cléo—all hooey! Probably the ring's a fake, or he's some gawking arty creature who makes craft jewelry and needs advertising." He spoke with the bitterness of one who has suffered much for a friend.

"Charlie," said Cléo, "there is nothing so poisonous as a jealous lover."

"Lover, my foot! Darling, you are a darn good opera singer, but you're a terrible woman and no fit mate for any man. And it's I that knows it best, so don't abuse an old friendship."

"Then don't bother. I'll find him myself, thank you!" she snapped, and thought of such an excellent method almost at once that she fell into silent contemplation.

But Charlie Duke, misinterpreting her mood, although he had known her for twenty years and so knew many things he shouldn't, changed the subject with practiced agility.

"You were superb tonight, my dear. What a pianissimo! By Jove, you know, Cléo, that wretched little opera fairly groans under such a tremendous interpretation as yours."

Cléo was as pleased as if she had never heard it before. "Good old Charlie!" she said forgivingly, and invited him in to supper.

No One at the Opera Could Hope to Rival Cléo's Looks

The next time that she sang Isolde she wore the ring, and just as she intended, Mr. Ian Darrow observed the fact, sent in his card, and promptly presented himself at the stage door after the second act. Cléo, as usual in this rôle, was by now walking in clouds, her brain on fire, her nerves shattered. She had forgotten every human being, including Mr. Darrow, in her fierce and tormented exultation. The second intermission was no moment for digressions, so Miss Dymple went out to see the visitor and was able to report in a subsequent and calmer moment that he seemed a nice-enough person, well-dressed, pleasant of manner. She had thanked him conventionally and made madame's excuses properly, and she had carefully noted his address. "Lucky for you that you didn't forget that," said Hanni, driving home. "But as a subtle observer of character you are a total loss. I suppose you can't even tell me the color of his eyes or if he is a gentleman."

Miss Dymple bridled, then immediately thought better of it. "I should say he might easily be a gentleman, madame. I should say he had dark eyes and a cleft chin, nice teeth, curly hair, and perhaps sunburned—yes, quite brown, but hardly an out-of-doors man."

"Not so bad after all, my child. We'll write to him after we eat."

And even though the supper was a poor one—the cook felt no enthusiasm for midnight meals twice a week, and showed it—the thought of Ian and the letter sustained Cléo happily through the inevitable tragedy. She dismissed the cook almost absent-mindedly and brought a pencil and paper to the green couch. Miss Dymple sat beside her and wondered a little wildly if she could combine cooking with her other duties, even while she made notes.

My dear Mr. Darrow: Your beautiful flowers charmed me, and the ring—is it purloined from the tomb of the real Isolde?

"Marvelous!" said Cléo. "And to think that English isn't even my native tongue! . . . Well, to go on":

Perhaps you noticed that I restored it to her tonight? She, too, sends you thanks, and believes, with me, that you are something of a poet, with the poet's unerring sense of fitness and beauty.

Isolde being such a special friend of ours, perhaps you might care to discuss her with me over a cup of tea on Tuesday. Shall we say 4:30? Unless that tiresome opera company thinks up a way to thwart my leisure, in which case my secretary will telephone you.

Ian Darrow was dressing with his customary solicitude for detail when this note arrived the following morning. Miss Dymple having braved the terrors of a dark one

(Continued on Page 71)

He Almost Hoped She Would Shock This Impeccable Visitor Into Dismay and Departure

BUBBLES

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

VI

BREAKFAST—half-past seven. The terms, perhaps, are synonymous. They are so, at any rate, out on the main line at Brightwood, the meal a daily event scant in ceremony and followed by a precipitate outpouring from each household, a rush en masse to catch the 8:17 express—that is, such seems the habit in a majority of Brightwood homes; though, to be sure, there are exceptions.

However, half-past seven having struck, prompt to the minute Walter Brent pushed open the door of the dining room in the house halfway down the block on Maple Street.

His mother already was at the table. A small white-haired woman with frail pink cheeks, delicate hands and a figure almost tiny in contrast with her son's square-shouldered bigness, she was half hidden by the tall urn and the other heavy pieces of silver making up the old-fashioned breakfast service behind which she sat. One, in fact, may have wondered that a service so cumbersome and unwieldy still should survive in any modern household, the efficiency of present-day conveniences being too obvious to require comment; yet, be that as it is, a single glance—the most casual—only would have been required to assure anyone that the old-fashioned service, a relic of more leisurely times, was as much an essential note in the household as the figure now presiding over it. Leisurely and unhurried, Brent's mother drew a cup of coffee from the urn. As leisurely and unhurried, too, Mrs. Brent looked up.

"Good morning, Walter," she greeted.

"Good morning, mother," replied Brent.

His sister Gwenny had not yet come down.

Crossing the room, Brent walked, not to his place at the table but to a window at the side. Stiff, starched lace curtains draped the window, and pushing them aside, he glanced out up the street. The view, though limited, was typical. Two or three small grass plots intervened, the plots graced with the usual suburban flower beds and shrubbery, the flowers, geraniums mostly, and the shrubs, bulging hydrangeas or forsythia; after which the remainder of the street and the house fronts along it were blocked by a square vine-hung porch. The porch was the Jessup porch; and his air impassive, for a moment Brent eyed the porch reflectively. If anything, his look seemed whimsical.

His mother spoke. Having shot a quick glance at her son while he stood looking out at the window, she dropped her eyes to the coffee urn.

"You didn't go to the dance last night, Walter."

He dropped the window curtain and came back to the table.

"No, mother. I took a walk instead."

"Gwenny went," said Mrs. Brent.

Brent was unfolding his napkin. "I know. I took her as far as the club; then I hit out for a walk. I had something I had to work out."

"That Dayton business, Walter? I wish I wasn't such a nonentity about business. If I could talk intelligently about it I might be a help."

It Was as if, in Staring at the Check, She'd Had a Momentary Swift Remembrance of That Scene Downstairs

Brent, by occupation, was an engineer, his specialty heating units. Lately he had given up his position with one of the big seaboard foundry companies and had gone in for himself; and it was of this his mother had spoken—a contract with a firm of Dayton manufacturers, iron founders. It seemed, however, that the problem he'd had on his mind last night was not a business problem—not that alone—and helping himself to an orange, he was methodically cutting it in two when Mrs. Brent spoke again.

"Addie was at the dance last night," she said.

Brent went on cutting his orange. "Yes, mother."

"You saw her?"

"She drove up with the McCords just as Gwenny and I got there."

Mrs. Brent busied herself for a moment with the coffee things. "If you wish to talk with me, Walter, I'd like it. If not, son, I'll not say anything."

He looked up at his mother, his face again wearing, curiously, the same whimsical air. He seemed to have caught completely, too, the sense of what his mother had said.

He was smiling as he spoke:

"I don't mind talking, but what's there to talk about? There doesn't seem much."

His mother glanced at him. In a guarded way she looked puzzled. Evidently, too, she either had heard or seen something disquieting, even to one of her self-restrained emotional order.

Before she could give voice to it, though, Brent spoke, his tone even, merely conversational: "I'm just up against it; that's all, mother. Talking won't help things. All I can do is let it ride."

"Ride?" Mrs. Brent was not exactly the one to be familiar with current slang and he laughed.

"I mean I've had a talk with Addie and I'm letting things stand. We had it out yesterday on the train."

"You've broken with her?" There was a note, too, of alarm in her voice; the same note that had been in Mr. Jessup's tone.

Brent shook his head. He smiled too. "Not exactly. We came down to an understanding, that's all. Trying, of course; a good bit rough, maybe, but you really can't blame Addie. She'd just had a good stiff jolt, a jab that was enough to stir up anyone—a girl like her especially. Besides," added Brent, "I was more or less to blame for it myself."

Briefly he described the scene in the ferryhouse. She'd held up her head, of course—she would, a girl like Addie—she had been perfect. "But," said Brent, "one might imagine her sensations. The McCords' friend, that young stockbroker, was with her."

"A man named Veith?" asked his mother.

Brent nodded. He smiled too. "I suppose Gwenny has been talking to you, mother."

"You know, don't you, that he took her to the dance last night?"

Brent knew. "He brought her home too."

"And you mean to say nothing?"

"What is there to say?" He went on quietly with his orange. "I know how you feel, of course, but it's just this, mother—times have changed since you were Addie's age; they are not what they were. Take yourself, for example; you wouldn't have dreamed of going out with anyone after you and father were engaged. It wasn't done. A girl today, though, does things without a thought, gets away with them, too, that in your time would have given her a bad name for all time too. Not that Addie would, of course; not if she stopped to think," he added.

"You think, then, that she hasn't—well, stopped to think?" Mrs. Brent inquired.

Brent didn't answer that. For a moment there was a pause. "I'd like to say this, mother: I'm willing to lay down my life on it that if Addie ever did anything that you or anyone else might disapprove, the last thought in her head, if she did it, would be to hurt or harm those for whom she cared. It would be the other way round, unless I'm mistaken; though that's not the point. It's just that she's been thrown out of key for the time being—had her point of view upset—and it's this that I have to think about. You see," said Brent, and he smiled, "Addie's never had any experience with—well, what some people call money."

His mother reflected for a moment. "The McCords?"

"Sudden money," said Brent.

"Then you do mean the McCords?" interrogated his mother. Brent pushed back his plate. For a moment he didn't answer, and his mother spoke again: "Well?"

"Addie's not the only one," said Brent; "it's got me too."

He smiled briefly, the smile rueful. "I suppose you wonder what I mean. Take my own case then. Here's a girl I'd like to marry, and can't. I'd like to marry her, only I

haven't money enough. That's a confession, isn't it? That's something nice for a full-sized, full-grown man to have to make! Free, white and twenty-one—my eye, I'm nearly thirty!—and can't marry, haven't the money. Well, there you are! There am I, and there's Jim McCord. Jim's married, of course; though that doesn't matter. Jim had to have money, had to get it—you know why—and what does Jim do? Why, Jim, he goes out and gets it, and, as I say, he got it overnight. That's what gets me, in fact—that business of overnight. It's what's raising Cain—if you don't mind my expression—raising it not only with me but with Addie. Yes, with everyone else that knows Jim, men like Jim. They say—yes, just as I say it too—that if Jim and the other Jims can do it, why can't I? Only I can't, that's the trouble. It's easy, of course—easy, that is, for the people that have happened to do it—just the same, I can't. I'm not built that way. The only way I ever will get money—if I get it—is by doing just what I'm doing now—laying it up bit by bit, storing it away piecemeal for the future. That's it, mother. That's the only way I'll ever do it, and that's why you should go easy on Addie. If it's hard on me, it's rotten hard on her—worse. She hasn't only me to think about; she has the picture of her father into the bargain. It was the picture of her father yesterday—that plus Jim McCord—that got her too."

"Addie's father?" Exclamations were not *de rigueur* in Mrs. Brent's antiquated, bygone, if not extinct, cosmos. Now, however, her voice rose: "Mr. Jessup?"

"Precisely. In the ferryhouse he almost wept. Addie—she didn't have to tell me—Addie has a living terror that the man she marries may have to struggle the way her father has. You know that, don't you?"

If she did, Mrs. Brent didn't say so. Addie's father was assistant manager in a large Pine Street office; his pay was six thousand dollars a year. Excellent! She was astonished to hear her son laugh.

"Walter!"

"Sorry, mother."

He did not say why he had laughed. The maid had entered: there was a momentary pause. Then, having removed the remains of the orange, the maid brought in Brent's eggs, after which she withdrew.

As she closed the door Brent spoke: "That's the hell of it, mother."

"Walter!"

"I'm sorry. I beg your pardon—I mean the McCords, since you've mentioned them. It isn't just what their sudden money does to them; it's the effect it has on everyone they know. Addie, for example. I hope you won't talk about it to Gwenny any more. She's a regular hell cat whenever the last of the Brents, meaning me, is having a time of it. 'Menaced,' Gwenny calls it."

"Don't joke," said Mrs. Brent.

"Never felt less like it in my life," assured her son.

He went on with his breakfast. Through the remainder of the meal he chatted amiably, his tone cheerful, almost light. He had an engagement that afternoon with the Dayton people. Hoped they came to terms, he said. Then, having finished, he pushed back his chair and rose, hovering for an instant over the chair in which his mother sat. With a grin that and a pat of her faded cheek—he kissed her.

"Oh, Walter!" she sighed.

"That's all right, mother; don't you worry," he laughed.

Out in the hall, though, Brent's air of lightness, if not unconcern, abruptly left him. As he closed the dining-room door his face altered, the lines about his mouth drawn, his eyes darkening and troubled. Slowly putting on his hat and coat at the old-fashioned hatrack in the hall, he was staring at himself in its mirror when there was a footfall on the stair. A girl, or it was a woman, rather, was coming down. Tall, angular and almost painfully plain, she was his sister Gwenny.

"Well, Walter," she said. Her tone was grim.

He had mastered a grin. "Hullo, sis!" he greeted. Gwenny Brent, it appeared, though, was not to be fooled by her brother's momentary grin. Her face frowning, she came along the hall from the stairs. "I've been waiting, Walter. I wanted to see you before you went. Did you say anything to mother?" she demanded.

Brent looked at her stolidly.

"About what?"

Her face was hard. She looked at him for a moment. "I see what you mean, Walter; you've made up your mind not to say anything to anyone. You never would. I was waiting up for you last night, though, and I saw you when you came along the street."

"Well?" inquired Brent.

She still was looking at him, the look painful. "I saw what you saw, too, Walter," she replied.

Brent made no answer. Apparently she expected none, however. As his mouth set itself, her own quivered sensitively.

"What are you going to do, Walter?" she asked.

Brent looked at her doggedly. The lines about his eyes and mouth were haggard now. If so, when he answered her his voice was low, quietly controlled.

"I'll tell you, sis. Addie is mine and I'm going to keep her. Nobody's going to get Addie away from me. I'm going to get her if I have to lie down and die in doing it!"

"After last night, Walter?"

"Damn last night!" said Brent.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Never you mind!" he answered.

Then the door slammed. He was gone.

VII

"BATTLEAXES"—that was the term Veith had used—women with a lust to gamble. Veith should have known.

In passing, Gage, Burroughs & Co., the Broad Street wire house, barred women from its downtown customers' room. Uptown, however, though the firm made no direct bid for the business, women's accounts were tolerated; so that on occasion Veith had had the opportunity to look over this type and style of client. Weird, queer—you know, "women with a look to them." At any rate so Veith had felt, and so, too, he had said outspokenly. As for Addie Jessup, though, Addie, on her part, had decisively passed the moment when a term or the mere turn of a phrase bore any special significance, much less a warning. She had made up her mind what she was going to do. That in itself was sufficient.

Eight o'clock was striking when she came down the stairs from her room. Her father had finished breakfast. In his usual absorbed haste, he had hurried through the meal and risen, but now, his lined face more gray and lined than was usual, he stopped beside the door.

"Hullo, dad," Addie murmured. She was conscious, however, in spite of the affected lightness in her tone, that he had his eyes fixed on hers with a searching scrutiny.

"Good morning," he said quietly. Addie, her eyes dropping, was slipping past him when he laid a hand on her arm. "Wait," he said. As he spoke he reached behind him and pulled shut the door of the dining room. Then he smiled; the smile, like the look on his face, rueful, pained. "I'm sorry," said Mr. Jessup; "sorry, daughter."

Addie looked up sharply. "Sorry for what?"

"For all that's happened," he answered slowly. A faint breath came from him. It was suspiciously like a sigh. "I can't help you, Addie; at least, I can't in the way you want. I'm too old; I've shot my bolt; and though I know, of course, how you feel, I still must keep on doing the same thing I've always done—working. It's too late now to change. And even if I did change," added her father, "it's a question whether I should succeed."

Continued on Page 50.

"I'd Like to Open an Account, Mr. Lent. Here's the Check; it's for Four Thousand Dollars. I Wish to Give You an Order Also"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 26, 1929

Silent Fortune Builders

EVERY bull market raises its own crop of yarns about spectacular winnings, with heroes and heroines who range all the way down from the giants of the Street to the scrubwomen who turn shoestrings into thousands and the valets and office boys who roll up tidy fortunes in a few weeks or months. Everyone, broadly speaking, is in the market, and white chips are as welcome as blue.

Something like twenty-five per cent of the transactions of the New York Stock Exchange are in lots of less than one hundred shares. It follows that every time we read of a six-million-share turnover, some million and a half shares were sold and bought by comparatively small speculators and investors. Many of these dealings are purely speculative and represent the getting off or getting on of those who caught a ride on the market or hope to do so; but a substantial proportion of them are outright purchases for the long pull.

All over the land there are countless families in moderate circumstances who are plodding along a quiet road to wealth that is safe and sure. Their steady increments of fortune make no noise in the world, but this army of small, perennial winners is so great that the sum of their gains over a five or ten year period overshadows the winnings of all the great operators put together.

Nothing could be safer, sounder or more wholesome than the well-deserved financial rise of these thrifty, level-headed families and individuals. The beauty of the thing is that most of these people who are getting rich so inevitably and so safely know little about the stock market and have nothing in the way of financial connections. Moreover, anyone with a little capital and a little sense can play their game if he chooses; for they are often rather small, obscure people who do not enjoy the questionable advantage of tips, straight or otherwise, and who are without access to so-called inside information.

Their system is simplicity itself. They buy only the highest-grade stocks. They are careful to select issues backed by large equities, esteemed for long, unbroken dividend records and known far and wide for enlightened management and steadily increasing earnings. They buy when they can, at the going price, and sell only when they must. Time and patience and the gradual accrual of new assets and equities do the rest. The return perhaps seems small, but valuable rights, readjustments of capital, split-ups and melons often double it; and new money put into the same group of stocks, from time to time, helps to roll up the golden snowball.

Many a large fortune stands upon just such foundations, laid by plodding, untutored, small investors. The younger generation need waste no regrets over the fact that it was not born thirty years earlier; for most authorities agree that the opportunities of the next thirty years will be vastly greater than those of the past thirty, and that the unavoidable hazards of fortune building will not be nearly so great as they have been in the rather recent past.

"The Shame of the Cities"

A QUARTER of a century ago one of the publicists of that day wrote a book on municipal corruption which bore a flaming but not an exaggerated title. There have been many improvements in city management since then, but it is a lamentable fact that the same title would apply with accuracy at the present time to the recently disclosed corruption and alliance between crime and politics in some of the great cities of the country. There have been refinements in the technic of city government, but it still remains a discouragingly backward form of human activity.

It will not do to lay all these unsavory disclosures to prohibition. Long before the Eighteenth Amendment local political corruption always centered around liquor. Whatever the social policy toward intoxicating beverages may be, the traffic in their use has always proved a stumbling-block in the path of municipal virtue. There is nothing new about that.

Now it may be that the crime wave, or crime problem, in its current aspects, intensifies the difficulties of honest and efficient city government. As crime mounts, a special strain is placed upon police forces, or perhaps the weaknesses of police administration are thereby the more clearly revealed. But it works the other way also. Obviously we would have less crime if our municipal governments were more effective. The reasons for crime are complicated, naturally, but its existence is stimulated and rendered easy by the general looseness of local government.

No one knows exactly how the percentage of corruption in municipal government compares with that in other forms of group activity; for example, with that in business. The courts are filled with civil cases involving fraud, and we have all manner of agencies, such as district attorneys, blue-sky commissions and post-office inspectors, to prevent the public from being fleeced, not by politicians but by corrupt private individuals in search of dishonest profits. It must not be supposed that politicians or city employes alone are corrupt.

But the comparison is not quite on all fours. Business organizations of the size and importance of our great cities rarely allow any of their departments to fall to such low tone as characterizes so much of municipal government. There are plenty of honest and faithful officials and employes in city service, but there always seem to be ample niches for mere patronage hunters. The ranks do not close up tight, as in the business world. The joints do not fit together, and the grafting politician finds his way in. Business, after all, is competitive; profit making imposes, sooner or later, a ruthless quality of efficiency. But however wasteful or corrupt a city régime may be, the taxpayers must always make it good. Here and there an official goes to jail, but there is no pragmatic test applied to the next appointee.

Then, too, the public is indifferent. The average citizen is immersed in his own affairs. He wants to be let alone. Economy is never popular; like deflation, it hurts too much. The public does not want graft and dishonesty, but it is less exacting than the situation demands. A few individuals complain about everything, but the great mass remains inert. Farsighted, consistent programs are less adhered to than in well-organized business. On the one hand, necessary activities are starved for lack of funds, while in other directions politicians wallow around in waste.

There are splendid public servants, of course, but it is just as well to recognize the unwelcome truth that the development of this country has been of such a nature that the best brains have not gone into government—certainly not into city affairs. We have made great progress in public improvements of a certain type. Chicago, with all its gang warfare, has steadily, for thirty years, added to its system of parks and boulevards. But city planning is never going to take the place of civic honesty and ordinary competence. First things come first. We want well laid-out cities; they cannot be lived in, in the years to come, if they are not carefully planned. But to what purpose shall cities be planned if no one is able to manage them decently when they are built?

Recent exposures may have a wholesome effect, as have similar revelations in the past. But they do not go far. Clearly the need is for something quite other than that. What must come is an urge, a vital urge for competency and honesty in municipal government, like the drive for success in business. When men and women are as eager for one as for the other, then it will be time to be hopeful.

Farm Relief in Italy

AGRICULTURAL conditions in Italy, long in an unsatisfactory state, have become worse since the war. Large holdings of land are operated under conditions scarcely superior to those of feudal times. Absentee landlordism, comparable to that which provoked revolt in Ireland half a century ago, still exists in Italy. Farm labor is poorly paid, and, in particular, farm labor by women is poorly paid. The Italian peasants are naturally industrious and in many ways highly efficient in the cultivation of specialties. But from the standpoint of the economic interests of the state as a whole, Italian agriculture has long been regarded as misdirected.

Several years ago Mussolini inaugurated a campaign for the improvement of agriculture. Italian observers were convinced that the experiences of the war indicated the superiority of wheat over corn in the Italian food supply, and that wheat culture should be stimulated. In addition, the importation of large amounts of wheat represented a serious burden on the international account. "Raise more wheat" thus became a plank in the Mussolini platform of reform.

Some extension of acreage to be planted to wheat has been urged. For the rest, larger wheat crops are being sought through selection of seed, fertilization and improvement in cultivation. The net results, however, have not been regarded as satisfactory, even conceding that the period of trial has been too short to make a fair test of the new movement.

Recently Mussolini has reaffirmed his policy on behalf of development of agriculture and has indicated the extent to which he believes the state should support the movement. One suggestion has been singled out as the occasion for widespread interest, and, indeed, apprehension, in Europe. This apparently involves a curtailment of the right of ownership in disposition of acreage. Carried to its logical conclusion on the basis of expert planning, it is inferred that the government would regulate the acreage to be planted to wheat as against other crops. To a certain extent this would imply that the commercial interest of landowners would be subordinated to the economic interest of the state. But one must not take too literally a public utterance of an abstract nature. A desired acreage planted to wheat might be secured through bonus as well as through compulsion.

Elsewhere in Continental Europe attempts have been made to bring agriculture into line with state policy by parcellation of the land. A specified rotation of crops and a compulsory acreage planted to wheat, in themselves technically justifiable in the interest both of agriculture and of the state, would seem to lie within the Fascist scope of action. Several years ago a compulsory industrial policy was, in effect, imposed on Italy. The strictly economic results seem there to be regarded as favorable. Control of acreage is the weak point in all programs of farm relief. If such a program is to be inaugurated in Italy, the outcome would offer instruction to the rest of the world.

Where Do We Go From Here?

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

NOMINALLY the national politics of this country continues on a two-party basis. We had an election for President in November wherein the Republican Party contributed a label to one nominee and the Democratic Party contributed a label to another. That, in fact, was about all the Republican Party or the Democratic Party did contribute, in a party sense; for the November election was not a party election. It was a personal election, a contest between Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith for a plurality of the votes cast by the people. Hoover got several million more votes than Smith, and an unprecedented majority of the presidential electors, but he did not win this favor because he is a Republican. He won because he is Hoover.

Officially, and in a platform sense, there were no outstanding issues between the two parties, nor have there been for years. Whatever differences of position and policy developed were initiated and developed by the candidates as strictly personal issues and injected into the campaign not because of the platforms but despite them. For example, both parties took substantially the same official stand on the Eighteenth Amendment, but Mr. Smith did some elaborate embroidery on that issue on his own account. For further example, the Republican platform said nothing about state socialism, but Mr. Hoover made and threw that bomb himself.

There was considerably more of that sort of thing that need not be recapitulated here. The point is that so far as party domination, direction, inclusion, adherence, claim and title are concerned, Mr. Hoover might just as well have been nominated by the Loyal Order of Moose and Mr. Smith by the United Woodmen of the World.

This situation is so familiar and long-continued in our national politics that it's commonplace and accepted as a natural outcome of national conditions. Both parties have been dragging along since 1896 without a real, sharply defined, important difference of policy between them. They went to it in 1896 on the money question, but, that settled, there has been nothing since that has not been either academic, expedient or opportunist; mere vote-catching devices of temporary policy carpentered to catch the passing popular fancy and designed solely for the purpose of gaining or maintaining control of the Government. Theoretically this is an anomalous and absurd national political condition, especially in a country where the Government is entirely political and suffrage is universal. Practically nobody seems to give a hoot what it is so long as the machinery for presidential voting purposes is supplied every four years.

The truth of it is that we have reached a point in our national politics where the Republican and Democratic parties have ceased to be the instruments of political direction, control and inspiration of our politics and have become merely the mediums for the expression of our personal preferences. They are existing and, more or less, functioning political machines. They have the paraphernalia and organizations for nominating and campaigning, and so on, but as far as being our political pastors and masters is concerned they are nothing of the sort. They are political conveniences and not political mentors. For lack of something better, we use them, but merely as machinery, and not with our former loyalty and submission.

This situation has long been recognized by students of our politics, and it has been the hope of those who desire to see these politics placed on a rational, sound and up-to-date basis, that some way might be found to create and maintain a political division in this country that would comprehend our real political and economic situation and necessity. What this country needs and must have politically, if we are to get the fullest measure of political representation and political stability and expression, is a political division into parties that are not, as at present, merely historic remains of former utility and virility, and do represent the two great dominant political and economic trends of thought, which are liberalism and conservatism.

These two designations cover every phase of our present political status and are as apposite to our political necessities as the two present parties are antithetic. They define our real political divergences. They comprehend our political and economic requirements. Moreover, they exist, but without organization and cohesion. The Republican Party

There Has Been a Slackening of Party Discipline and a Loosening of Party Ties

is made up of intrinsic liberals and conservatives. So is the Democratic Party. What seem to be two parties are in reality four parties—liberal and conservative Republicans operating under their ancient party designation, and liberal and conservative Democrats operating under their even more archaic name and style.

Nothing would bring the national politics of the United States to a more useful and more rational basis than the elimination of the names "Republican" and "Democrat" as official and accepted titles for our two great parties, the abandonment of the myth of Republicanism and the legend of Democracy, and a new political alignment which would comprehend, on the conservative side, all the conservative elements of the present Republican Party and all the conservative elements of the present Democratic Party, and on the liberal side all the liberal elements of both parties. Then we would have a rational political and economic division, thoroughly in accord with our present national thought and necessities. Then we would be sane and efficient politically, instead of historic and haphazard.

However, that is a dream of political students and not at all an ambition of practical politicians. Some day the American people may be wise enough politically to scrap these obsolete and archaic political parties that now prevail, and divide along these scientific, rational and advanced lines, but there are no signs of it at present. Political parties are hard to kill. Witness the Democratic Party, which has died a thousand deaths since 1860 and is still alive—crippled, but still alive.

The Democratic Party illustrates the difficulty of setting up a new political alignment, of killing a political party so it will stay dead. Take the record of that party, which, its historians claim, was founded by Thomas Jefferson on May 13, 1792, and it will be discovered that no human political organization surpasses it for indestructibility. Look at it now, with its Solid South, which was its strongest bulwark and its greatest asset, disintegrated, wrecked by the onrush of Hoover and the revolt of its own most loyal sons and daughters against the nominee of its supreme party power, the national convention, but still alive.

Acres of words have been written since this latest election to show that, finally, the Democratic Party is dead and done for, that this revolt in the Solid South, this passing of Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Texas to the Republican side seals its long-delayed doom. Nothing is proved because, despite these conclusive in memoriams and requiescats in pace, there is nothing to prove. Take a look at the history of Democracy since the Civil War, say, and then withdraw the R.I.P. stuff. It survived its association with slavery. It lived after the Civil War. In the sixty-nine years since Lincoln was elected in 1860, out of seventeen presidential elections it has won but four—two with Cleveland and two with Wilson—and not one of those four was won by any virtue of Democracy per se, and all four were won because of Republican ineptitudes. Those elections were gifts.

Impervious and Imperishable

CLEVELAND won in 1884 because the Mugwumps bolted Blaine, and because Blaine, in a speech eighteen years before, had characterized Roscoe Conkling as "a grandiloquent swell with a turkey-gobbler strut"—which was not clubby of Blaine, both men being leading Republicans. And Cleveland won by only 1149 votes in New York State, which state was essential to his election, and after he had carried the state for governor by 190,000 two years before. Furthermore, those votes came from the Conkling section of New York State, and were normally Republican votes. Cleveland won again in 1892, because of the flagrancies of the Republican McKinley Tariff and the Republican Force Bill. The Democrats did not elect him and the Republicans did.

Wilson won in 1912, not because of anything the Democrats did or could do for him but because of the split in the Republican Party caused by the ambition of Roosevelt to be President again. And Wilson won in 1916 because of some Republican stupidities in Southern California, and then only by twenty-three electoral votes. Speaking presidentially, what is there in that record to preserve and nurture a national political party? Especially as that same party embraced the free-silver heresy within those years, and made many other national political blunders that should have caused its political extinction, but did not.

They said the Democratic Party was dead after the crushing Bryan defeats, but it was not. They are saying the Democratic Party is dead again because of the defeat Alfred E. Smith led it to in November last. But it is not. There's no killing it. It is impervious and imperishable. Hence, as the Republican Party again has the pap and patronage, and the Democracy is breathing faintly, but still breathing, the chance for a rational division along conservative and liberal lines is still remote. That division is the political logic of the situation—the economic logic—an absolute requirement if our politics is to keep step with our progress. But it is far in the future.

It is easy enough and sapient enough to say that such a political division should obtain—and at once—but with our people voting as they do, and from such personal and popular motives, and the old parties functioning well enough as mediums for the people to vote as they please by utilizing the present machinery, the formation of new parties or, rather, the separation of the Democratic Party and the Republican Party into their liberal and conservative elements and the combining of those elements into two fundamental parties is neither practical nor possible at the moment.

We do not take our national politics sufficiently seriously or continuously. We are hectic for a few months once every four years, and then indifferent. We get required results as it is. Why bother with any such stuff when we can slide by with what we have?

Of course there is no answer to that of any consequence as an urge to action. It may be logical and economic and progressive, but what of it? Political logic means nothing to any but political logicians, and less than nothing to the great bulk of the people. They wanted Hoover this time, and they utilized the Republican Party to get him. At some future time they may utilize the Democratic Party to get what they want. Meantime our political structure and our political parties will continue as before; the one fat and happy in power, the other crippled, crushed and bemused, but still alive.

Going Concerns With No Place to Go

WE SCRAP everything we have ruthlessly and amazingly if better things offer. We anticipate progress in every phase of our national life save our politics. There we seem hidebound and content. The Gold Democrats cut loose from Democracy and Bryan in 1896, but they came back to Parker in 1904. The Progressives abandoned the Republican Party in 1912, but they mostly came back to Hughes in 1916. The Progressives again took a stand with La Follette in 1924, but they nearly all flocked to the Hoover Republican label in 1928. We tear down a forty-story building in 1928 that was erected in 1924, and we junk machinery, ignore customs, break precedents, records and rules in every line of endeavor with an astounding spirit of progress, but we stand still in politics. Even a precinct committee seems sacred. Some day there will be a revision and revamping of our whole party political system, but not now, not in the near future. The old labels seem good enough at present.

What happened in the hitherto Solid South was revolutionary and unprecedented, but it was not revolutionary and unprecedented because the South is any less Democratic than it has been. The reason Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Texas went Republican last November was because the Houston Convention nominated Alfred E. Smith, of New York, for President, and it was a personal Smith reason and not a Democratic reason in any sense of party fundamentals, policies or past performances. Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Texas would have gone Democratic as usual if a candidate more to their liking had been nominated, and the Democratic solidity of the South would have been preserved. This other Democratic candidate would not have been elected nationally, but the South would have been solid for him, just the same. Furthermore, it is extremely unlikely that the states of Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Texas will go Republican again in a national election for some time to come. The Democratic Party in those states is not dead.

Therefore, those publicists and politicians who see a new political-party alignment in the splitting of the Solid South see something that does not exist and will not very soon. Nor do the other results of this election predicate any such realignment. It is just as mistaken to say that Massachusetts and Rhode Island are hereafter Democratic states because they went for Smith, as it is to say that Virginia, Texas, North Carolina and Florida are hereafter Republican states because they went for Hoover. Massachusetts and Rhode Island were won by Smith, not because Massachusetts and Rhode Island have been converted to Democracy but because of reasons that were entirely personal to Smith, and not Democratic in a political sense at all. In other circumstances these two states undoubtedly would have continued as Republican states. So with the South and Democracy. And there is no nourishment for a new political alignment in those facts.

The best that can be said of our national politics is that the Republican Party and the Democratic Party, both archaic in plan, scope and performance, will continue as going concerns, without the virtue of going anywhere in particular. The Republicans will remain in power and the Democrats will remain in opposition. Neither one will do anything that has not the retention of power in 1932 by the Republicans as its expedient objective, and the gaining of power in 1932, or some happy time thereafter, by the Democrats. The two parties are now what they have been for a good many years—merely organizations that want to control the Government for the purpose of obtaining the patronage and power associated with that control. They are not formulators of policies, developers and protagonists of issues, or custodians of our national and international relations. They are job hunters, appropriation seekers, and entirely opportunistic.

The subordinate positions our party organizations have sunk to, as political forces in this country, were well illustrated in the preconvention campaigns of the two men who were nominated for President and in their campaigns for election after their nominations. The Republican Party organization, speaking nationally, was opposed to the nomination of Hoover, did not want Hoover and exerted every effort to defeat Hoover. The Republican Party leaders, in large majority, fought Hoover at every point. They resorted to all the old-time expedients to beat him. They put up other candidates, formed alliances, circulated all sorts of deleterious stories about him, exerted all their power, in the days before the Kansas City gathering, to crush him.

Well, what happened? The people, nominally Republican, but only nominally so, having no other name to tie to, went irresistibly ahead and nominated Hoover, despite the wishes and clamor of their national party organization, contemptuous of the protests of the leaders, and in utter disregard of all party discipline and precedent. Then, having no other place to go, the national Republican organization and its leaders meekly fell in line. They had to. They were not a dominant, militant political organization. They were doing the feeble best they could to hold a little prestige and keep within the view of the nominee. This great political organization, the head center of the party that has had every presidency, save four, since 1860, crawled in on its hands and knees shouting *"Kamerad! Kamerad!"* That's how dominant and militant it was.

Then came the campaign for election, and that showed again just what this once great political organization, of itself, amounts to. Mr. Hoover, being not so simple in politics as some think he is, was kind and fatherly to the organization. He let it hold the ends of the reins, but he did the driving. He allowed the party organization to establish headquarters. It headquartered itself magnificently. There were headquarters in Washington, in Chicago, in New York—all over the place. But these were mere concessions. The real headquarters of the campaign was in a big red house on Massachusetts Avenue, in Washington, and that was where Mr. Hoover was. The national organization had about as much to do with that house as it had to do with the presidential election in Poland. It strutted and functioned with pictures and literature and what not, but Mr. Hoover ran his own campaign—and why not? What was there about the national Republican organization that should cause him to give it any faith and credit? Besides, Mr. Hoover is an efficient and forward-looking man, and he had his commission from the people, not from any party organization whatsoever.

The Old Party Plays Second Fiddle

THE processes of Governor Smith were similar in so far as his personal assumption of the conduct of the campaign and his tolerance of the national Democratic Party, without his reliance on it, were concerned. He was nominated because his friends had made a vigorous four-year campaign for him, and such sections of the Democratic organization as were opposed to him could not prevent that nomination. He stood calmly by and allowed the Democrats who control the organization to do what suited them with the platform, and then, his nomination accomplished, he went out and revised that platform to suit his own purposes, and even abandoned ancient Democratic policies without a by-your-leave.

His nomination was barely accomplished before he threw away its platform position on the Eighteenth Amendment and took a stand of his own. In one of his earliest speeches he let the historic Democratic policy of tariff for revenue only go by the board. And when it came to enlisting the Democratic national organization he was as self-sufficient as Hoover. He tolerated the national organization, but he picked a former Republican to head it for him, and his principal advisers during the campaign were not the politicians who ran the Democratic machine but a little band of New York friends and supporters whose word was law and whose power was superior to all party officials. The Democratic Party, as a party and through its national party organization, was exactly in the same case as the Republican Party organization. It had no real power.

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WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE

Without Any Words or Even Any Hesitation, She Darted Into His Arms Like a Homing Dove

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXXI

MR. MONTEAGLE could not understand it in himself, but he approached the appointment with this last and least important of his daughter's suitors with a novel sense of inadequacy to meet the peculiar situation. The Goliath was puzzled by this young David. But in this case he wanted the stripling to conquer. He would give him the benefit of every doubt. Probably the youngster was in love with Eve and did not know it. Well, all three of them might know within twenty-four hours.

But before Harrison arrived for this crucial interview came a long-distance call from Washington—and as a result, the banker-diplomat's poise was shaken for once. Ominous clouds filled with the thunder and lightning of war were gathering over China. The long-cherished, carefully calculated project which the international banking groups had intrusted to the able hands of Henry Monteagle would have to be postponed indefinitely.

His mission to the Far East was canceled, all his difficult and delicate work wasted. He would return to Wall Street tomorrow. No one knew this, however, except Washington and Mr. Monteagle. It would not be announced to the world until after he and his staff had prepared a careful statement for the press. He would not even tell his daughter.

It was a severe blow—not to his pocketbook, but to his pride in his plan, to his hopes for helping, according to his lights, a decrepit old nation to stand erect. But failure was one of the normal experiences of life. He had met it far oftener than was realized by the world, which beheld only his success. But in his case, when milk was spilt, he refused even to glance at it. He turned to the next item on his schedule.

"Well, Harrison," he remarked, without even looking up, "what have you to say for yourself?"

Harrison was wondering why Mr. Monteagle didn't bore holes through him as usual. He had become so accustomed to the process that he was not only surprised but somewhat disappointed. It always gave him a comforting sense of honesty and understanding.

"Why, the whole thing is easily explained," said Harrison, with the frankest of smiles. "Eve decided that she was willing to marry me, after all."

(What is there about this cocky little cuss that always wins my respect and affection?) . . . "But you told me the other day that you didn't want to marry her." Mr. Monteagle was making marks on his blotter.

"Yes. Well, I didn't then, but I do now." The young man did not seem in the least abashed.

"Don't you think that's rather inconsistent?"

"Yes, quite. But I didn't suppose she'd look at me then. You see, something happened that made us realize what we meant to each other."

Perhaps the boy was not so transparent as he seemed. Was he going to lie at last—to get to the Gobi? Or had he merely been a shy young lover all along?

"You'll do anything for Eve, Mr. Monteagle. Better let her marry me."

(And they could go over in Jones' Aloya alone—an ideal honeymoon—and join Duke in Peking. Or if war prevents, they could sail home again.) . . . "And what does my daughter mean to you now, Harrison?"

"She means everything I want most in life," said Harrison earnestly.

That was better. "So you find that you can't live without her, eh?" Mr. Monteagle looked up and smiled in the manner of one saying, "Ah, youth! Youth! I was once young myself!"

Harrison returned the look but not the smile. "Well, I'd hardly put it that way. Of course, I can live without her, but I can't work without her, and what's the use of living if you can't work? But the work I want to do happens also to be the work she wants to devote her life to. We need each other for that work, so we simply decided to get married. Isn't that a better basis than the usual one? Look at some of the marriages out here in this very spot. Gosh!"

Mr. Monteagle took another tack. "On the day that my daughter marries, the sum of ten million dollars is to be settled upon her." He made this statement in the quiet, impersonal way in which he announced bequests to other worthy causes, marking up the blotter as he said it. "I suppose you know that."

"First I ever heard of it," said Harrison. "But listen, Mr. Monteagle; if you think that's going to scare me off now, you're mistaken. I've changed my views of such matters entirely since I first met you."

"Oh, is that so? That's interesting."

"In fact, I wouldn't dream of marrying her if she didn't have money."

(My, what cheek!) . . . "So that's all you're after, is it?"

"Not at all. I'm after her, not just the money. But of course I couldn't afford to marry otherwise. Neither could she. Only, I should think that it would be better, if you don't mind my making this suggestion, to establish your foundation for scientific exploration rather than turn it all over to Evelyn personally."

Despite himself, Mr. Monteagle could not help expressing some surprise. It took the form of an amused laugh—one of his favorite forms of self-expression.

"You don't tell me so! I should think you'd rather have it all in your wife's name."

Harrison leaned forward and wagged his head, looking troubled. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Monteagle," he said in a low voice, "while I know that your daughter is perfectly sincere at present, I'm not sure that her enthusiasm for science won't prove to be only a passing fad. In that case she might relapse into being a mere lady, and practice vicarious leisure, as Veblen calls it. Did you ever read his Theory of the Leisure Class?"

Mr. Monteagle did not care to discuss books today. The judge and his colleagues were outside on the balcony, waiting their turn. The statement for the press would be of international importance.

"Well, you wouldn't let a little thing like money interfere with your own usefulness, I'm sure," said Mr. Monteagle.

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After all it takes a Baker

A number of Swift & Company's products are used in baking.

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"I'd try not to, but the overpowering influence of a lot of it is very subtle. I've seen how it works out with classmates of mine who married money." The usually fearless young scientist looked quite dubious. Everyone, it seems, is afraid of something. "Besides, think how much better it would be to fix it so that she, too, would remain useful instead of ornamental—the way most of 'em are—and dole out money to charities and serve on boards and committees to excuse their futility. Why not establish that foundation?"

"That will be up to her," said Mr. Monteagle.

Harrison thought about this for a while. "Couldn't you scale it down to five million? I think that would be much wiser—I honestly do."

Mr. Monteagle found himself enjoying this interview, after all. It was quite refreshing and was taking his mind off the catastrophe in international finance.

"No, sir!" he said, slapping the desk. "I will not come down one cent below ten million! You may know more about science than I do, but I am a far better business man. You can't drive a bargain with me."

"I'm not trying to bargain with you," said Harrison, a little hurt. "It's simply that ten million is such an awful lot of money. Why, it would take so much of our time looking after it, Mr. Monteagle! Think how our brokers would interrupt our work, telephoning in the mornings, of all times."

"By the way," said Mr. Monteagle suddenly, "I suppose you are aware that Eve hasn't a penny of her own." He was going to take another tack.

"No, we never talk about money affairs."

(I thought they talked about everything.) . . . "And of course you understand that I don't have to give her a cent if I don't want to," Mr. Monteagle said.

"Oh, but you will want to!" said Harrison, with a bright, understanding smile. "Everyone knows how devoted you are to Eve. That's why I didn't take your opposition to me very seriously to heart. If Eve wants me she'll get me, and you'll help her. You know that."

Mr. Monteagle allowed a pause. He did know that. He didn't fancy the boy's knowing it, though. "There's no doubt about my devotion," he said, "but how about your own? Is that all Eve means to you? Science? Your career?"

"Oh, no, I want her as a woman."

"How much?"

"More than any other woman."

Mr. Monteagle waited for the lover to go on, but he had stopped—and this despite the fact that he had been warned to be romantic.

"I suppose you worship the ground she walks on, are miserable out of her sight, feel small and mean in her presence. Only, you don't know how to say it."

Harrison dropped his eyes as if a true lover at last. Then came the engaging grin. "Well, I feel small, all right." He looked up again. "But I don't know about the rest of it. I was much interested in what you said yesterday about love, but perhaps it's left out of me. You see, I've had a scientific training and I'm afraid I don't worship anything, not even women."

(Why can't he say so, at least? I'm not going to hand him the girl on a silver platter.) Another pause. "Harrison, do you consider yourself worthy of my daughter?"

"Yes."

Mr. Monteagle looked up "That's not the orthodox answer, my boy."

"Look here, Mr. Monteagle, you don't want me to say these silly, conventional things—you know you don't. I've always been on the level with you and I'm always going to be. That's what you like about me. No, I don't honestly believe that I am unworthy of your daughter. It's only recently that I realized she was worthy of me. I'm bound to say, though, that she's getting more so every day. If I were ever to fall in love, as it is called, with anyone, I suppose it would be Eve. But I'm not going to lie and tell you I wish only the privilege of devoting my life to making your offspring happy and all that sort of thing. It just isn't true. I've got more important things to do with my life than that. Yes, I consider myself worthy of her."

"Oh, you do, do you?" . . . (Why can't he lie a little—just enough to save my face?) All the same, the man of the world was charmed by it. "But, Harrison," he said, with a grave, kind smile, "you care for Eve more than yourself, do you not? Think it over carefully now. I'm sure you will be—on the level."

Tomlinson knocked at the door. "The judge and "

"Yes, I know. Tell 'em I'm busy." Tomlinson told them he was busy.

Harrison couldn't be sure from Monteagle's tone how serious he was, but he had thought it over carefully. "How do you mean?"

"You would be willing to die for her, so wouldn't you live for her? Don't you want her for your very own as much as you want success? Wouldn't you give up even your ambitions and plans for her if necessary? When I die, she may come in for a few hundred million more—unless I marry again, which I am quite likely to do, you know, when I become senile. That's why I'm putting aside that ten for her dot. Wouldn't you be willing to risk science, your career, your way of life and everything else, just to have and to hold the woman of your choice?" . . . (For God's sake, say yes!)

Harrison hesitated and smoked in silence.

"That's right. Think it over carefully, because upon your answer hangs her future and your own."

All the young scientist had to do was to say yes. He said, "No, certainly not. I wouldn't give up my work for all the women and all the millions in the world. Would you want me to?"

"No. And you wouldn't have to, but I'd want you to feel like it—and you don't."

"No, sir, I don't. Why should I?"

Mr. Monteagle looked at his watch. If they were to catch the afternoon edition with that statement —— He jumped up. So did the boy.

"All right, Harrison, that settles it. I don't say you should—only that you would—if you were in love. You aren't. That's all I wanted to find out." He walked to the door with the boy, as if Harrison were a distinguished personage who required respect. "I admire your willingness to sacrifice all for science, but I have no desire to sacrifice my daughter on any such altar. You can't marry her, Harrison—not if I can prevent it, and I think I can."

"You mean you can cut her off with a shilling—that sort of thing?" Harrison's hand was on the door knob.

"Well, suppose I did?"

"That would prevent it, all right. The most selfish thing a poor man can do is to marry a girl without money—especially when she's used to wads of it." Harrison walked out, saying, "Good morning, judge. Sorry, but our conference was really important."

"To hell with the brat!" said Monteagle to himself. "I'm through!". . . "Come in, boys," he called out. He knew that it always made the dignified old judge wince to be so addressed. That was why the amused Monteagle did it. "Well, boys, I was just thinking. It's pretty late to land a full statement in the afternoon editions. They'd have to cut it down and it's too important to be garbled. Better to run the first-day story in the morning editions anyway. Then the Eastern papers won't be beaten on the news and will play it up on the front page."

They all got to work, and with the aid of the able publicity expert they prepared, sent out and landed a thoroughly lucid and comprehensive account in next day's newspapers all over the civilized world, including the native and foreign press of China and Japan.

So perhaps it was just as well that Harrison Cope prevented the premature announcement, after all. It will be recalled that, in times past, the premature announcement of his engagement to be married had wrought a long chain of circumstances, and the end was not yet reached. Perhaps Mr. Monteagle had been reminded of the curious

(Continued on Page 110)

He Pursued Her to the Door. "But, Eve, Listen!"

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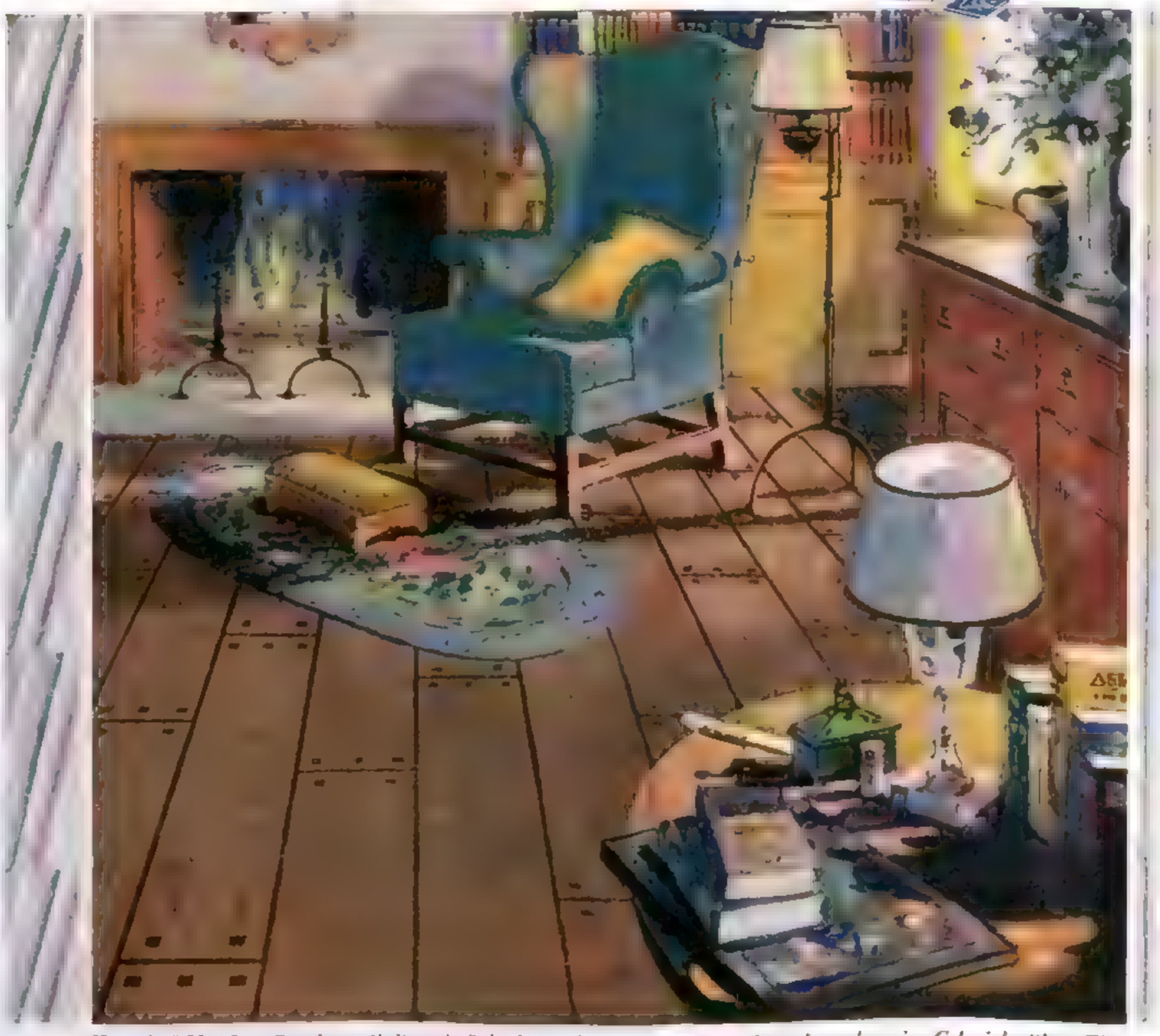

Here the "Mayflower" design with its wide "planks" and quaint dowels, is shown in a charming Colonial setting. This distinctive pattern also makes an unusually effective flooring for stores, executive offices, etc. Sealex Linoleum No. 5081.

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"What's That Crack About You Talkin' With Flenger Today?" He Rasped

FLENGER was the sort of man who believed in doing one thing at a time, and doing it with almost a vicious fidelity. The matter with Swinnerton was one which fitted largely into his plans for the future. He therefore gave to it his undivided attention. For the time he dismissed Zuroto, and all that the man might represent, from his mind.

The alderman was in such an upset state over the killing of Dopey Hiller that Flenger and his lawyer had little difficulty in bringing about an agreement to transfer the breweries and distillery to the mythical corporation. Swinnerton signed with little ado. He signed, it is true, as a man would sign who felt that there was no other course for him. But he signed.

"Don't moon around so much, Swinnerton," Flenger warned him after the business was finished. "Anyone lookin' at you now would know that somethin' was wrong. If you can't play the game, why not report sick an' stay in the house where folks can't see you?"

"I wouldn't be lying, Paddy," the alderman admitted, "if I reported sick."

"Well," Flenger shrugged heartlessly, "all you got to do, then, is go home. But for the love of Pete keep that pan of yours out of sight!"

"You keep me posted," Swinnerton urged. "I admit I ain't myself. Mebbe I had better go home. It seems to me that everybody I meet is goin' to grab us both for murder."

"Nobody's goin' to grab nobody fer murder!"

"But where are we going to end up?" Swinnerton demanded whiningly. "It's a cinch we can't go around killing people indefinitely."

"Who's goin' to worry about bumpin' off a bird like Hiller? It'll all die out in a week. We'll bury it at headquarters."

"You're wrong," Swinnerton insisted. "It's just as Barr says—Hiller had his friends. If not friends, at least men that were making a good thing selling booze with him. They'll have plenty to say when their supply of booze runs out."

"That's the part you leave to me," the captain growled. "I've always told you I ran things. You keep your mouth shut an' let me go on runnin' 'em."

"That's all easy enough to say. But what about it?" Swinnerton insisted. "If you do business with one of Dopey's old men you'll have to trust somebody blind."

"I'm not goin' to do business with any o' Dopey's crowd!" Flenger swore. "An' I ain't goin' to trust nobody blind either."

"You've got to do one or the other," Swinnerton bemoaned. "If you only hadn't killed that rat! You could have bought him off, Paddy. We've got plenty of money."

"You go home," Flenger said abruptly. "Go home an' stay home. Just practice keepin' your mouth shut."

But after they had separated and Paddy was on his way back toward the station house, he found it quite impossible to get full satisfaction from the deal he had just closed. For weeks the transaction had been uppermost in his mind. It placed him absolutely in control of the situation. The land and buildings involved were worth nearly half a million dollars. And yet, his mind was uneasy.

Barr, he felt, was an old fool. But there was a degree of persistent truth about what the man said. Hiller, if he had no friends, at least had associates. Sooner or later Flenger would have to reckon with them. And Swinnerton, craven that he was, had struck the very heart of Flenger's problem when he pointed out that Paddy would have to come to a quick and a dangerous decision with reference to Hiller's old territory. In the train of these thoughts came quite naturally the recollection of Zuroto.

Paddy, as he rode in the taxicab that was taking him to his station house, imagined again those jet-black eyes and heard again the terse, sharp comments of the man. He was a foreigner, and a dangerous one. He seemed possessed of very definite knowledge about Paddy himself; knowledge that could easily prove fatal. It was almost as though Hiller had foreseen what was to happen and in a spirit of hatred left Zuroto equipped with the implements of vengeance. It became clear to the captain that no matter how many men passed away, the business of bootlegging was one which would go on so long as there were those on earth willing to pay high prices for contraband liquor.

When he entered the station house, there was a man awaiting him. Paddy felt a sense of alarm—vague alarm, but real enough—when he saw that the fellow was a stranger. With a quick glance he sized the man up. He knew the type: Slim, medium size, dressed faultlessly and carrying an air of impudent confidence about him. Underworld was stamped in his every gesture. He met Paddy's glance fearlessly.

"I wanted to see you, Captain Flenger," he said quietly. His English was perfect, yet he obviously was of foreign descent.

"What about?" Flenger asked briskly. "I'm pretty busy today."

The young man was leaning close: "Not too busy to give Zuroto just a minute, I hope?"

"Zuroto?" Paddy mused, pursing his lips as though trying to recall the identity of the man. "Oh, yes. He's the chap who identified Hiller for me, ain't he? All right, my lad, come in a minute."

He turned to lead the way into his private room, and as the stranger fell in behind him Paddy could almost feel the sneering grin the man wore. He was getting desperate. This business of suddenly finding what appeared to be an organization pitted against him was a trying one.

"Sit down!" he snapped when they were inside the room with the door shut. "Now what's on your chest?"

"The chief thought ——" the man began.

"What chief? Who're you talkin' about?" Paddy cut in.

"Why, Zuroto," the young man answered, surprise evident in his face and voice.

"What's he chief of?" Flenger demanded.

The young man laughed softly. "Well, I guess you know as well as I do. He and Hiller had an agreement, captain. Hiller handled the beer and hard liquor; Zuroto sold the wines and liqueurs. I thought you were hep to all that. It's been going on ever since Dopey started his racket. You see, Dopey had to have some help. He couldn't swing a deal like that alone. In the first place, he didn't have the money, and in the second place, he didn't have the brains. You fellows were tryin' to work too fast in order to keep out competition.

"Dopey had to go to somebody, so he went to Zuroto. As I said before, Zuroto is a smart man. He saw the opportunity and he cut himself in pretty. Now he's got forty or fifty fellows working for him an' he handles half the

(Continued on Page 31)

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(Continued from Page 29)

private business in town. Dopey had all he could do deliverin' to his speak-easies. An' Zuroto's got a bottling establishment right in the cellar of his restaurant, so the scheme worked out fine. But the way it really started was with wines an' liqueurs."

"Wines and liqueurs?" Paddy asked, startled.

"Sure. The bottle trade. Zuroto was a wine maker in the old country. He knows the racket inside out. Makes great stuff too. What he can't get in from the ships he imitates here. Hardly anybody can tell the difference."

"Ships? Wines? Liqueurs?" Paddy was learning fast, and all that he learned additionally unnerved him.

"I guess you're trying to kid me, eh?" The young caller laughed. "Well, I suppose in your position you got to be careful. But you needn't be with me. Zuroto knows the whole story. So do I. Hiller tipped us off on his connections long ago. For a while we thought maybe we could work Slenk and Mitchell and that bunch out, and you and Zuroto could run the whole thing, with Hiller and two or three more of us fitting in on a cut. But I guess that's all past now."

It was all brutally calm. Flenger sank back into his chair and his tongue ran nervously along the tips of his mustache. His close-set eyes darted unseeingly. His mind was groping frantically for some firm ground upon which to stand and view these new developments. Thus to have exposed casually things which his whole intelligence had carefully sought to conceal was a terrific blow.

"But I ain't here to talk that." The young man laughed frankly. "What Zuroto thought I better see you about was Dopey's funeral. You see, if we don't plant Dopey with plenty of ceremony there'll be those that'll think we haven't got plenty of dough, and those that will think we don't stick to our friends. Naturally we want competition to see what they're stepping into before they step."

"Competition? What competition?" Flenger stalled.

"We been having a little trouble with a bunch of outsiders," the young man admitted. "They made a connection with some Federal men and ran quite a bit of stuff into the town before we got wise to it. I guess we got it pretty well stopped now. Of course it's pretty hard to tell whether the thing is stopped or not. The only way we can judge is from our income. Just as soon as our customers begin getting stuff from somebody else it cuts in on our take. Month before last we fell off to about seventy thousand dollars gross. But last month we pulled it up again to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and so far this month we're away ahead of last. That proves that we've driven off competition."

He laughed calmly, almost with smug complacence.

"But I got to admit," he continued, "that Zuroto had to get the boys machine guns and sent out the word that he'd shoot anybody that ran booze into the territory. There was one time when we pretty near used them too."

He laughed gently as he spoke, but there was in his manner a very definite boastfulness and pride of achievement.

"The worst of it is," he went on calmly, "these new people are all foreigners."

"Foreigners!" Paddy gasped. "Say, if I might be askin', what's your name?"

"Poppolipis," the lad answered. "Of course I'm of foreign descent. But I'm an American. My father has been over here better'n fifteen years."

Poppolipis

He thoughtfully took a gold cigarette case from his upper waistcoat pocket, selected a Turkish smoke of expensive brand and tapped it gently upon his thumb nail. When he lit it his face twisted. Flenger decided that his eyes were not unlike those of Zuroto.

During the process the captain had a moment to order his thoughts. Always a bluffer, he fell back readily to his best weapons. He laughed harshly.

"I git quite a kick outa you," he said, rising and walking around the desk to face the young man. "You an' your Zurotos! Give you an inch an' you take a mile! Don't think fer a minute that I haven't been wise to what you're doin'. I've known fer quite a long time that Zuroto's been peddlin' booze. But I didn't do anythin' about it. I give him a break. Now he's tryin' to run wild. . . . You go back, Mr. Poppalipstick, or whatever your name is, an' tell Zuroto that he better watch his step or I'll lock him up! I got a faint idea that he knows a thing or two about this Hiller bump-off. There's a lot o' difference between sellin' a little booze an' killin' people."

"He knows a lot about the Hiller bump-off," Poppolipis said, the words drifting across his lips on white smoke clouds.

"I wouldn't be surprised," Paddy growled, "if he arranged that little matter. It's a cinch he knows who pulled the job!"

Flenger was gaining confidence as he talked. He was just at the stage where he might have begun to storm.

"Sure he does," the young man admitted imperturbably. "He knows all about it. So do I."

"Then you're here to do a little talkin', eh?" Flenger grinned. It was in his mind that things were shaping up better. It was even possible that Zuroto had managed to frame up evidence against his mysterious competitors.

"No. I came here to speak to you about Dopey's funeral. It's got to be a big one—a silver casket, plenty of flowers, at least a hundred carriages and not less than a ten-thousand-dollar monument. If we don't go that heavy we'll look cheap."

"To hell with Dopey's funeral! What I want to find out is who killed him. You say you know."

"Sure I know."

"Well, kick in. Who did?"

"You did," Poppolipis said calmly. "Hell, man, we all know that!"

There is something ghastly about a direct charge of murder. Many times in his past experiences Paddy had hurled such a charge at a man. Each time he had sneered inwardly at the effect it wrought; he had considered men cowards when their faces blanched and their hands jerked. It was Poppolipis who sneered just then.

Flenger reached for the edge of the desk for support. His eyes were darting about the room and his face twitched.

"You needn't get upset about it," the foreigner said slowly. "I didn't give you any news, did I?"

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"If He Tries to Get to Flenger First," Zuroto Was Whispering, "He's Bumped"

GUESTS FROM MRS. WEST'S

(Continued from Page 13)

something that gets me all mixed up again. If it's no fun, why do people make such a point ——"

"She's hopeless," Elise said. "There are times when she can't understand anything. You'd better give her up, Henry. What I want to know is: What about this Blue Barn party we're going to! Tell me some more about it."

"The Blue Barn? Oh, that's just an informal dance." He appeared to be relieved by the change of subject, for even the most irreverent Founders set a limit to their irreverence. "It's informal," he repeated. "Everybody does pretty much as they like. We ought to have a good time; they've got a special orchestra and it's not supposed to be over until the last person goes home."

"That sounds wonderful, Henry!" Elise's tone remotely expressed a little doubt. "Simply wonderful. And will most everybody at this—this Harvest Dance be members of the Founders Association?"

"No. Possibly I might be the only F. A. there. The people giving the dance were sort of hoping that all our dinner party would come over from Mrs. West's place. We were the only F. A.'s in this neighborhood that they had any chance of getting for tonight."

"Oh!" Both girls solemnly nodded.

"Well, I think it's awf'ly sweet of you to take us to the party," said Elise.

"It's all right," he returned modestly. "I'm only too glad to do it. I enjoy doing things like this every once in a while. Sometimes I get into a little mix-up, but it never amounts to anything. That's one advantage of belonging to the F. A.—we can afford to do just about as we please."

"How do you mean?" Zula inquired.

"It's like this: Mrs. West told the Blue Barn people she might come tonight, and then she decided not to at the last minute, but never let them know. It's things like that get us a name for being queer. All the F. A.'s are kind of queer, but no F. A. ever cares how queer other people think he is."

"Why not?" said Zula.

"We don't have to care."

"But, Henry," Elise said, "there's something else I'd like to know about this Harvest Dance. I'd like to know ——"

"Yes?"

There was a trace of timidity in her manner. "I would like to know if there's going to be a—a receiving line."

"No," he said. "I think not—not at a dance like this. They used to have 'em, but now we just go up and speak to the hostess and let it go at that."

She seemed puzzled and a little disturbed. "Then you mean that they won't let just anybody walk right in and start making whoopee?"

"Well, hardly!" He looked at her sadly. "I don't believe you've understood me at all. Nobody on earth could get away with crashing a dance like this one; they'd have more of a chance of crashing the F. A. ball than getting into the Blue Barn. They'd be thrown out before they had time to give a single whoop. Didn't I make that clear?"

"No, but please try," she said earnestly. "Please!"

He assumed the air of an indulgent schoolmaster. "The people giving the Harvest Dance tonight are very, very rich," he said. "In fact, they've got more money than anyone ought to have, except me. And because they have so much money, they want to belong to the F. A. . . . Do you follow me this far?"

"Yes, Henry; go on!" His audience was urgent, almost tremulous.

"So, naturally they have to keep even their informal dances pretty exclusive, because they aren't Founders. They want to be Founders, but until they are, they can't afford to entertain anybody but just the right people. That's why they're so careful about who gets in; they've got to be."

"I understand now," said Elise. "They can get on with the people alongside of them, but the only way they can stay where they are is by standing on the ones just below them."

"And kicking them a little and trying politely to catch on to the ones above 'em. That's the way life is," he added seriously. "It's harsh and brutal and awf'ly exasperating. . . . Say, have you got any idea how pretty you are?"

"Do you think I am?" she said.

"You know I do!" His tone was frankly ardent. "You ——"

"And do you think the people at the Blue Barn will think so too?" She put her question with an anxiety that was entirely genuine.

"They will if they've got any sense," he said promptly. "Both of you ought to have a whirl, but the only way you'll have a whirl, Elise, is with me. You're my partner for the evening."

"That sounds terribly nice, Henry!" She glanced at Zula. What silent communication took place between them is not to be known, but it took place.

"Oh, Henry," Elise said a moment later "you're sure about the receiving line—there isn't going to be one?"

"I doubt it. Why?"

"Nothing, only—well, Zula's kind of tired, and if this is going to be such a exclusive big party and everything, why, maybe we better go straight on to town."

"Yes," said Zula. "It might be better for all of us. If we've got to speak to the hostess, it—it might be sort of—of awkward. You don't even remember our last names, and ——"

"Yes, I do," he said. "Elise's name is Brenner, and yours is—is ——"

"Mayers," said Zula.

"But even if I didn't, that wouldn't make it awkward," Henry manfully informed her. At this distance from the Blue Barn, with the glow of Mrs. West's hospitality still upon him and the piquancy of Elise's face inspiring him, he became even a little grandiose. "Why, the people giving this dance would be glad to have me come if I brought—I mean, if we were all three Hottentots. Don't you understand? These are just fashionable rich people. They're all right, but they're the kind that would have detectives at weddings and pretty nearly have silver andirons and their coat of arms on the lawn mower."

Again the girls exchanged a brief, nervous glance.

"I believe—I believe we better be getting on into town," said Zula.

"Henry," said Elise, "we think we better go to town. We ——"

He swung the car sharply to the right and guided it along a smooth gravel driveway. "Here's where we're going," he announced.

"Henry!" Elise repeated. "We're certain we better go to town."

"Sure!" he returned amiably. "Eventually! But here's where we are right now."

"But—but, Henry! We can't go in here. They might find out we're just hitch-hikers and ——"

"And if they did find out, Henry, what would they ——"

"You're with me!" he said, and they came to a stop before the Blue Barn.

"Oh, my goodness," Elise whispered breathlessly.

Zula's eyes were wide and blank. "I'm scared to death," she said in Elise's ear. "For heaven's sake keep close to me."

The main room at the Blue Barn was admirably suited to the bucolic gayeties now in progress there Round the four sides of the bare rectangular floor were what appeared to be horse stalls lately transformed into little alcoves The partitions of these alcoves were of wood surmounted by short iron grilles: back against the partitions were benches; between the benches stood dark, unpainted wooden tables, and each table was lighted by small electric stable lanterns of the same pattern as the huge overhead lanterns that hung from the high-gabled ceiling.

The orchestra was tethered, so to speak, in a large open box stall at one end of the room, and several trusses of property hay—probably fireproofed—lay neatly on the rafters. Thus conscientiously was observed the ruthless realism of harvest time upon the farm.

In most of the stalls groups of appropriately dressed young men and young women were actively seated—that is, they were seated, though their activity was apparently but little restricted by this posture, nor did any one of them retain the seated position for any length of time. The orchestra was enjoying an interval of rest, and during this unmusical period many young men and women supplied the element of sound by pounding upon the tables and otherwise making whoopee; or, tiring of this, they conversed loudly with distant acquaintances and sauntered back and forth across the floor, singly or in little groups. The costumes of the girls generally consisted of dainty, short-skirted gingham dresses, obviously well-made; a few wore overalls, and here and there a glimpse could be caught of a particularly small girl in child's socks and bloomer suit; all of them wore fashionable slippers and seemed constantly concerned about the state of their hair.

It was not surprising that the merry harvesters should pay some attention to the arrival of two girls escorted by a young man; the manner of entrance of the three newcomers was, in itself, not altogether inconspicuous; the young man appeared to be humorously reassuring his companions, who were plainly reluctant to proceed farther than just inside the door. Moreover, the three were not in costume, nor could the girls have been mistaken for even make-believe farmerettes: their small hats, their trimly shod little feet and the pleasant simplicity of their attire at once proclaimed them as being smartly urban. They were suitably dressed for an afternoon in town or, perhaps, for highly informal dining in the country.

Their reluctance was not suffered to continue, however. A sun-bonneted middle-aged woman jumped up from a near-by table and came toward them; she was smiling with intentional benevolence and she extended both hands in a gesture of almost affectionate hospitality. She was a person of what is called "a great deal of manner"; yet, to those whom she now approached, she bore something of the aspect of a modish and cherubic Juggernaut, for all three of the new arrivals were distinctly disquieted—even the debonair Henry inconveniently suffered the return of a sense of propriety, and it increased as the advancing lady began to speak.

"How perfectly lovely of you, Mr. Rilling!" she exclaimed. "I think this is perfectly, absolutely the nicest thing I ever knew in all my life!"

To the two nervous hitch-hikers, already conscious of a striking misplacement, there seemed something possibly satirical in this warm greeting. Henry himself was not entirely sure that it was genuine.

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Thomas," he said. "Ah—this is Miss Brenner, and this is Miss - Miss Mayers"

Mrs. Thomas seized a hand of each of the young ladies simultaneously.

"Perfectly lovely; it's most charming of you! Do tell me the rest of your party from Mrs. West's are coming! They are, aren't they?" She turned directly to Zula and beamingly waited: that young lady looked helplessly at Henry and then made an effort to reply.

"Party? I'm not—I don't ——"

Mrs. Thomas' enthusiasm could not wait. "Anyhow, you're here! Our whole little party is going to feel immensely flattered that you could break into an evening at Mrs. West's to come to our informal little dance. It's so absolutely sweet of you!"

Zula began, "Oh, but we ——"

Elise said, "Oh, we ——"

Henry said, "But, Mrs. Thomas ——"

Mrs. Thomas broke in: "It's perfectly heavenly of you, and now you dear girls must give some of the young men a chance to meet you."

She glanced around the room; most of the couples of peregrinating harvesters were gathered near the orchestra, which showed signs of forthcoming activity, but near one of the stalls was a small group of unattached young men in overalls, blue-denim coats, farmerish straw hats and red bandanna scarfs.

"We'll go right over and let them meet you this very minute," the hostess said. "This really is the most delightful thing in the world for all of us, and I know that everybody is just simply thrilled to death."

She took Zula's elbow in a firm and warm clasp and, with Henry and Elise slowly following, she conducted her toward the small, masculine group. Zula felt herself to be in custody.

Could it be possible that she looked enough like an F. A. from Mrs. West's to be mistaken for the real thing, even by the most gullible? Were her clothes anything like an F. A.'s clothes? Was there, perchance, mockery in the effusiveness of her hostess? She turned back to Henry, but found no comfort there. That intrepid Founder wore an expression hinting a dismay that might have been that of the captain of a rapidly sinking ship; he kept his composure, but plainly he was not far from thinking: "It's everyone for himself."

"They are!" Mrs. Thomas said to Zula. "They are just simply too thrilled about you being here tonight, and I think it's absolutely adorable of you! These young men really are actually wild to meet you! Actually, they are!"

The wild young men appeared to be much tamer than her description of them indicated, for they merely stood in peaceful attitudes, waiting. The fact that they stood, however, may be taken as a compliment to Zula—and an unusual one at that. Groups of young men at dances possess a cunning superior to that of the wiliest hunted animal; they have the art, almost magical, of dispersing themselves into thin air at the approach of a hostess with a partnerless girl.

These young men waited. To Zula's eye, they seemed to be staring at her suspiciously; she was aware of a burst of music, and to her it had an ominous, gibing sound. Hoping to gather a little reassurance, again she glanced back over her shoulder, but the direct opposite of reassurance was what she gathered—Elise and Henry had vanished. "Oh, my goodness," Zula said to herself. Then she was conscious that she had been brought to a stop, face to face with the young men; a voice at her side uttered meaningless names, one by one the young men smiled and bowed, and automatically she nodded. Then she had a whirling sensation; her face was pressed against a staunch, blue-denim coat; she was dancing.

The dance was endless; the first blue-denim coat gave way to another, and that one to a third. Then a series of blue-denim coats descended upon her; they came singly and in pairs, the leading one of the pair murmuring something and his companion sweeping her away. For the moment, she had become a dancing mechanism that lightly gyrated and occasionally made polite noises; nevertheless, she was aware that one particular blue-denim coat persistently returned to her at shorter and shorter intervals. This coat seemed to move more slowly than the others and to prefer the less-populated corners of the dance floor, and it seemed to demand more of her polite noises than did its fellows.

(Continued on Page 37)

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¶ So stated the New York Morning "World" on the presentation at the Criterion Theatre of "Interference", Paramount's first All-Talking Picture. And public and critics from coast to coast have echoed and re-echoed Paramount's triumph in this new form of entertainment! But great as "Interference" is, it is only a hint of the amazing Paramount Talking Pictures that are coming to you. ¶ Between now and July 1, 1929, Paramount will present 22 ALL-TALKING Pictures with players selected from the cream of Broadway talent and Paramount's own great stars. In every particular—

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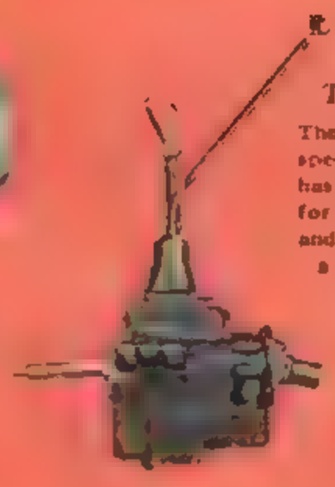

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The perfected four speed transmission has an extra low gear for heavy pulling, and is equipped with a power take-off

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The instrument panel is indirectly lighted and contains all the control instruments, including even the spark and throttle—an unusual feature in a low-priced truck

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The newly designed four-wheel brakes are powerful, quiet, easy to apply and convenient to adjust

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CHEVROLET

-the New Utility 1½ TON TRUCK

-a Six in the price range of the four!

Offering scores of vital advantages never before available in a truck of such low price, the new Chevrolet Utility 1½ Ton Truck represents the outstanding contribution made to the commercial car industry by Chevrolet, the world's largest builder of trucks!

The new six-cylinder motor develops 32% more power with correspondingly higher speed and faster acceleration in every gear. The 131 inch wheelbase—7 inches longer than before—provides full 1½ ton capacity, while the longer, heavier frame permits the mounting of every conceivable type of body. The newly designed four-wheel brakes are powerful, quiet, easily applied—and the emergency brake operates entirely independent of the foot brake system. The four-speed transmission provides an extra low gear for tremendous pulling power for heavy loads, deep sand and steep hills. And as a result of its numerous new features of advanced design, this new truck offers an exceptional economy factor—*operating at as low a cost as its famous four-cylinder predecessor!*

The new Utility 1½ Ton Truck deserves your closest consideration and investigation. It provides every vital element demanded in a haulage unit. It represents an impressive combination of appearance, driver-comfort, six-cylinder performance and outstanding economy—and it will do your work better, faster and cheaper than any other truck you could buy.

See your nearest Chevrolet dealer for complete information and a trial load demonstration—which will prove to you what a remarkable value this new six-cylinder truck represents!

1½ Ton Chassis only

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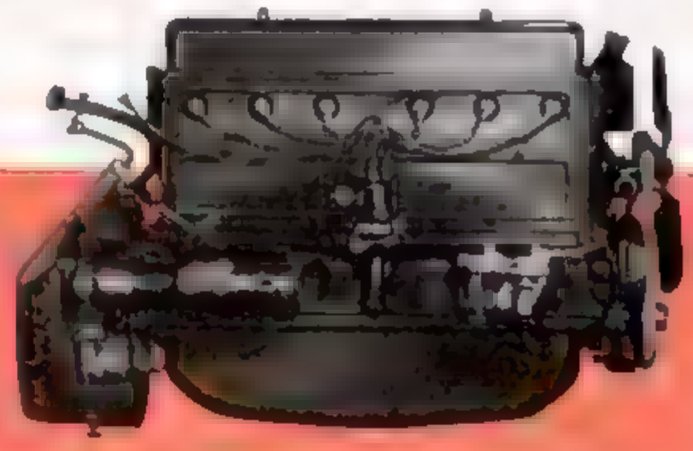

The New Six-Cylinder Engine

The new, fully enclosed six-cylinder Chevrolet engine represents four years of development and testing. Its power, speed, economy and dependability are more than equal to the severest requirements demanded of a truck power plant. It has a high compression non-detonating head, heavier crankshaft, new camshaft, new fabric timing gear, improved lubrication, crankcase ventilation

Gasoline Pump

New type gasoline pump with filter assures an ample supply of clean gasoline on all grades and under all conditions—an unusually important factor in a truck power plant.

Frame

The rigidly braced heavy steel frame of the new Utility Truck is 15½ feet long and provides for the mounting of bodies with a load space up to 9 feet

Acceleration Pump

Unusually swift pick-up is assured by an automatic acceleration pump, which, when the accelerator is suddenly depressed, sprays gasoline directly into the mixing chamber.

The Wallops talk to the plumber—at last!

"Well, Mr. Henderson," said George Wallop, "we're going to replace our old rusty water pipes."

"And with brass pipes," added Clara Wallop.

"The best brass pipe," said Lily.

"That's fine, Mr. Wallop. You're not making any mistake this time. And when you're through they'll be in to stay. No more rust and lots of water at good pressure. What kind of brass pipe would you like?"

"Oh, I suppose all brass pipes are good, but you've probably used different kinds and compared them, so you ought to know better than I do. What kind do *you* say?"

"Well, for myself, there's one I'd rather use than any other. The brass it's made from has more copper in it—a fine thing if your water is corrosive. Then too the brass cuts and threads better so it's easier for my men to make good leak-proof joints. And furthermore the company that makes it guarantees it to give satisfaction.

"I know which it is," cried Lily. "It's Alpha Brass Pipe!"

"You're right, Miss Wallop. "Alpha" is the name. It's made of a special kind of brass by the Chase Brass & Copper Co."

"Alpha" is really the pipe I'd rather use, too"—said George Wallop. "I like the fact that it's guaranteed. And I'd rather use a pipe you've used before and like to work with. How soon can you start?"

CHASE

Alpha Brass Pipe is different from ordinary brass pipe because it contains more copper and lead. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. Its use means the end of thick, red water, low pressure, leaks. The word "Alpha" and the distinctive Chase-mark are stamped on every twelve inches of its length to guarantee satisfaction. Why not use *Alpha?*

CHASE

This mark identifies good brass and copper products.

Plumbers • Alpha Brass Pipe really does thread and bend easier. Your own jobber probably stocks it. If not, we will see that you are supplied.

Jobbers • Alpha Brass Pipe is shipped directly from our Connecticut mills or, for your convenience, can be sent quickly from any of our thirteen warehouses.

Builders • Specify Alpha Brass Pipe, Chase Copper Roof Gutters, Flashings and Downspouts, Chase Bronze (or Copper) Screen Cloth.

Roofers • Chase Copper Roof Gutters, Downspouts, Flashings, and other roofing accessories are carried in stock at all Chase Warehouses.

Welders • All Chase Warehouses carry in stock Chase Châmet Bronze Welding Rod, Chase Brass Welding Rod, and Chase Manganese Welding Rod.

Manufacturers • Remember, there is a Chase Brass, Bronze or Copper for every need . . . all sizes, gauges, lengths and tempers. Quick deliveries from our warehouses are a great convenience.

Warehouse Stocks • Many of our customers place a mill order with us and get immediately a part of their order from our warehouse at a slight increase in cost. Convenience!

Home Owners • If you have to replace rusted pipes, put in Alpha this time. Then you'll never have to replace again.

Cost? About $52 more than the cheapest pipe in an average $10,000 house.

• CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO •

WATERBURY • CONNECTICUT

(Continued from Page 32)

After a time she gained a little confidence; she was like a bemused castaway on a cannibal island who brightens up when he thinks that, anyway, he's still alive. The familiar blue coat had just cut in again and its owner was attempting conversation.

"I've hardly got a word out of you in the five or six times I've danced with you," he said plaintively. "What's the matter with me? Do I act like somebody who would order chicken salad?"

She removed her cheek from his chest and looked up at him. "What?" she said.

"I asked you what's the matter with me. You're not like this to everybody, are you?"

A faint smile contrived to appear upon her lips. "No, I—I guess not."

"Well, I'm glad to know that." He swung her round and surveyed the crowd over her shoulder. "Listen," he said earnestly: "here come George Sutters and some of 'em, looking for you. They'll dance you crazy, if you give 'em a chance. Wouldn't you like to sit down for a while?"

"Why, yes," she said. "I—I think that might be better."

He hurried her to a vacant, inconspicuous stall and they seated themselves together on a bench.

"Don't you people ever sit out dances?" he inquired, and it seemed to Zula that he looked at her with a strange and too serious curiosity.

"Me? I'm not people. I'm me," she said, somewhat taken aback.

"You certainly are you!" he singularly returned, but such was suddenly his ardor that she believed she was able to comprehend meaning in what he said.

"Am I? Well, that's nice." She timidly essayed a pretty mannerism; head on one side, she drew back slightly and rested her chin on her hand. "Why?"

"Why? You are because you're you! Because you were born that way." He spoke with what appeared to be a kind of reverence. "You don't mind my feeling that you're different, do you?"

"Do you think so?" At this she began to hope that the young man might not be wholly dissimilar from other young men. "Do you really?"

"I do." His tone was one of profound conviction. "But what I'd like to find out is how much you feel it yourself."

"Do you—do you mean I'm different in some funny way?" she inquired apprehensively.

"Funny? Good heavens, no! What I mean, I'm talking about the way you were brought up to know you were different yourself."

"Oh!" said Zula, completely blank in mind. "You mean—you mean that way."

"Yes," he said solemnly, "I do. I suppose you think I'm too frank and that I oughtn't to mention such things. Probably I'm the first person that ever did mention them to you except somebody you knew really intimately. Well, probably I ought to explain why I do mention 'em to you."

He leaned toward her, his large and earnest eyes seeming to question her hopefully. "Do you mind if I tell you that at my first sight of you I was terribly, terribly interested, and that I thought: 'Here's a girl you could talk to about those things'? Well, answer me sincerely: Was I right or was I wrong?"

Zula felt that he was wrong, but she unfortunately didn't know what he was wrong about. She decided to be noncommittal.

"Now, in one way," she began, "perhaps I ought to say you are; and in another way, perhaps I ought to say you aren't."

"Aren't which?"

"Well," she said, frowning thoughtfully, "either or both."

He passed a handkerchief over his brow. "I'm afraid you're tired," he said.

"Oh, no! Not at all, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Norris—Fred Norris," he answered. "I hardly expected that you'd remember my name; there were so many people around when we were introduced and everybody was sort of politely crowding over to see who had come from Mrs. West's and ——"

"Yes." She glanced at him uneasily. "Yes, they did. But wouldn't you like to dance, Mr.—Mr. Norris?"

"Dance?" He was mildly surprised. "Why, the music stopped right after we sat down here; I tried to time myself so it would. There's no music now."

She stared at the orchestra's box stall—instruments laid aside, the musicians were sitting in relaxed attitudes, smoking and conversing with one another. She laughed feebly.

"You're right," she said. "And it is easier to dance when there's music; I'd forgotten about that. I just thought possibly you'd like to dance."

Mr. Norris looked hurt. "Why, no; I wouldn't care to dance right now, no matter if the music was playing. I hoped you might want to sit here for a while."

"Oh, yes; I'm glad to."

"That's nice," he said. "I would like to talk to you about those things, you know, that I already mentioned. I've never had a real chance to talk to one of you about them."

Her expression exhibited vacancy strictly. "To one of me, you mean?"

"No, I mean to one of you—to one of all of you. Will you let me speak frankly?"

"Well, if you ——"

"I certainly will," he said seriously. "I'll tell you exactly what I mean. For instance, when you ate your dinner tonight, did you have a sense of being with your own kind—people that speak the same language? Did you have more that kind of a sense than you've got now, with me?"

"Why, n-no," she said. "No, I ——"

"What I want to get at," he persisted, "is whether you have a strong feeling or not of being out of place at this dance?"

"What?" Zula was startled; then, as he seemed to be waiting for a reply, she sought refuge in her previous device. "Well, yes and no," she said cautiously.

He became gloomy. "I thought so. You mean 'yes,' but you think I'll be upset if you say it right out. Let that go. You've just as good as admitted you feel out of place here. I'd have guessed it, anyway. But what I'd like to find out is: Why?"

"Why?"

"I want to know: Why do you feel out of place here?"

Evidently an answer was required.

"Why not?" she said, glancing a little desperately at the orchestra.

"I was afraid of that," he said heavily, "but I might have known that it would be what you'd say. I might have known it." He was silent a moment, and it could have been inferred from his manner that he found certain pessimistic doubts confirmed. "Is your father downtown?" he asked.

"Down—downtown? Down ——"

"I meant, is he in business? Probably he's not; probably none of your family is." He spoke with a mystifying deference. "But is he?"

Mercifully for Zula, music had begun to blare forth from the orchestra. She stood up.

"Let's dance," she said. "Come on, let's dance."

"Right now?" He was plainly reluctant. "I've got so many things to ——"

"Do let's dance!"

The orchestra played loudly, played tenderly, played gayly, played mournful minors called blues, played softly, played joyously; but to the masquerading hitch-hiker its function was purely incidental. To be sure, she danced, and if any mental leisure had been hers, she might have found time to be thankful for the opportunity. The inquisitive Mr. Norris had almost immediately given way to a succession of his blue-coated fellows, but she felt that she was not yet free from his inquisitiveness.

She noticed him watching her from Mrs. Thomas' stall. He was seated beside the hostess, talking to her, and she apparently considered what he said as being of some importance and personal to Zula, for she glanced quickly at that young lady and turned back to the other occupants of the stall. With the exception of Mr. Norris, the other occupants were older people—possibly intimate friends or relatives of the hostess—and they seemed to attach as much importance to what young Mr. Norris had said as did Mrs. Thomas. All of them took note of Zula and then entered upon what was evidently a grave and serious discussion of her.

With frightened haste Zula moved her head from one side to the other, trying to see over her partner's arms and hoping to find Elise and Henry, but their invisibility remained perfect; there was no trace of them. Could they have deserted her? They wouldn't have done that, she decided—not unless something ghastly had happened to them! And had it? What Henry had said about these fashionable rich people having detectives at weddings recalled itself vividly to Zula's mind.

Then Mr. Norris cut in again and almost immediately the music stopped; this young man showed a necromantic ingenuity for foreseeing the end of the dance.

"It's the intermission this time," he said. "Shall we sit down where we were?"

She allowed him to conduct her to the same inconspicuous stall.

"I want to apologize," he said, when they were seated. "And I do think I ought to apologize for suggesting that your father was downtown. Of course he's not; probably none of your family has been for generations, and I'm sorry I suggested it."

He spoke with what appeared to be a simple genuineness, but Zula had her doubts of it. Could he be jeering at her?

"I really am terribly sorry," he went on.

"It it's all right," she said gamely. "It's ——"

"I'm glad you're too sensible to let a thing like that offend you, and I thank you for being so gracious about it." Mr. Norris gazed at her solemnly, and his solemnity increased her suspicions of his sincerity. "It's more than I deserve," he added.

"Oh, no; not—not at all!"

"Yes, it is. But now, if it's not too much to expect, I'd like to ask if you'd keep on being gracious and let me try to find out something else. Will you?"

"Of—of course."

"I'm going to speak frankly, and what I'd like to know is this: What do all of you think social position depends on?"

"Social position? How do I know?"

"It's awfully nice of you to say that!" He seemed hypocritically grateful. "I think you're wonderful to say it. But let's get down to cases: For instance, you take the difference between your social position and mine. I was born in this city, but my mother and father weren't, so where am I? Yet my great-grandfather was a soldier in the Revolution and I can prove it."

"Yes, but ——" Zula said, emphasizing the latter word. Visited by panic, she had nevertheless determined to see the thing through. "You can prove it, but ——"

"But what?"

"But did he have a valet?" she said with a sprightly appearance of severity.

"Who?"

"The one in the Revolution. They—they say he ought to've had a valet."

"They do?" he asked. "They say my great-grandfather ought to've had a valet? Is that the way they talk about me and my family? What do they say he ought to've had a valet for?"

"I—I don't know. I don't know at all." The distressed maiden looked toward the dance floor for possible relief; if only she could find Elise! Then, among the passing harvesters she noticed a face that seemed familiar; it was that of an older woman, not in costume and somewhat florid of complexion; she was passing slowly by on the arm of an elderly gentleman. Neither of the couple saw Zula; they were making a friendly tour of the room, evidently assisting the hostess in the capacity of chaperons.

"So that's what your friends say about my great-grandfather," Mr. Norris was saying morosely. "I didn't suppose they even knew I had a ——"

"Who's that woman?" She pointed. "I mean that middle-aged one over there."

"There? Oh, that's Mrs. Condon. She's an intimate friend of my aunt's. Would you like to meet her? I mean, to have her meet you?"

"N-no! I—I just wondered who she was. Mrs. Condon, did you say?"

"Yes."

"That's queer," Zula said. "I'm pretty sure I've seen her face, and her name sounds like one I've heard before; and then, for no reason at all, the next thing I think of is hard-boiled eggs."

"Hard-boiled eggs?" Mr. Norris said stiffly. "Hard-boiled eggs?"

"Yes," she said dreamily, "hard-boiled eggs just come into my mind. I couldn't say why."

He laughed a little uncomfortably. "Suppose we change the subject. Would you be willing to tell me why it seems to make such a difference where people live in town?"

"Why? Does—does it?"

"Oh, come now! You know all about that. Of course your place is out at Hills and Dales, isn't it?"

"Hills and—and Vales? Well ——"

"Vales?" He took her up quickly. "I always thought it was Dales."

"We—we call it Vales," she said. "That's what we call it."

"I'm glad to know it," he informed her. "And I thank you for telling me. Of course it says Dales on the signboards, but it's nice to know what the people who live there call it."

Zula shuddered slightly; her suspicions of him were confirmed; all along he had been trying to trap her, she thought, and now he had done it. Catastrophe would be upon her in just a moment more. Helplessly she turned a hunted glance toward the dance floor and caught her hostess in the very act of nodding significantly across the room at Mr. Norris. Mrs. Thomas instantly reddened and affected not to be aware that Zula had noted this communication. So that was it, the unhappy girl decided: She had been under surveillance from the first, and he had been sent to bait her. Could it be that rich, fashionable, exclusive people had detectives at parties as well as at weddings?

"And another thing," Mr. Norris was saying; "I'd like to know simply this: When we first began talking, you admitted you felt out of place at this dance. You did admit it, didn't you?"

"Yes!" she gasped.

"Well, then, what made you come here from Mrs. West's?"

Zula felt herself under cross-examination. What did they do to hitch-hikers when they caught them masquerading under the false pretense of having dined with magnificoes at a Mrs. West's?

"Why—why, Mr. Rilling ——"

"You only came because he wanted you to—is that it?"

"Y-yes."

Mr. Norris sighed.

"Funny!"

"Is—is it? Why?"

"Because it doesn't look as if he'd been enjoying things very much. He's been hanging around outside and peeking in a window most of the evening."

"What?"

"Let that go," Mr. Norris said, and now she had no more doubt that he was jeering at her. "There's just one thing I've been trying to get at all evening," he went on, "and I think we know each other well enough by this time for me to come right out with it."

Zula stared at him. Anger is fright's little brother, and in this crucial moment, with what she felt might be a public disaster closely impending, she began to be angry.

"Well, come out with it," she said.

"All right," he responded promptly. "Will you tell me simply this: What is the best way for going about having my name put up for the F. A.?"

Zula sprang up; this gibe was unendurable. "The F. A.!" she cried. "I never

heard of the F. A. before tonight, and you know it as well as I do!"

She turned from him and caught sight of an anxious and perturbed Henry providentially standing in the doorway across from her; he had on his overcoat, carried her wrap over his left arm, and beckoned urgently with his head for her to come. She obeyed, but paused just long enough to call back over her shoulder to Mr. Norris:

"What do I care for your old Founders Association? I'm a hitch-hiker! I'm a hitch-hiker and I don't want to be anything else!"

With a sharp click she stepped out upon the dance floor and fled to Henry, and together they hurried through the doorway and disappeared from the view of a brooding young man who sat staring after them from the inconspicuous little stall.

Henry's car was before the entrance and Elise was inside it.

"Oh, my goodness," Zula murmured weakly, almost collapsing on the seat beside her friend. "For heaven's sake, what made you go and leave me in there?"

"You weren't any worse off than I was," Elise returned. "Gracious! I guess I——"

"Oh, Elise," Zula moaned, "what made you do it? Why did you and Henry leave me?"

"We had to!" said Elise. "Didn't you see Mrs. Condon?"

"Mrs. Condon?"

"Yes; maybe you don't remember her, but I used to tell you about her all the time. She sat at my table at the hotel through most of July, and every morning I'd have to bring her four hard-boiled eggs. We thought she'd hardly recognize you; I was her waitress, and the Blue Barn was no place for me tonight! What happened to you?"

"I'm so dazed I don't really know. I just hardly got out with my life."

About the time that the girls were falling asleep at the modest hotel where they had established themselves in town, Mrs. Thomas was driving homeward from the Blue Barn with her nephew, and she noticed that when he spoke, which was seldom, his voice indicated a profound gloom.

"What's the matter, Frederick?" she said. "I thought you were having a lovely time tonight. Weren't you?"

"Lovely time!" young Mr. Norris returned moodily. "The way that—that girl came bursting in on your costume dance without any costume and everything—well, it did sicken me. She knew she was out of place and it made me sick of our whole social system. She thought she could play ducks and drakes with me! She said Hills and Dales was named Hills and Vales, and called Mrs. Condon a hard-boiled egg, and told me she was a hitch-hiker, and said that people were criticizing me for my great-grandfather's not having a valet. She was worse than Mrs. West herself!"

"Of course, it's true that all the F. A.'s are queer," his aunt said thoughtfully. "They're queer people."

"Queer? They're worse than queer!" her nephew broke out. "They're dangerous! If the workingmen of this country ever rise up against the aristocracy, it will be on their account. It's people like that F. A. girl tonight that make an ordinary man turn Bolshevik!"

"WHAT A WHOOPEE!"

(Continued from Page 11)

moved over to our table with surprising alacrity.

"Oh, hello, hello, hello—the carburetor chap!" he exclaimed placidly. "Beastly show here tonight, isn't it? I'm trying to get blotto, but no success so far. May I sit down?"

Well, Rosamond, ducky, unless you've been abroad for pleasure, you can't imagine how lonely you can be doing it. Once you have seen the shops and got over your fright about the exchange, you miss your friends so much that you will go hang around the American Express Company just to hear the sound of American voices, and a touch from an alleged stranded Legionnaire is actually welcome, because it's better than talking to nobody. So you can picture how delighted we were to have this representative of the supposedly inhospitable English race suddenly annex us for no particular reason. He took us along to several night clubs which we had been dying to see, but had been unable to get into, because in England, when the rule is keep out, they mean it, and bribery or claims of knowing the owner don't do you one bit of good. Two of these clubs really were good. The jazz was wonderful. You see, Rosamond, jazz music is doing a lot to draw England and America closer—I mean, into a sort of Anglo-Saxophone Alliance! Dickey paid most of the checks—which were big ones—but, as he whispered to me in answer to my look of pain as the fivers melted, "It really is an investment."

And I don't mind admitting, Rosamond, that, investment or not, Laddie made our life over. Nobody he knew was in town, and he constituted himself our pilot. From that first night on he was with us practically all the time and took us everywhere, except to the enormous mansion in Park Lane where he lived.

"It's in its sleeping togs," he explained. "Pajamas on the drawing-room furniture and all that sort of thing! Family's up at Roodcastle and I'm roughing it with Geems." Geems, it appeared, was a kind of paternal valet tea-maker, who saw to it that his young master didn't have the fatigue of running his own bath water—which is no mean chore in any English house.

But if Laddie didn't take us home, he took Dickey to Boodles, his club, and danced with me at the Berkeley—pronounced Barkley—and drove us to the Hotel de Paris at Maidenhead for incredibly lovely teas on the river edge. And there was another thing Laddie did not do: He didn't offer Dickey a job. Work was ever so remote from Laddie's understanding, and he thought of it as something that a few chaps one didn't know occasionally did; probably in the City. You see dear, the City is a part of the city of London where the cops wear a different kind of helmet, so that the aristocracy can tell when they hit the district, and hastily turn their cars back before coming into contact with trade. Yes, Laddie would have looked faintly bored and puzzled if work had been suggested. And, indeed, he was not only no good as a lead for a business contact but it was he who was really responsible for Dickey's buying that darned old car!

You see, darling, Laddie had let Dickey drive the veteran bus which he had helped mend at Southampton, and Dickey had fallen in love with it. So much so that one afternoon he came bouncing back home with the announcement that he had bought one of his own—a 1913 chassis with an almost-new, secondhand body on it—for a hundred and sixty pounds, all cash.

Rosamond, I thought I'd die when I heard the news, because that is eight hundred dollars, and we had only eleven hundred left on our letter of credit, and no return ticket to the States. The fact that our money had wings wasn't going to help us to feather our nest, and, my dear, I naturally tried to point this out to Dickey. However, it was too late. Dickey had already paid for the wretched thing, and, oh, Rosamond, it was a beauty! Just the sort of car you dream of having some day, with long, low lines, a shining paint job, and every trick gadget in the world on the instrument board.

The moment I laid eyes on it I could just picture how stunning we would look in it—me with the mink coat on, of course—driving up Fifth Avenue while the family stood on the curb, their eyes popping out of their heads with wrath and envy. And think of what I could say when a patronizing friend asked what car we drove! Dickey took up the hood and showed me the engine, all little copper pipes, as shiny and clean as if it was brand-new.

"Look at that for an engine, will you?" he cried enthusiastically. "You simply can't wear these babies out, honey. She's good for five or six years yet. Why, Laddie knows a chap who's driven one since 1910. The same car, mind you! I tell you, Natacha Brooks, it's a pick-up!"

"Oh, it is a wonder!" I groaned. "But the expense, dear! How could you?"

"Expense my eye!" said Dickey scornfully. "Do you know what this car will sell for in America? Four to six thousand dollars! Trust me to have found all that out first!"

"But how about getting it over?" I wailed.

"Slow freight boat," he answered promptly. "And that won't cost more than a hundred dollars. As for the duty, this car is fifteen years old, so the valuation will be almost nothing. I tell you, it's an investment, and at the same time, we've got something we are absolutely crazy about."

"And crazy to get," I retorted sharply. "It may be all you say, dearest, but buying a ten-thousand-dollar diamond for ten bucks right now would be foolish. Investment! Dickey Brooks, your investments will land us in jail yet! And how about getting ourselves home, much less this car?"

"Well," said he, "the Hooper Fountain Pen people still owe me nearly a thousand dollars, as you know. And I've cabled them that I've got to have the money immediately. They'll pay attention to the hot wire I sent, all right, so don't you fret."

Well, Rosamond dear, that shut me up. When it comes to letting Dickey see I don't trust his judgment thoroughly, I'm as big a coward as these fellows that sing exclusively on the radio. After all, it was his money, and to tell you the honest truth, when we got into the car and sailed off down Piccadilly, I was so proud I nearly burst. It was a big moment.

"We may land in the poorhouse," I declared, "but, oh, boy, meanwhile what a whoopee!"

"Yeh," grinned Dickey happily. "If you grub and save and never take a chance when you're young, you may never live to spend your savings. This bus is too swell to park outside a cheap restaurant," he added. "What do you say to the Carlton?"

Of course I said yes. You know, Rosamond, that's the worst of having big showy things like that car and my coat—you feel that you simply have to live up to them. And we acted accordingly, even though the only soul we knew—to wit, Laddie—was out of town. He had gone back to Caterham to join his regiment for a few days—the way the members had to now and then—and he would not return for a week. However, we took pleasure in showing off our new possession to the world at large. In the afternoons we went on lovely trips into the country and in the mornings Dickey tinkered at the car, getting it into perfect shape, and meanwhile we were waiting optimistically for an answer from the Hooper Fountain Pen people.

At first we couldn't understand why they didn't reply. We used to go down to the Haymarket and storm the American Express twice a day, but all we ever got was a few bills which had been forwarded without sufficient postage. So we would pay out our pennies for the bad news and come away trying to think up new excuses for the delay of the Hooper people. We figured that surely they must realize we were alone in London, where no one knew us, where we could get no credit and where, if we didn't pay, we wouldn't eat. There was no running over to a friendly grocer and explaining that we'd like to be accommodated for a week or two, the way you can at home, my dear, if they know you at all. As for rent—well, the promptest bit of service that we ever got in those Half Moon Street lodgings was the presentation of the bill. I began to feel as if the landlord there could see right through my mind and into my pocketbook, every time I met him in the hall. Oh, we paid, even though there was now the garage bill to be met as well, and the old car drank gasoline the way the English drink tea. Then, the day we broke our last fiver to pay for a frantic follow-up cable, we got the answer to the first one. The Hooper Fountain Pen Company, which Dickey had put on an efficiency basis, had gone into bankruptcy and couldn't send us a cent.

For a good ten minutes we sat among the chintzes and tea things and wisps of fog and soot in our quaint English lodgings, and stared at each other over that fatal slip of paper. We were broke in a strange country, with forty-five shillings, a car and a mink coat. At least, Rosamond, you will have to grant that there was nothing small-time about it.

"Dickey," I said at length, "there is only one thing for us to do."

"One?" said he gloomily. "That's several more than I can think of. What?"

"You'll have to get rid of our investments," I answered firmly. At first he looked puzzled. He didn't get what I was driving at, at all.

"Investments?" he asked. "Are you being humorous?"

"No, stupid!" I said patiently. "The car, the coat."

"Gosh, I'd hate to do that!" he said. "I hate to let a bus like that go for what I paid for it. It's not good business." He wouldn't even hear of my giving up the coat.

"No such thing!" he exclaimed. "That's a last resort—to be hocked in order to eat. But with the car, that's a different matter. I've got it in wonderful shape now, and she really ought to fetch a little more than we gave for her."

He was awfully sporting and brave about it, Rosamond. Honestly, it almost made me cry to see the way he squared his shoulders and went out to get rid of what was probably the proudest possession he would ever have. But when he had left, I couldn't stand the lodgings all alone. I couldn't even wait for tea, although I knew the semiprivate butler expected it of me and would look at me with sad, reproachful eyes when next we met. So I put on the mink coat and went for a walk, just to kill time, which dies rather hard in London, even under the best conditions. And, darling, never before had I noticed how many expensive cars there were in that town! I suppose my mind was especially on them at the moment. But it's the truth that in the four blocks between Half Moon Street and Old Bond, I saw five new sports models and five family hearses—you know, antiquated limousines which carry around old ladies who are as dead as their hats and don't know it.

Of course, at home a Europa is about the smartest thing in the world. But now I began to realize that in England the snappy thing to have was a good American car—usually a sedan of the humbler class, which so many of us have at home that we don't even think about them one way or another. But here they were the trick thing to have, and all the smart young officers and chic pretty girls were driving them with an air of pride. Yes, it certainly was the American car which attracted attention and admiration in London—no foolin'—and I began to

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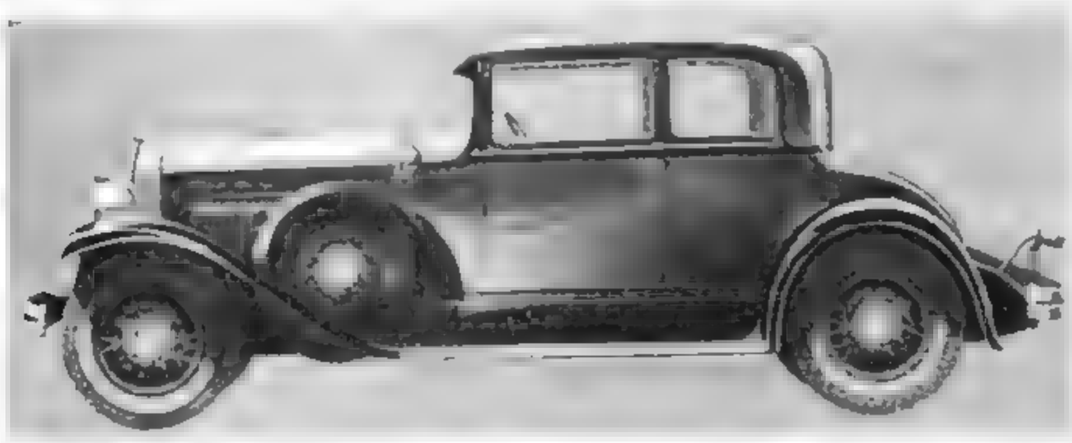

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To demonstrate very clearly the development of Chrysler's unique artistry in automobile design, we direct your attention to the illustration on the facing page. It shows, for example, that the most modern thing in motor car design—Chrysler's matching of the exclusive slender profile radiator with the cowl bar moulding—has its inspiration in the repetition of motif in the historic frieze of the ancient Parthenon. Chrysler's classic style and beauty have won the admiration and enthusiasm of thousands of motorists the country over.

authentic forms of beauty which have come down the centuries unsurpassed and unchallenged and *translate* them in terms of motor car beauty and motor car utility.

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The Chrysler process goes far deeper than any charming but accidental conception.

CHRYSLER

(Continued from Page 38)

feel very chilly around the feet as this sank in. Perhaps getting rid of an old Europa in England was going to be like selling an ancient flivver back home! And if so, when did we eat? I began to run over the list of my relations who might be good for a touch of, say five hundred, and I couldn't think of a single one likely to have more than ten dollars lying idle. As for Dickey's family, they were the sort who are afraid to open a telegram, and this time they would be right.

When I finally went home I found Dickey waiting for me, and the moment I saw his face I knew that the worst I had imagined was true and then some.

"Nothing doing!" he said bitterly. "That bird I bought it from wouldn't take it back as a gift. He's got twenty-six other old ones in the garage right now, and as far as I can make out, so has every other secondhand dealer in town. The trouble with the darned things is that they never wear out. They just keep piling up, year after year, until pretty soon the whole world will be overpopulated with 'em. The English ought to pass a law compelling the manufacturers to exercise a little self-control."

"Is there absolutely no hope for a quick sale?" I asked.

"Not a chance!" said Dickey. Then he added wistfully: "Now, if I had a nice little American car I'd get a quick turnover. They all told me so."

It really was a desperate situation, Rosamond, and there didn't seem any way to turn.

"There is only one person who will be sure to help us," said my husband gloomily. "My mother will manage to do something when she learns the fix we are in. But the trouble is, I don't know where to reach her. Judging from her last letter, she's gone off on a motor trip to California with Aunt Fanny. But I guess I'll have to try."

"Gee, dear, I hate to have you ask her!" I replied. "You never have before. And she can't afford it."

But in the end we decided we just simply had to cable Mother Brooks. This took us down to about six shillings, and then came the problem of how to live until we got an answer. What awful fools we'd been! When it came right down to brass tacks, I couldn't very well hock the mink coat, because when I got it I had given my old one away to the chambermaid in order to economize on baggage, and the weather was penetratingly cold. So, to ease our nerves, we filled the car with gas, which the poor simple garageman allowed us to have with pathetic trustfulness, and went for a ride in the country, looking like the Prince and the Duchess of Whatsis, and that was small comfort, believe me. But as we twisted through the twisting English roads, Dickey was struck by an idea.

"By Jove!" said he, very English. "Laddie Whitfield!"

"Oh, Dickey," I squeaked, "you couldn't borrow from him!"

"That remains to be seen!" said Dickey grimly. "After all, we've been pretty friendly with him, you know. He's eaten a lot of awfully expensive meals on us, and he must be simply rolling in it—look at the title and that huge house in Park Lane. He's due back tonight and he promised to call us up at six."

Well, when this ray of hope lit up our path, Dickey turned the car around and we hurried back to London. I hate and loathe borrowing, and you know, Rosamond, that I've never even borrowed a dress from you, which is saying a lot between girl friends. But there was literally nothing else to do. We'd been fools and we were paying for it, and humbling our pride was part of the price.

Rosamond, I will never forget how sweet Laddie Whitfield—pronounced Whittle—was to us that night. You can talk all you want about the English being cold and unfriendly, but it isn't true. If, for some mysterious reason best known to themselves, they decide you are a friend of theirs—well, the sky is the limit. Once you're in, you're in strong. When Dickey told Laddie about our troubles, I saw instantly that he was neither shocked nor frightened, but that, quite to the contrary, he was going to help in any way he could. The only trouble was that Laddie was as broke as we were!

"I say, what a foozle, eh?" said he ruefully, straddling our hearth rug and knitting his faintly discernible eyebrows. "I'm stony myself. Matter of fact, I was going to ask you to let me have a fiver until next quarter day. But we've got to do something about you, old boy, absolutely!"

"Why, Laddie," I said, amazed, "I thought you were terribly rich."

"My dear old girl," said he, "my people allow me three hundred a year, of which I spend quite four hundred and fifty annually. And my regimental pay just about takes care of the ponies. As for the big house, unless some American rents it for the coming season, I don't know what the devil we'll do. It's the death duties, you know."

Naturally, Rosamond, I didn't know. But I had heard a good deal about the English aristocracy being in a condition where it was often a case of the bigger the estate the bigger its debts. And apparently this described Laddie. But the mention of the house in Park Lane seemed to have given him an idea. I could see it coming slowly out of the air, and noted that his mouth was open slightly, as if to catch it, while the idea hovered nearer and nearer.

"By Jove, I have it!" he exclaimed. "The house in Park Lane! You fellows must move over there right away!"

"Oh, Laddie darling," I cried, the idea catching me at once, but wanting to be fair; "are you sure it's convenient? Do you really want us?"

"It's quite all right, really!" he assured us earnestly. "Look here; I'll explain a bit. You see, I have my own rooms there, and the rest of the place is all shut up. But I'm off to join the regiment on maneuvers late tonight, and after that I go to the family in Scotland. My mother's gone to Dunkirk already and not a soul will come near you. You'll have the place to yourselves for a month if you like."

"It's awfully good of you," said Dickey, and I felt as if a ton weight had been lifted off my shoulders. "But how about your mother? Wouldn't she object?"

"Probably," said Laddie cheerfully, "but why need she know? I certainly shan't tell her, and just you be jolly sure you don't either. But you'll have heard from your own mother and be out long before the duchess will be thinking of coming back to town."

Well, Rosamond, that settled it! Luckily, we were paid up to date at the lodgings, and so, half an hour afterward, we drew up in front of that enormous Park Lane house, our trunks and bags loaded onto the two cars—Laddie's and ours—and presenting to the bobby on the beat and a couple of attentive ex-service men the very picture of splendor and affluence. While the bags were being unloaded, Laddie walked around our car with the air of a connoisseur.

"I say, she is a beauty!" he exclaimed. "That's the one you got from my dealer chap, isn't it? But look here, old fellow, with a car like that, you can't absolutely stay alone in the house. Must have someone to wash it up a bit and look after you. Better let me leave you Geems."

I thought quickly, at that. Oh, it would be beautifully nice to keep Geems. Of course we would have to feed him, and that added to our problems. But then, on the other hand, it was rather foolish to wear myself out trying to keep even a tiny corner of that great house clean, when I was so dreadfully worried about other things. Indeed, to have Geems stay on would really be an investment. So in the end we accepted.

The bedroom which Laddie put at our disposal was his mother's. And, Rosamond, honestly, it was the most superb bedroom I ever saw in my life, with a canopied bed as big as a bungalow and in the dressing room an ancient tin-lined bathtub that certainly was small for its age. The room itself was large enough to hold the Olympic games in. Indeed, my dear, Clews House is one of the show mansions of London, and the sight-seeing busses point to it with pride, along with Westminster Abbey and other well-known landmarks. Laddie's own rooms on the same floor were too luxurious and lovely for words. And after we had got unpacked and settled a bit, the priceless Geems, like a regular motion-picture old family servant, gave us a really good dinner in Laddie's sitting room, after which Laddie turned Geems over to us along with the rest of the establishment.

"Say nothing to Her Grace!" Laddie instructed him. "These are my friends, Geems, and you will take very good care of them. But you know how my mother feels about Americans, and so mind now, no gossip that will resound to Scotland."

"Quite, sir," said Geems.

"You don't mind me explaining to Geems," Laddie went on to us. "You see, the mater can't stand your countrymen. She's never met any, which only makes it worse. Of course, she wants to let this place to some of them, if possible, and for a good stiff price, but that's another matter. You understand, don't you?"

We assured him that we did. And after that Laddie had another whisky and soda without any ice, and departed for Caterham in his vintage car, leaving us the finest house in London, a perfect manservant, a car, a mink coat, and one pound, eleven shillings and ninepence, which was all he had in the world. There was a friend, Rosamond, and I don't mean a synthetic one either!

We were so worn out with the scare and worry and the excitement, that we slept in the duchess' bed like a couple of logs. And when Geems came in next morning with an adorable trick tea tray and lit a thimbleful of fire in the huge fireplace, I could scarcely struggle to life sufficiently to realize what had happened, and take stock of things as they really were. We were safe as far as a roof over our heads was concerned—and what a roof! By now Dickey's cable was on the long trail after Aunt Fanny's errant automobile, but in the meanwhile we must eat.

Dickey was still asleep, exhausted by worry and whisky sodas, which he had foolishly tried to match against Laddie's hard English head. And as I looked down at his handsome, sleeping face, I had a strong impulse to wring his neck. It was Dickey who had got us into this jam, with his "investments," his "wise policies," and his theories about "the best is cheapest in the long run." Fine investments they had turned out to be! They had landed us in a perfectly awful hole, and for the first time in all our married life I wondered if that joke about going home to mother was as humorous as the comic papers made it out to be. But even as I looked at him I melted. No matter what silly, extravagant, rash thing Dickey did, I still loved him better than anything in the world. So I kissed his neck instead of wringing it, and got up quietly without disturbing him. Some day you will understand that, Rosamond, for I am sure that you, too, are a one-man woman, if you could only decide on the man.

Well, I dressed and went into the sitting room of Laddie's suite, where a bright fire was burning and a less bright morning paper was neatly folded on a charming breakfast table. Geems had provided one of those dainty English breakfasts consisting of eggs, chops, fish and everything you can think of except soup and nuts. With a chill of horror I realized that Geems would naturally expect us to live like that all the time, whereas, with care, I had been planning to make our cash stretch over a series of buns and coffee until help from America could arrive.

But there was no use wasting the lovely meal, so I sat down and went after it heartily. When I couldn't hold any more, I felt a whole lot better. Dickey was still asleep, and so I tackled the newspaper, and one of the first items to catch my eye was the arrival at the Savoy of Mr. J. Howe, of the Workrite Office Furniture Corporation, and his wife.

Well, Rosamond, when I read that I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Here was the very man who, above all others, Dickey wanted most to work with, right in town, and of course we were broke flatter than a stack of cold pancakes. It seemed as if fate was rubbing it in for fair. Of course under any circumstances it would be awfully hard to see a big man like that while he was over on a pleasure trip, because he would be simply swamped with invitations and kept busy by all the important people who always rush after an active millionaire of Mr. Howe's type. But if we hadn't been so absolutely flat, we might have been able to manage to run into him—say by dining constantly at his hotel. Or I might have sent Mrs. Howe a few flowers or—well, something. But now it was no use. I decided it was best not even to let Dickey see the notice in the paper. It could only upset him. So I put the sheet with the item in it into the fire, and putting on the mink coat and my smartest hat, decided to explore the neighborhood for markets and see how far my cash was likely to go in food supplies if we ate in the house.

It was a really lovely day, with a hint of warmth in the air. Across from Clews House great banks of yellow daffodils were bursting into sunshiny bloom in Hyde Park, and the sight, together with my confidence in my appearance, cheered me a lot. You know how it is, Rosamond—a mink coat will not only cover a girl's breaking heart but will go a long way toward mending it. And by the time I reached Shepherd Market I had begun to feel a real interest again in customs and ways that were different from ours. I located a reasonable-looking grocery store just outside the market gate, and in I went to see what things cost. In an instant, somebody's grandfather, looking a good deal like a mathematics professor, was at my elbow, all respectful attention.

"I've just moved into the neighborhood," I announced timidly, "and I thought I'd see how your prices were."

"Thank you," said the little man. "May I have the address, please."

"It's—it's Clews House!" I stammered, before I realized what I was saying. The professor took one look at the mink coat and melted into a small, greasy pool of obsequiousness.

"Ah, thank you—thank you, indeed!" said he. "I had heard that Clews was to be let to Americans. A fine place, My Lady—I mean, madam! If I may mention it, the duchess' housekeeper has dealt here for many years, and if we are to have the pleasure of serving you, we shall try to give you exactly the same service which we have given Her Grace."

Well, Rosamond, what do you know about that? My dearest girl, I could no more have paid cash in that store than I could hire Hoover to give me a permanent. And it was the same at the butcher's. The only drawback was that I simply had to order caviar, champagne and roast squab. Anything less would have brought me under too much suspicion. And the funniest part of it all was that the ordering, the coat, and the address in Park Lane, all jazzed me into believing in myself. But a shred of common sense must have remained in me somewhere, and the last act of recklessness I committed that morning was to tell Geems that I had opened the necessary household accounts and that he could do the marketing in future.

But don't think that when the first excitement had passed I didn't worry. Dickey and I both did, my dear—a lot—as three and four and five days dragged by without a reply from Mother Brooks. We scarcely went out of the house, except to walk, because our heavy car was a heavy drinker, as I've told you, and gasoline was high.

(Continued on Page 47)

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OUT of Walter P. Chrysler's inspiration and the practised manufacturing skill of Dodge Brothers comes a *new* car—*new* in every respect and from every angle—the *new* Dodge Brothers Six. It introduces more than a score of outstanding betterments unmatched by any car at or near its price.

NEW BODY • • •

The *new* and exclusive Dodge Brothers *Mono-piece Body* is notably roomy—with wide doors and ample windows. Built inflexibly onto the wide chassis, it is rigid, balanced and steady-riding. Door openings, body sills and window apertures being fashioned out of a single piece of metal, there are *no joints to squeak.* Tens of thousands of miles of hardest usage leave the Dodge Brothers Six body as tight, as firm and as noiseless as when new.

NEW BEAUTY • • •

The *new* and beautifully proportioned silhouette is impressive of bigness with a new degree of grace. Consider these innovations! *New* deep-faced, narrow-profile radiator with attractive wing-tipped cap. *New* cowl-bar and lamp tie-rod in matching curves. *New* one-piece fenders of exclusive Dodge full-welt design. *New* running-boards of Chrysler steel channel principle, with moulded rubber coverings. *New* pattern headlights and cowl lamps. Chromium-plated, tarnish-proof exterior metal parts. Perfectly matched interior fitments, complete in every detail.

NEW BEHAVIOR • • •

New powerful, fleet and competent performance, almost beyond belief in a car so moderately priced—the latest translation of Walter P. Chrysler's genius for creating new triumphs in mobile power. A *new* wide, staunch chassis fortified against every shock and strain. A masterful engine, cushioned in live-rubber—a model of accessibility. Massive crankshaft with seven big main bearings, each held immovably in place by self-aligning bearing caps. Full force-feed lubrication. *New* wide-faced transmission gears. *New* rear axle with double thrust-absorbing roller-bearings. *New* Chrysler weatherproof hydraulic 4-wheel brakes for greater safety. *New* roller-bearing steering gear for quick and easy manipulation. *New* Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers all around. Tires generously oversize (5.50) for cushiony riding and increased mileage economy.

• • •

The proverbial dependability of Dodge Brothers cars attains new heights in this new Dodge Brothers Six. It is the most triumphant value in all Dodge Brothers history, typical of the genius of Walter P. Chrysler.

The new Dodge Brothers Six is offered in eight distinctive body styles—each unique in seating and coloring: 2-Passenger Business Coupe, $945 · 5-Passenger Sedan, $995 · 5-Passenger Brougham, $995 · Roadster with rumble seat, $995 · 4-Passenger Victoria, $1025 De Luxe Coupe with rumble seat, $1025 · 5-Passenger Phaeton, $1025 · 5-Passenger De Luxe Sedan, $1065. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

BROTHERS SIX

WALTER P. CHRYSLER

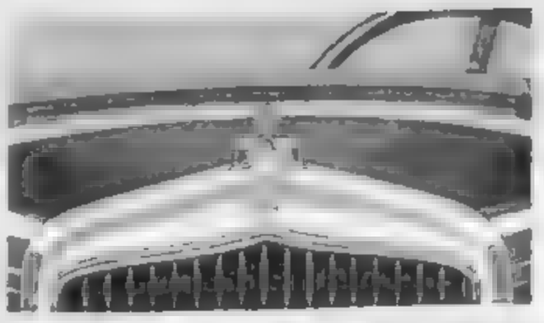
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

SPACIOUS, SMART and
EMINENTLY FINE

NEW DODGE SENIOR

Coupe with Rumble Seat

CHRYSLER-INSPIRED and sponsored, the new Dodge Senior is the largest, handsomest, and finest Dodge Brothers product of all time. ¶ Here is custom-car style and luxury—big-car spaciousness and road-ease—a mechanical soundness and surety that is traditional with Dodge Brothers. ¶ And the new Dodge Senior is a finished performer—powerful and flexible for any emergency—smooth and swift on the road—magically easy to handle and to steer. ¶ It is the sincerest expression of Dodge Brothers craftsmanship, enriched and enlivened with the fine spirit of all Chrysler achievement. It is a classic among modern motor cars.



THE NEW DODGE SENIOR IS AVAILABLE IN THE FOLLOWING STYLES: 4 PASSENGER SPORT ROADSTER • 5 PASSENGER VICTORIA • 5 PASSENGER COUPE • 5 PASSENGER SEDAN • 5 PASSENGER SPORT SEDAN • 4 PASSENGER SPORT COUPE • 5 PASSENGER LANDAU SEDAN $1495 AND UPWARDS ALL PRICES F. O. B. DETROIT

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But one night, after a terribly rainy day, we couldn't stand the inactivity any longer. About eleven o'clock Dickey threw down the newspaper in which he had been trying to read the thrilling exposé of a retired army officer about the eating of cats at Ladysmith in 1899 or something, and sprang to his feet.

"Come on, Natacha Brooks," he said. "Let's get the car and ride around the theater district before the lights go out. Maybe it will cure the heebie-geebies. Get the coat on and come along."

Well, Rosamond, of course I did. Just because we had nothing else to do, both of us had dressed for dinner; in fact, Geems so obviously expected it of us that we would have been afraid to do otherwise. So Dickey was in the soup-and-fish, and I was in one of those new evening frocks with the sort of shoulder straps that draw interest without being a good security. So, as usual, when we started out we looked a whole lot more like a couple of young millionaires than a pair of stranded tourists gazing wistfully at the outside of theaters they hadn't the price to enter.

Now let me tell you something extraordinary, Rosamond, and that is: London is not prepared for rain at night and there are never by any chance enough taxicabs to take care of the after-theater crowds. Unless you rush out before the show is over, you are likely to stand for an hour, whistling at full cars, while the drip from the awning runs down your neck and your feet try to mop up the entire paving. And it was in this horrid condition that we caught sight of Mr. and Mrs. J. Howe.

We were drifting past the Criterion Theater when I saw them, a forlorn-looking couple, the last of the audience; he waving a weary, rain-spotted white glove at indifferent taxis, she shivering in the doorway with a gorgeous lamé cloak held about her—a lovely thing that was no good as a raincoat. I recognized him from the photographs I had often seen in the papers, and gave a shout in Dickey's ear.

"Look!" I said. "Isn't it J. Howe?"

"By cracky, it is!" said Dickey, jamming on the brakes so that we skidded alarmingly. "Do you think we dare to speak to them?"

"If you don't, you needn't speak to me ever again!" I snorted. "It's the chance of a lifetime!" Dickey promptly drew up at the curb and stuck his head out of the window.

"Oh, Mr. Howe," he called, "could we give you a lift, sir?" The old gentleman's face lit up as if a voice from heaven had spoken, but he looked puzzled.

"What's that?" he asked as incredulously as Robinson Crusoe when he heard the parrot.

"I'm Dickey Brooks, Mr. Howe," my husband introduced himself. "Jim Brooks' son, you know. You don't remember me, but my dad brought me to see you once, years ago. I thought perhaps you might like a lift somewhere."

"Jim Brooks' boy!" said the great man heartily. "Good Lord, yes, get us out of this by all means! So you recognized me, did you? Well, you're the first person in this country who has!"

Well, my dear, they got in the back of the car and we drove them to the Savoy. Unfortunately, it was only a short way, and I was beating my brains for a method of keeping hold of them, when Mr. Howe himself settled the matter at the door.

"For heaven's sake, come in, you two," said he, "and have a bite of supper with us. I can't tell you how good it is to see someone from home! Do come in. Unless, of course, you're going on to some other date," he added, eying our party clothes.

It was too good to be true. Of course we accepted, and first thing we knew, we were all seated at a table in the grill room, the theatrical galaxy of London glittering around us, the head waiter bending obsequiously over us.

"Look here, young Brooks, you order," said J. Howe. "I can't seem to get a decent meal in this man's town. Perhaps you know the ropes. I'd like to get some real typical English food, but I don't know what to ask for."

So Dickey ordered. And Dickey knows how. He ordered Scotch woodcock, oysters in cream, and a savory. That being taken care of, J. Howe leaned his elbows on the table and beamed at us like a friendly, middle-aged cherub.

"Say, this is great!" he exclaimed. "You can't imagine how lonesome Sarah and I have been! Why, we'd got so that we were going down to the American Express office, just to hear the American language spoken! We don't know a soul, and we were just about fed up. What are you doing over here?" I gave Dickey a violent kick under the table and answered for him.

"Just a pleasure trip," I said cheerfully. "We have been having a marvelous time. I saw in the paper that you had arrived, but to tell the truth we were afraid to look you up, because we thought you'd be swamped with official entertaining."

"Official nothing!" said J. Howe. "Why, I guess they never even heard of me over here. Haven't even had a newspaper interview since I landed."

"I think London is awful," said Mrs. Howe. "Nobody seems to want you here, no matter what you spend. We've done the Shakspere country, the Tower and the Abbey, and all the plays we saw last year in New York. I guess we are pretty nearly ready to go home."

"How soon?" asked Dickey. "Don't go, just as we've met you! That's not fair!"

"Well," said Mr. Howe, "we were thinking of trying to get earlier bookings back, but now we've run into somebody we know, I don't mind waiting another week. Probably you can tell us what we ought to see."

"The country is the nicest," said Dickey. "Have you been to Hurley?"

No, they hadn't, luckily. Hurley, Rosamond, is a marvelous old inn about thirty miles out of London. The sort of place we never would have stumbled on without the car, and the sumptuous teas served there only cost about fifty cents a head. I began to admire my husband's intelligence enormously. Before we parted that night, Mr. and Mrs. Howe were calling us Dick and 'Tacha, as if they had known us all their lives. They had told us every move they had made since their arrival, what they had bought, who they were taking souvenirs to and exactly where, in their opinion, England fell down as compared to America. They were really a pair of old darlings, Rosamond, and I never in all my born days expected to be so intimate with people of their generation, and I do respect gray hair on the rare occasions when I find it. At home we never could have been on such terms with them, but meeting abroad we were just four ageless, lonely Americans, instinctively banded together against the entire British nation.

And the steer around London night life which Laddie had given us proved invaluable. The Howes were dying to see a real night club, and Laddie had given us the entrée at two of the best. We went to both—Mr. Howe insisting it was his treat—and when the old boy heard Dickey use Lord Gratham's name to gain admission, that didn't hurt us any, either. When we finally returned them to their hotel, tired but happy, it was arranged that we were to drive the Howes to Hurley for tea next afternoon.

"Thanks, my boy," said old Howe heartily. "Thanks, for the first really pleasant evening we have had in London. See you tomorrow at three."

Amidst mutual cheers we drove off homeward, and it was not until the sleepy but ever-vigilant Geems let us in, that we realized the Howes did not know where we were living.

Well, Rosamond, one good break deserves another, and we got a fine day to take the Howes out. There was no word yet from Mother Brooks, so Dickey went out before lunch and hocked his watch in order to buy gasoline and pay for the tea.

The afternoon was a great success. The country looked its prettiest, without a single shower, and the Howes were much impressed with the quaint inn and the sumptuous tea. On the drive home Mr. Howe and Dickey talked business affairs in a sort of general way, and I could hear, between listening to Mrs. Howe's description of her daughter's latest illness, enough to make me realize that Dickey was making a good impression. That night we had a little talk as to policy regarding the Howes.

"I don't want him to think I need a job," said Dickey. "That's the last thing I want him to know. People always pay you in inverse proportion to your necessity, and I won't start wrong."

"But we can't go on running around with them and not pay our share!" I wailed.

"While I can buy gas for the car," said Dickey grimly, "a little will, literally, go a long way. We'll run 'em out to the dog races at Wembley next. The admission is only two shillings."

"Well, there's bound to be a crash sometime," I said pessimistically. "What on earth shall we say when they ask us where we live? We can't admit to being sort of caretakers for Laddie "

"Give me time," said Dickey. "The answer to that will come naturally. Don't worry. Just smile and get the old lady on your side strong."

The following day we took the Howes out to Wembley, and that made a big hit too. But toward evening something slipped and the inevitable happened. On the way back, Dickey left the Marble Arch on his right, driving down along the outer edge of Hyde Park, and Mrs. Howe began to peer from the car window.

"This is Park Lane, isn't it?" she asked. "Where all the nobility live? There certainly are some magnificent homes here." My heart began to flutter and I could see Dickey's ears prick up as he overheard.

"Oh, I'd just love to see the inside of one of those houses," she went on. "Both my husband and I have been simply dying to have a glimpse how the real aristocracy lives and meet a lord or two."

"Hush that nonsense, Sarah!" said Mr. Howe, getting red behind the ears. "Don't be silly."

"I'm not silly!" she protested indignantly. "You know you said so yourself! Oh, look; over there! What an immense place! Who lives in it, I wonder?" Then the blow fell.

"Why, we do," said Dickey casually. Both Howes stared as if he had struck them.

"Quit your kidding, Dick, my boy!" said J. Howe. "Did you buy Buckingham Palace too?"

"I'm not kidding," said Dickey, while my heart sank into what there was of my boots. "It's Clews House, the home of the Duke of Barrington-Clews, and we got it from his son, Laddie Whitfield—pronounced Whittle. I really mean it!"

"Lord bless me!" gasped Mrs. Howe. "You must ask us over! Clews House! Why, I've heard of it in—in history or something. Do let us see it?"

"But of course, with the greatest pleasure," replied Dickey, while I felt that if there had been a knife handy I would gladly have stuck it into him. "Say, Natacha Brooks, how about dinner tomorrow night?" he called back. For a full moment I couldn't even find my voice. The cheek of some people! The craziness!

"Why, yes, certainly!" I gasped at last. "If Mrs. Howe will excuse a very informal meal. You see," I went on, "we—we are just getting ready to go to Scotland for the fishing and—and we have let all the servants go on ahead, except old Geems. But if you won't mind ——"

"Of course we don't mind!" said Mr. Howe enthusiastically. "Do you actually mean to say you've come over here and rented the biggest house in London, and you're going on to Scotland, and the Duke of Barrington-Clews! Great suffering catfish, and to think you never even told us any of this! By gollies, young man, I congratulate you on your modesty! It does my heart good to see someone who hasn't been spoiled by success!"

"Yes, it's simply marvelous!" said Sarah.

"I thought it was remarkable—your knowing so much about the inside story of New Motors, Common," remarked old Howe happily. "But now I begin to understand! You have an unusually good business head, Dickey, my boy, and I'm glad to see it has brought you what you deserve."

"Thank you, sir," said Dickey in his new rôle of modesty personified. "But it really was just a series of good investments that got us where we are today."

After we had dropped them back at the Savoy, refusing a pressing and tempting invitation to dinner on the grounds that we were dining with a wholly imaginary acquaintance—titled, of course—Dickey and I stared at each other with a mixture of triumph and dismay.

"Now we've done it!" I said.

"And we'll have to see it through!" he added. "At any rate, I've got him to thinking there is nothing small-time about me. He'll never try to make me punch a time clock after this."

"He'll never give you the chance to," I retorted. "Not if he ever finds out we've made a fool of him."

"Why should he find out?" asked Dickey scornfully. "We are as safe as a vault, having them over to dinner. And besides, it's an investment."

You know, Rosamond dear, that's the way it is with any man. They never do seem to realize delicate situations, and I was so mad at Dickey, I was about ready to give him the gate, the air, the bird; in fact, to plan quite an out-of-door life for him.

Then, on the other hand, his bluff had been so perfect that I could have hugged him for it. Suppose that J. Howe really made him a good offer? After all, stranger things had happened, and we were in such desperate straits that the only thing we could take was a chance. So I told Geems to have dinner for four, and Dickey went off and hocked the chain of his watch so I could buy flowers for the dinner table.

And, oh, Rosamond, it did look pretty when it was all set and waiting the next evening! The sitting room of Laddie's suite was so cozy, with the teaspoonful of fire burning brightly, the comfortable furnishings and the shaded lights, and the pretty table with its snowy cloth and crest-embellished silver and Dickey's watch-chain roses. For a moment I almost forgot that it all wasn't really ours, and actually looked forward with pride to having the J. Howes see it. And when they arrived, a few minutes before eight, they were admiring enough to satisfy anyone. Mrs. Howe insisted upon being shown the entire house, including the pajama-clad drawing-rooms, the great ballroom, with its famous crystal chandeliers, the portrait gallery, and it was with difficulty that I kept her out of the kitchen. The duchess' bedroom filled her with especial admiration. Mr. Howe trailed after her, echoing her exclamations, and, when we finally returned to the little sitting room and Geems served cocktails, J. Howe teetered on his toes in front of the fireplace, as pleased as a child who had been shown a new toy.

"Sumptuous—positively sumptuous!" he exclaimed over and over. "Dickey, my boy, I expect you have to pay a pretty high price for this place, eh?"

"Higher than I'd care to tell you," said Dickey grimly. "I'm afraid you'd laugh if you knew." I felt that was dangerous ground, so I broke in hastily.

"I do hope you won't mind dining up here," I said "The large dining room is so gloomy without the footmen."

"Why," said Mrs Sarah, "I think it is perfectly dear of you to have us at all, just on the eve of your leaving the house "

As though her remark had been a prophecy, the most bloodcurdling thing happened. A voice—a loud female voice—suddenly called down the corridor outside.

"Geems!" it said in stentorian tones. "Geems!"

Geems, who was in the act of putting the oysters on the table, nearly dropped the last plate, and turned the same ashy blue as the bivalves. He looked miserably at me, shaking.

"It's the duchess!" he gasped. "Excuse me, madam, but she must have let herself in with her key!"

For a moment a horrid silence filled the snug little room, while I did some rapid thinking. A scene would be fatal, and somehow it must be prevented. As we stood there paralyzed, the voice came again:

"Geems! Where the devil has the fellow got to? Geems!"

He started toward the door in answer to the summons, but I brushed him aside.

"Excuse me a moment while I see what she wants," I said over my shoulder to my astounded guests. And the last thing I saw, before shutting myself off into the wilderness of the big house, was my husband's blanched face, struggling for composure.

The voice had come from the direction of the bedroom—our bedroom—and I opened the door and entered without knocking. Inside, standing at the foot of the bed, and staring at the evening cloak which Sarah had left upon it, was a tall, angular woman of about sixty. She looked a good deal like the queen, with too much hair done up on top of her head in an old-fashioned way and a funny fuzzy bang down over her eyes. She stood as upright as a ramrod, and her slim body was incased in the worst-looking, frumpy clothes it has ever been my lot to see.

But it was the duchess, beyond a doubt. She paid absolutely no attention to my entrance, and I tell you, Rosamond, that worried me more than anything she could have said. How long had she been in the house, I wondered? Why hadn't she come straight to us? It had me guessing, for we certainly had not been any too quiet over our cocktails.

For several seconds she did not speak. Instead, she went over to the dressing table and examined my toilet articles critically, sniffing a little. Then she caught sight of me in the mirror and whirled around, suddenly producing an enormous tin ear trumpet from nowhere and snapping it into her ear with a gesture like a salute. The duchess was deaf as a post.

"What are you doing in my bedroom?" she demanded, pointing the instrument at me while she fastened me with a remarkably lively pair of very blue eyes.

"I'm so sorry! I thought it was mine!" I shouted into the ear trumpet. "You see, I'm living here!"

"Yes, so I notice," she remarked dryly. "But will you please explain?"

"But—but good gracious!" I stuttered, my brain scurrying for a means of escape. "Hasn't Laddie told Your Grace?"

"Told me nothing!" she said. "So you're a friend of my son's? What kind of a friend?"

"Not what you seem to think!" I retorted angrily. "My husband and I are both living here. Laddie is at Caterham. We—my husband and I—well, we—we are the rich Americans who have rented the house!" It was done! I gasped with relief as the inspiration struck me. It would serve as a stall which might tide things over for an hour or two at any rate. A puzzled look came into the duchess' eyes and she shook her head. Thank heaven, she couldn't hear!

"But, my dear child, Laddie has absolutely no right to let the house without consulting me," she said firmly. "Dear me, what a beastly mess!"

"But, Your Grace, he established us here himself!" I protested, my courage returning as I saw she was a trifle uncertain as to what to say.

"But, good heavens," said she, "what am I to do? Of course, we will have to go into this properly with my solicitor, but in the meanwhile what am I to do? I motored down with my sister Effie this afternoon, expecting none of this, and to tell the truth, I want my dinner."

"And dinner is just ready!" I called down the ear trumpet. "Please do us the honor of having it with us. And while you are eating, we can have Geems move my things out of your room. Please, please, say yes, and we will straighten things out to suit you later! Of course, we have no intention of intruding! But we really are intimate friends of your son's, I do assure you!"

Rosamond, by the time I got through with that I was in a cold perspiration. But she consented with a brief nod, and I wish you could have seen Dickey's face when I came back with the duchess, apparently on the best of terms. But he got it right away. He always was so quick he could have brought the milk home in a sieve. I watched the old lady's ear trumpet like a cat, and before she had a chance to swing it into place I had made an announcement to the room at large.

"The dear duchess is staying overnight with us!" I exclaimed. "Isn't that lovely? She wired us to expect her, but you know what telegrams are! . . . Geems, put a place for Her Grace, and be sure she has her usual extras!" Geems dropped a silver tray and made a dive from the room. "She's as deaf as a post," I added, with a meaning look at Dickey, "and she doesn't like to be bothered with too much talk."

Oh, Rosamond, that dinner was simply too awful! The introductions were got through somehow, and we sat down to table in chastened silence. The unexpected guest had ruined what had started out to be a most successful evening. But now everything was changed. Mr. J. Howe kept watching Laddie's mother furtively, as if she was a sort of wild animal, and Mrs. Sarah could scarcely talk, although she answered dutifully into the ear trumpet when the duchess asked questions about America.

"Oh, yes, the duchess is a very old friend of ours!" I replied, when Mr. Howe asked how long we had known her. "In fact," I elaborated, "I regard her as a sort of second mother." Geems stumbled over a rug at that, and cast an apprehensive glance at the duchess, who, of course, did not hear a word.

"She's not a bit like what I would have expected," whispered Mr. Howe, who could not seem to realize her deafness.

"Oh, the aristocracy almost all look like that," I assured him airily. "Very few are smart. But such darlings! I'm really growing awfully fond of her."

And to tell the truth, Rosamond, I was. For I never saw a finer example of sportsmanship and good taste than the duchess displayed all through dinner and while our guests remained. Never once did she betray the fact that our presence in her house was a wholly unwarranted, unjustified intrusion. She was formal, uncommunicative, but perfectly polite and completely at her ease, while Dick and I were on pins and needles. She ate her dinner with surprising gusto for so slim a woman, and it was really she who carried the party, if indeed it could be said to have been carried at all. But something had come into the atmosphere which strongly resembled frost, and curiously enough, it did not emanate from the duchess, but from Mr. J. Howe. And I'm telling you, Rosamond, I was so sick with anxiety that when the Howes asked for a taxi to be called at ten o'clock, it was a relief to see them off. As he said good night, Mr. Howe called Dickey to one side and I overheard him make a date for the next day. Not, however, in his usual cordial, noisy tones.

"Come around to the hotel at about ten tomorrow morning, will you?" he said. "And bring your wife. I have something I want to talk to you about."

Dickey tried to laugh naturally as he agreed, but it was a rather sour attempt. And as the door of Clews House closed upon the Howes, Dickey and I exchanged a glance of foreboding and went limply back to face the duchess. She was waiting for us with quite a different manner from that which she had maintained in front of our guests, and we stood before her as helpless as two naughty children caught in the jam closet.

"Now I think we had better have a complete understanding," she began coldly. "Of course, I realize that what you say about having taken this house is all utter nonsense. My husband's signature would be necessary for that, and my husband has been fishing at Dunkirk with me for the past three weeks. Naturally, I did not care to bring this up while your friends were present, but now you will please oblige me with a proper explanation."

Well, Rosamond, what could we tell her except the truth? It didn't come easy, but after all we had done nothing criminal, and the duchess was fair enough to realize this. She listened patiently to the end, and then sat tapping her ear trumpet for several minutes without saying a word. At last she seemed to reach a conclusion satisfactory to herself, and pronounced her ultimatum.

"Of course, Laddie would do as he did," she said at length. "And I'm sorry you have had such difficulties. But unfortunately, I cannot continue to extend my son's hospitality; for, as a matter of fact, the house really is let for the season to some rich Americans. It was a telegram from our agent which brought me to town so suddenly. Clews wanted to fish the Firth tomorrow, so I came along to see about the letting. These people want the house immediately, so there's no possibility of your staying here after tomorrow morning. But it will be quite all right for tonight, of course."

Really, Rosamond, you can't imagine how cheap I felt. We simply weren't in the old lady's class, and didn't we just realize it! After we went to bed that night, in a half-dismantled guest room, we talked and talked, but we couldn't seem to see any way out of the doom that was going to overtake us in the morning. Here we were, almost penniless, with perfectly awful grocery and butcher bills in the neighborhood, all our bluff shot for nothing, the Howes distinctly cool, and no word from home. We were too worried to reproach each other with our mutual foolishness, and I don't mind telling you we didn't sleep much that night, and the next morning our breakfast nearly choked us. Dickey didn't want me to go with him to the Savoy, but I insisted.

"No," I said, "if there is going to be any bawling out, I want to take my share of it. I'm really just as responsible as you are for everything we've done, and I am ready to take my part of the blame."

"Well, I can't imagine what the old boy wants," said Dickey, "but we may as well go and get it over with."

Mr. J. Howe was ready for us in his big suite at the hotel, looking very pink and tidy in new London clothes. He greeted us pleasantly enough and asked us to sit down, but he seemed nervous about something, and it was several minutes before he got around to brass tacks.

"Look here, Dickey, my boy," he said at last, clearing his throat. "I have something to ask you. Something important."

"Yes, sir," replied Dickey, looking at the carpet and waiting for the storm.

"Look here," said Mr. J. Howe again. "One of the reasons for my making this trip was to open up a London branch of the Workrite Office Furniture Company. The ground looks good to me, but the difficulty I was up against was finding the right man to put in charge. And now at last I've found the one I want. Would you care for the job?"

Rosamond, we could scarcely believe our ears! It had worked—our colossal bluff had succeeded! Old Mr. Howe had really been impressed after all, and was timidly offering Dickey the very sort of job he's wanted for years. We didn't dare to look at each other as Dickey gulped and stammered trying to reply, and I had all I could do to hold back my tears.

"Why—er—yes, I would like it immensely," said Dickey. "I've always been interested in your line. I'll be glad to come with you."

"That's settled then," said Mr. Howe. "You'll be in complete charge and I expect great things of you. Now, as for salary, shall we say twelve thousand a year?"

"O. K. with me!" gasped Dickey. "And you're going to get the best I have in me. But I must say I'm a little surprised at your offer. Would you mind telling me why you want me, Mr. Howe?"

Mr. J. Howe put his plump pink hands together and smiled at Dickey more like a middle-aged cupid than ever, his eyes sparkling with amusement.

"Well, I'll tell you," said he. "I want you because I need a man who can put things over; one who can bluff cleverly and at the proper time, but who is thoroughly honest and plays the game. I want someone with imagination, who visualizes things in a big way and is not afraid to take a chance when he sees good value for his money; a man who don't lose his head in a crisis. These English are a tough lot, conservative and reactionary, and it isn't going to be easy to get them to discard their high office stools and ledgers in favor of swivel chairs, roll-top desks and adding machines. But I'm convinced you can do it, my boy."

"Oh—oh, thank you for the compliment," said Dickey wonderingly, "but I can't figure out why you think all that about me."

"I base my opinion largely on what I have learned about you," replied Mr. J. Howe. "With the help of the English police system it isn't difficult to find out exactly what a foreign visitor has been doing for the past three weeks."

"Good heavens!" said Dickey, aghast. "So you knew all along that I was a bluff!"

"From the time you bought that second-hand car to the day you wired your mother for help," affirmed our host. "I even know about the watch chain you hocked. I even know, by cable, that you've made good on at least two jobs as well. You can't fool me, my boy. I know everything."

"But, Mr. Howe," I cried, "what made you suspect us in the first place?"

"Remember that kick you gave your husband under the table, the first night?" said Mr. Howe, chuckling. "Well, it was me that you kicked. That started me thinking, and I began a little investigation."

"And in spite of it, you want me," said Dickey.

"Because of it," said Mr. J. Howe. "You're a smart young man. And now how about a cup of hot coffee? I hear the missus getting up, and it's kind of damp today. And by the way, while we are on the subject of your bluffs, I want to tell you there was only one you pulled that I didn't care for—only one that was really phony. Don't ever do it again."

"What was that?" said Dickey humbly.

"Last night," said Mr. J. Howe. "Trying to palm off that frumpy old woman as the Duchess of Barrington-Clews."

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BUBBLES

(Continued from Page 19)

Addie stared at him, her breath held. She wondered what was coming. Mr. Jessup smiled again.

The smile was bleak. "What's happened, I suppose, is what every father has to expect—fathers like me, I mean—unsuccessful fathers," he added, and went on in the same slow way. "If I had, as they say, 'got on,' made a success of it, it would be different. Nothing like this would have happened. But then," said Mr. Jessup, "I haven't 'got on.' I haven't been successful, as much as I have tried, and that's why I can't help you. I can't give you what you want; I haven't the money. And that's what you want the most, isn't it," he inquired—"money?"

No doubt of that. She made no reply, however, and her father went on speaking.

"That's what troubles me, my dear. I'm sorry for that—sorry I haven't the money to give you. What troubles me most, though, is the other effect of my failures—its effect on you. You see," he said, "I've known it for a long time now."

Her eyes quickened. Its effect on her? What did he mean by that?

"Just what I say," her father answered; and he added: "I've known it ever since you got in with those friends of yours, the McCords."

"They?"

"They. They and their money. I've known it ever since they and their money—the money made overnight—got to work on us. . . . Oh, yes," said Mr. Jessup, and he nodded, "it's not only you; it's all of us. It's everyone that knows them, myself as well." Smiling, though the smile was hardly mirthful, he went on slowly: "The fact is, until the McCords raked in that money I was entirely in the dark. I didn't know even about myself. I didn't even suspect I hadn't 'got on' and was such a failure. Till then, I had supposed that in my modest way I was doing fairly well. I was supporting my family and giving it a comfortable home. I was also respected and trusted in my business. I thought, in fact, that I was doing as well as or even better than the average man, but as it turns out now, I find I hadn't even grasped the truth. You see," said Mr. Jessup all at once, "I was in the living room last night when you came in. I heard you out on the porch."

"Dad!"

She flamed scarlet. Of a sudden the tide of color raced over her face and neck.

"You mean you listened?"

He shook his head. "No. Till you spoke, I didn't know you on the porch. It was a half hour after you returned; I came back downstairs to turn out the light."

"But you did listen!" Her face all at once was white. "What was it you heard?"

"I heard this, Addie: I heard how much you wanted money. You said you meant to get it, too, didn't you?"

Yes, she had said that. She had meant it too. She meant to get it if she possibly could. "And why shouldn't I?" she demanded. Was it because she was a woman, a girl? Men went out to get money, so why shouldn't she? If that was all he had heard ——

Her father spoke: "Get it in any way," he inquired—"any way you can?" He did not raise his voice. "I heard what you said, Addie. You asked him to help you get it—money. I saw, too, what happened afterward."

"Father!" she exclaimed.

"If he helps you," said Mr. Jessup painfully, "I hope it won't be in the same way he helped the McCords."

It ended there. She turned and went up the stairs. A moment afterward she had shut and locked her bedroom door.

Downstairs she heard her mother's voice rise abruptly: "Russ, haven't you gone yet? You'll miss the 8:17!" Planted in the center of the bedroom carpet, Addie kept her eyes on it in a momentary blurred study of its pattern, its line and curlicues. At the front door now, her mother was calling a final order to her husband as he trudged down the walk: "Russ, don't forget! Half a pound of Swiss and four grapefruit!"

"Ugh!" said Addie frankly.

She glanced about the room. In a corner by the window stood a writing desk, and, her face set, its look hard, she yanked out an upper drawer. Her action was so energetic that a picture framed in silver and standing on the desk toppled over on its face. Hurriedly she set the frame in place again, its framed portrait that of a man, the man young

Written across the lower edge was the legend: "Merry Xmas, with love, Walter." The glance she gave it was only a glance.

In the drawer, thrust in among a variety of other things—a chain of beads, a tortoise shell comb, the comb broken; a silver locket and a packet of letters; so forth and so on—was a small thin book with cardboard covers. Manifestly a bank pass book, inked across its front was the name Adelaide Jessup and, opening its pages, for a moment she studied its contents.

"When, as and if" had been the illuminating term Rita McCord had used. Uttered in the usual offhand way in which Rita uttered comments of its sort, it still had expressed the conditions of Addie Jessup's projected marriage. "When, as and if," indeed! However, it was upon this that the contents of the pass book appeared to shed a searching light, each entry a graphic detail. "April 4th, $4.00." "June 8th, $2.00." "December 26th, $16.00." There were four pages of it, in fact. Then down at the bottom of the fourth page was a final entry, the sum total of the fragmentary amounts—namely, Adelaide Jessup's savings. "$374.20," it read; and a smile, its air mocking, curved her lip. It still was there, its curve derisive, as she again glanced at the portrait on the desk. Then, with another shrug, she tossed the bank book on the desk and from the drawer she drew a folded slip of paper, its color a pale watered blue.

Different, this—a bank check. On it was penned: "Pay to the order of Adelaide Jessup—$4000."

Four thousand dollars! Pay to the order of Adelaide Jessup!

It was curious to see Adelaide Jessup as she stood there, her eyes fixed on the strip of pale blue paper—money.

Once, into her face shot a scowl—anger. It was as if, in staring at the check, she'd had a momentary swift remembrance of that scene downstairs just now. Money. Money got in any way—in any way, that is, that a woman could get it. That, at any rate, was what had been said, and for an instant a flash of scarlet leaped into her skin. For an instant, too, she made a swift, wrathful movement as if she meant to tear the check into bits. Only for an instant, though. She still had the strip of paper held between her fingers and was staring at it indecisively, when all at once she threw up her head. Outside a step had sounded on the stair. As she listened to it there was alarm in her air

A voice spoke abruptly. It was her mother's voice

"Addie! Addie, where are you?" called Mrs. Jessup.

Instantly, as she heard her mother, Addie awoke. If there had been any indecision, that or a lack of purpose, in her mind, it was gone now. In that brief instant her decision, whatever the decision was, had been settled Deftly, with a quickness surprising in its alertness, she snatched up the hem of the silk dressing wrap she had on, and, stooping over, there was a momentary flash of beige stocking, a flitting glimpse of slender ankle and curved, girlish leg, then the strip of watered blue paper had disappeared

"Yes, mother," Addie answered then.

Mrs. Jessup was rattling the door knob. "Your coffee will be cold!" she was exclaiming. "Aren't you ever coming down?"

"In just a moment, mother," was the reply.

As Mrs. Jessup grumbled on her way downstairs, Addie, in a towering hurry now, was scrambling out of silky wrapper and as hurriedly worming herself into a street dress, a jacket and a hat. Five minutes later, fussing in from the kitchen and her usual early morning exhortations to the maid, Mrs. Jessup burst again into exclamations:

"Why, Addie! What in the world! I thought you were staying home this morning!"

No, not this morning.

"Sorry," murmured Addie.

Twenty minutes later, when the 9:16 express to the city clattered to a stop at Brightwood, Addie clambered aboard. Hurriedly she found herself a seat, and opening her hand bag, she drew from it a pencil and a piece of paper. The paper was the back of an envelope, and on it, as the train sped toward the city, she employed herself in jotting down rows of figures—rows and rows of figures. Each row, too, was in the thousands. Each row, besides, had in front of it a dollar mark.

Not once did she look up from the task. Not once did she so much as turn her head to glance at the others in the day coach. Had she done so, though, her interest might have been quickened. Far back toward the door, at any rate, a familiar figure was seated—a figure familiar to her, at any rate. It was Gwenny Brent. Draped in a street dress of obscure, not to call it dowdy, hue and cut, she sat with her eyes fixed on the slim figure up ahead, her own plain features more plain and unlovely from the look in them—pain and, with that, lurking suspicion. Addie, however, saw nothing. She still was working away at her figures when the train, arriving at its destination, jarred to a halt. "All out!" bawled a train hand, and slipping the paper into her hand bag, Addie rose and hurried out to the ferry waiting in its slip. Then, when the boat reached the other side, still hurrying, she darted up the street, her gait energetic as she hurried on toward Broadway.

The clocks of the city were just striking ten when Addie pushed open the door of Gage, Burroughs & Co.'s uptown brokerage branch.

VIII

THE Hotel Tabor is set down in the heart of the town's shopping and theatrical district, and it was here that the Broad Street wire house maintained its other offices. Addie, however, had not gone there direct. Her first stop had been at a bank.

The bank was in the Wall Street district, and here, in the midst of his early morning duties, one of the tellers looked up to find a pair of hurried gray eyes gazing at him through the bronze grille of his window. It was a face, too, of a sort somewhat unwonted in the run of faces he was accustomed to see there; and, young himself, the teller smiled instinctively.

"Good morning!" he said brightly. Then, his smile still seductive, he inquired, "What can I do for you?"

"You can have this certified," said Addie. As she spoke she pushed a slip of paper through the window toward him. It was the check for $4000.

Her voice was blunt, businesslike. The teller looked a little disconcerted. If the young lady with the check, however, had nourished any doubt as to its validity and had brought it there to find out, any doubt she may have felt was soon enough settled. Five minutes later, with the check again tucked in her waist, Addie hastened down the steps of the nearest Subway station. Uptown was her next stop; though this time it was not a bank. It was at a shop—a florist's, to be exact—its neighborhood, Fifth Avenue—expensive, select, exclusive, costly. Still in a hurry, she murmured a question to one of the clerks.

Even the clerk looked select and expensive. From the tips of his box-toed Oxfords to the edges of his braid-edged morning coat he looked costly exclusive. He bowed urbanely when Addie murmured her question, asking, "What name, if you please?" When Addie gave him the name, he glowed. "Yes, indeed! I remember perfectly," he bubbled. Then, effusively he added: "Mr. Veith just phoned. He said you'd be in for them. He also left a standing order for you."

"A standing order?" inquired Addie.

"To be sent to your residence," the clerk beamed, "every Saturday," he added.

Addie pinkened perceptibly.

Gardenias, white, waxen, exquisite. They were the first she ever had worn. She wondered, though, as she stepped out into the sunlit avenue, whether it was quite the thing for the beneficiary of a gift such as this to walk into a florist's shop in person and collect. They were on her, though, pinned to her shoulder in a gleaming knot of white, when she turned the corner and headed toward the entrance of the Tabor. She still was hurrying.

Down the hotel's long corridor on the street floor was a row of shops. One was a hat shop, another was a haberdashery. Farther on was a jeweler's, then came a theater-ticket agency, then a travel bureau. It was in these surroundings, in fact, that Gage, Burroughs & Co. had its branch; and as she threaded her way through the throng drifting up and down the hotel lobby, she glanced at the small silver wrist watch she had on. Four minutes to ten. She still had four minutes. Her pace slackening, she halted.

For an instant a little touch of trepidation ran through her. Uncertainly she glanced up at the lettered glass above the door. This was the first time she ever had been in such a place; it all was new, exciting. It was frightening, besides. Then all at once her face changed. Her mouth hardened; it was as if at some thought; some fleeting remembrance, perhaps. Her eyes and air resolute, Addie opened the door of Gage, Burroughs & Co.'s customers' room.

"They're off!" a voice said abruptly.

Ten o'clock had struck; the market had opened for the day.

A long low platform ran down one side of the room. Above it, the wall was marked off by wooden battens into innumerable small divisions, each division with an array of letters and numerals at the top. This was the quotation board. On it, two quotation clerks already were frantically slapping into place small cardboard tickets, each ticket bearing on its face in black type a number or a fraction. These, it appeared, were the prices at the opening.

At each end of the platform a stock ticker clanked and clacked. Overhead, set on a partition above the private offices, was still another machine. Its face was a ground-glass slide lit at the back by an incandescent bulb, and on this a section of moving ticker tape was projected, the letters and figures streaming by like a moving picture. As it did so, murmurs, some of them audible exclamations, rose from the watchers in the room.

"Look! Motors a half!" "See Can! Can's a quarter!" "There's Radio. Do you see it? Radio's up!" "Oh, I say! Look at Soup!"

"Soup" was Southern Pacific. "Can" was American Can Company. It was less, however, this eager, impulsive obbligato that interested Addie Jessup than it was the crowd itself, huddled in the room. Some were seated, these lolling on heavy oaken chairs set in rows before the quotation board; others, less at ease, leaned against the walls and office partitions, or for the moment nervously pawed over an

(Continued on Page 54)

Greatest Values on Broadway
. . . and on Every Highway

Again dealers have seen how the public turns to conspicuous values that outshine others.

The success of the distinctive new series Auburns at the New York Automobile Show will be duplicated at Chicago and at all other shows. Because these new Auburn models reverse comparisons and force new dividing lines for price classifications.

The readjustment of values starts with Auburn's Model 6-80 a longer stronger roomier, finer closed car under $1000. This Six, four door closed car, with 120" wheelbase, means that values in prices over $1000 must be re-scaled.

Here again Auburn leads.

Auburn introduces a 125" wheelbase Straight Eight closed car for $1395 with the frank purpose of obsoleting high priced Sixes. This Model 8-90 is rightly called "The car that turned the tide." It makes people think, and ask: "Why *pay* more for a Six, when this Eight gives more, is as *economical* to operate, and will bring a *higher* resale value?"

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6-80 Sedan $1095. 6-80 Sport Sedan $1095. 6-80 Cabriolet $1095. 6-80 Victoria $1095. 8-90 Sedan $1495. 8-90 Sport Sedan $1495. 8-90 Cabriolet $1495. 8-90 Victoria $1495. 8-90 Phaeton Sedan $1695. 8-90 Cabriolet $1695. 8-90 Victoria $1695. 7 Passenger Sedan $1695. 12-90 Sedan $1895. 12-90 Sport Sedan $1895. 12-90 Speedster $1895. 12-90 Phaeton Sedan $1895. 12-90 Cabriolet $1895. 12-90 Victoria $1895. Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Indiana. Freight and Equipment Extra.

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THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

3 minutes twice a day for teeth . . . that is ample to protect the beauty of your smile

TODAY, every woman knows that to preserve youthfulness and charm, it is health that must be guarded. So they pay strict attention to details of diet, of exercise and (as they believe) to mouth hygiene.

Unfortunately, the old-fashioned method of brushing the teeth with a "good cleansing dentifrice" has been proved inadequate. For while ordinary brushing is fully effective *as far as it goes*, it does not go far enough. No tooth-brush can reach into all the pits on the grinding surface of your teeth, or between your teeth along The Danger Line—the tiny V-shaped crevices where teeth and gums meet and where acids cause decay or dangerous gum infections unless they are neutralized.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, long recognized as a safe, effective antacid. When you use it, it not only neutralizes the acids at The Danger Line, but enough remains there to protect your teeth and gums against acids for a considerable time after use.

The use of Squibb's Dental Cream for three minutes twice a day is thus ample to guard your health and beauty against the dangers of tooth decay and gum irritations. As an additional precaution, visit your dentist twice a year.

You'll find Squibb's Dental Cream mild and delicately flavored. Use it on the gums with a soft brush. It will keep them in healthy condition. It contains no grit, astringents or abrasives. Nothing that can hurt the most delicate tissues. Only 40 cents a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

(Continued from Page 50)

array of paper files. Among them were women—a good dozen or more.

Women. As she saw them, Addie Jessup's eyes lit. They were women of all ages; women of all sorts too. Some were well-dressed, smart; some, neither smart nor well-dressed, verged on the dowdy, the drab. Then, too, there were still others, a few—these noticeably loud, not to say flashy, a history visibly written in the lines of their faces. However, what was most noticeable among them was the look one and all of these women wore. Young or old, fresh or faded, the look on each face was identical. It was tense, tight-lipped, calculating.

"Radio, a half!" "Can, a thousand at five-eighths!" "Motors, three-quarters!"

The market, it appeared, was booming.

For days—it was weeks, in fact, or ever since her scheme had first come to her—Addie Jessup had visualized the scene she now saw. The reality, however, was not at all the dream. For one thing, there was the place itself. The place was not at all the place she had pictured; nor were the people in it the people she had dreamed of seeing. Then, too, instead of the stiff oak chairs, the bare walls and the thick and serviceable oilcloth covering on the floor, in her mind's eye she had drawn herself an image of more ornate, even elegant surroundings—lights, rich furnishings, deep-piled rugs, soft tintings on the walls and wainscot. Perhaps, too, on the wall would be a choice canvas or so—a landscape or some well-chosen *genre*. Added to that, over all would linger a well-bred tone of quiet, a reserved, reticent hush. As for the persons congregated there, even them she had pictured otherwise. They, like the fancied picture, would harmonize with its cultivated tone. It was Wall Street, wasn't it? It was, at any rate, an integral part of Wall Street. As such, too, a part at least of Wall Street's dignity and romance was to be expected. However, if that were so, and if, in the fancied picture, Addie Jessup had drawn for herself a scene somewhat a compound of Biarritz, Monte Carlo, Monaco, she was still too practical-minded to overlook what was practical here. In other words, for all its looks, this was the place where money had been made; where, too, it still was to be made; and as the two clanking stock tickers burst afresh into a sudden chatter, and the crowd, looking on, again stirred restlessly, her eyes lit, her lips parted and she audibly drew in her breath.

"Neutro, an eighth, a quarter! See Neutro hop!" piped a voice. The voice rose: "Neutro, four thousand at a half!"

Neutro was one of the market specialties. Dormant for months, it now was shooting off fireworks; and her eyes fixed on the quotation board, Addie caught her breath.

"Neutro, three-quarters!"

She had never played the market. So far she had yet to make her first trade. Though she had not, it was evident, however, soon enough, that the method was no mystery. Not to her—not to Addie. Somewhere or somehow she had learned the ropes. If she'd been coached, it was clear, too, she had been well coached. Neutro, overreaching itself, had in two or three trades flipped back to a quarter when the customers' man of Gage, Burroughs & Co.'s uptown branch heard his name spoken.

"Is this Mr. Lent?" he was asked.

It was. Lent, a stout, round-faced man of middle age, was in a towering hurry too. The market was on the jump, he had a sheaf of early morning orders in his hand that must be filled, and he was saying hurriedly, "Just in a minute. Just in a minute'" when he halted.

The young, good-looking girl who had stopped him was taking a slip of folded paper—a check—from her hand bag, at the same time saying quietly, "I'd like to open an account, Mr. Lent. Here's the check; it's for four thousand dollars. I wish to give you an order also."

Then she added:

"I'm Miss Jessup, Mr. Lent. Mr. Veith telephoned you this morning, didn't he?"

He had. All smiles and suavity now, Lent took the proffered check; then he produced a pencil and a small paper pad.

"You wish to give an order?" he inquired.

Addie gave a swift glance at the board. As quickly she looked back at the customers' man.

"Buy two hundred Neutro. Buy at the market," said Addie.

Lent penciled vigorously. There was admiration in his air. There always was, as a fact, when a customer traded at the market. And here, too, was other cause for admiration—a customer who knew her mind so well. Good-looker besides. Stunning—a little queen! Hurrying to the booth where orders were telephoned direct to the floor of the Exchange, in not more than a minute or two Lent returned.

He was beaming. "Your order's filled, Miss Jessup. Got it at an eighth to a quarter. And now look at Neutro!" he bubbled.

Addie already had looked. In the brief interval, Neutro, storming on again, already was three-quarters up!

Simple. Easy. No trick at all. In such fashion, so expeditiously and without fuss, she had made her first trade; she had made her first profit too. Carrying, as she was, two hundred shares, each full point up meant a gain of two hundred dollars. Thus, in five minutes—no more—she was four hundred dollars to the good

"Let me get you a chair," said the stout man.

He got her a chair. She sat there, her eyes fastened on the board. Neutro by fits and starts went on jazzing upward. Her lips parted, her eyes like a bird's, bright at times in her excitement, she could have cried aloud. Easy? Simple? Why, had she swept up the money from a gutter it could not have been easier or simpler! Then, as eleven struck and passed, there came a moment when she could have cried out again, though it was for another reason. Halting briefly, Neutro, in its erratic gymnastics, all at once began to zigzag wildly to and fro. Like the frog in the well, it leaped up a quarter, than fell back a half. Gaining an eighth again, it fell back another half. In thirty minutes two-thirds of her morning's paper profits had been wiped out, washed clean. However, as noon neared, the tide turned. Leaping forward once more, Neutro in a few minutes regained all the ground it had lost. Up four points for the morning, it still was rising. Then, as noon struck, there was a stir, a slight commotion in the customers' room. It came, what's more, from the slim girlish figure seated in a corner.

Starting sharply, Addie all at once had uttered a muffled exclamation. Now, her eyes queer, she was staring at a woman who had just entered the customers' room. It was a woman she knew. The woman was Rita McCord.

Rita!

A voice spoke. It was the voice of a woman near Addie—one with faded hair, faded skin and faded, tired eyes. "Say, what's the trouble, dearie?" she asked Addie. "Ain't got stung in Neutro, have you? I hope you didn't sell it short."

Addie, however, didn't reply. She still was staring across the room. Why the mere appearance of Rita, though, should so transfix and startle her, did not appear. Moving abruptly, Addie huddled on her chair as if to escape detection.

Rita!

Her back was to Addie; she had not seen her. Lolling indolently, her glance insolent in its indifference to the men and women in the crowded room, she inspected the quotation board for a moment, smiling idly as she did so. It was less than a minute that she stood there. Then, still indolent, Rita turned and was gone, the door with its ground-glass panel swinging to behind her. As it did so, a gasp came from Addie.

She still was huddled down on her chair. Her eyes, too, for some reason, still were frightened. Then, while she yet had her

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EBERHARD FABER
ANNOUNCES
A NEW SERVICE TO PENCIL BUYERS

Time, Temper, and Money are saved by this complete chart that designates the right pencil for each use

WASTEFULNESS isn't popular in business today. But it's still prevalent on one so-called "small" item.

A pencil that doesn't please its user gets short shrift. *Five cents goes into the waste basket.* Insignificant? Multiply it by the number of people in an office! Figure it by the year!

The busy purchasing agent who distributes a single type of pencil to stenographers, clerks, shippers, and executives, is not to be envied. Back come the complaints—without the pencils. Time and temper are lost. Jobs are not so well done. Another kind of pencil is tried—with similar results.

Yet the buyer hasn't been so much to blame. He has had no easy way of selecting exactly the right pencil for each use.

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Every pencil need of the modern office and the individual is covered by the new Eberhard Faber pencil-buyers' chart, which can be had for the asking—free.

Read at the right the opinions on this chart expressed by three prominent business executives.

. . .

EBERHARD FABER PENCILS need no introduction. They have enjoyed a quality reputation throughout America and abroad for eighty years. The *Mongol* was the first high grade five-cent pencil and remains unsurpassed today. The *Van Dyke* leads among ten-cent pencils. For every business purpose—every home need—Eberhard Faber makes pencils that *satisfy the user* and thus *pay their way.*

Ask your stationer about this new service. He carries Eberhard Faber pencils and erasers and he will gladly help you select exactly the pencils you need.

Write on your own letterhead for a free copy of the chart, "The Right Pencil for the Right Use."

Eberhard Faber, Dept. SE-10, 37 Greenpoint Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

What some prominent Business Executives say about this New Service

Henry D. Brigham, Vice-President, Eaton, Crane & Pike—*(Right)*

"It was only after I had been invited to collaborate on the Eberhard Faber pencil-buyers' chart that I realized the uncertainty and waste in present buying methods.

"Even though pencils are a comparatively small item of expense, I feel that American business can undoubtedly save real money by adopting this practical, simple new method of choosing exactly the right kind of pencil for each different use."

M. B. Freeman, Purchasing Agent, Dennison Manufacturing Co.—*(Right)*

"Anyone who buys pencils in quantity for other people, is well acquainted with the 'grief,' the complaints, the mounting bills for these 'small' accessories of business! It is high time we had a practical method of selecting pencils according to their uses—and here in a chart of this kind is just such a method."

(Left)

Raymond E. Jones, First Vice-Pres., Bank of the Manhattan Company—

"This is certainly in line with the modern business tendency toward standardization. There is a right way and a wrong way to buy anything, and it seems to me that Eberhard Faber has now shown us the right way to buy pencils."

Briton Hadden, Editor of "Time" says . . .

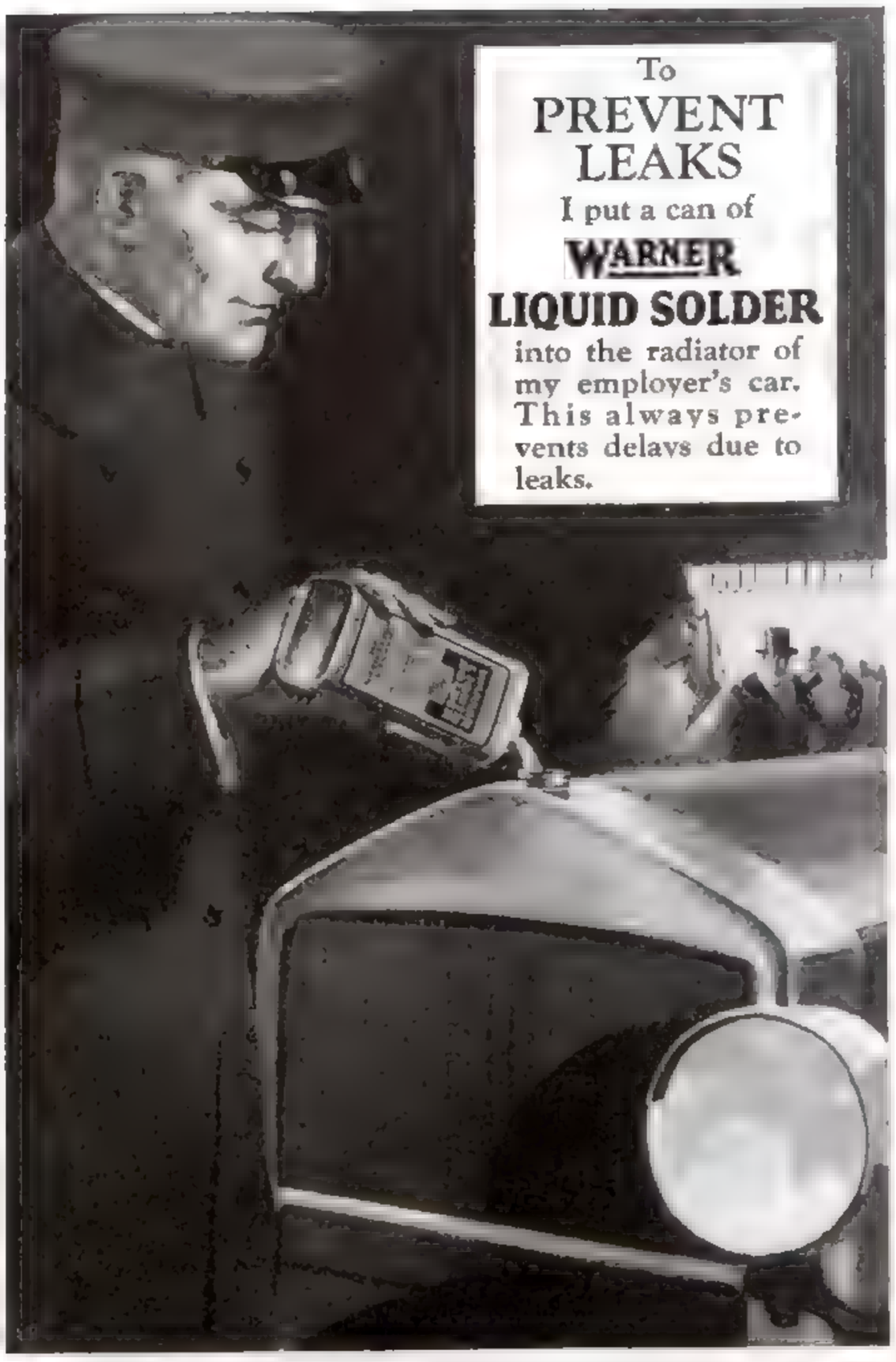
"The week starts on Wednesday; we go to press the following Tuesday. Naturally our writers and researchers and checkers have to work fast.

"With what do they write? With pencils (mostly).

"What kind of pencils? Before we heard of the Pencil Chart each and every writer, researcher and checker—and also the editor—used the fattest, blackest, softest pencil extant.

"Now we suit our pencils to the job at hand. Writers, straining to make a deadline, still use the fat black. Checkers make marginal queries with a harder pencil. And the editor, in inserting a phrase here, a footnote there, is moderate—uses the medium F."

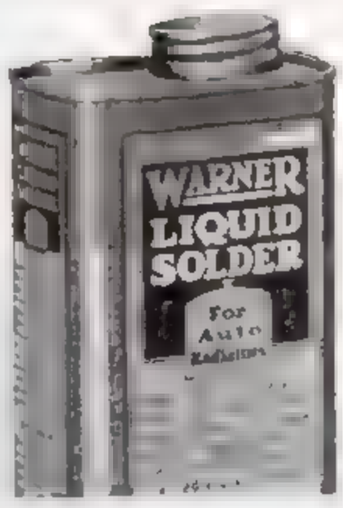
A copy of this chart free on request



But if you wait until your car has a leak you can

Stop It Yourself for 75c

No repair is more important. The loss of water thru leaks can damage, if not ruin your car's engine. Now, no repair is more easily made. Simply put a can of Warner Liquid Solder in the radiator and it finds and stops the leak quickly, completely and permanently. Guaranteed. Get it from any accessory, or hardware store, or garage.



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CANADIAN PRICES: 10 oz. can 85c—16 oz. can $1.25

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WARNER 2 COATS AUTOTOPROOFING

Priming coat of Uinsate—Protects and preserves; also brilliant lustre

The first solution of the automobile top dressing problem with scientific two-coats treatment. You would not try to paint a house or a floor without first a priming coat and then a second coat. Auto tops also require a priming and a finishing coat. Here it is.

DO IT YOURSELF FOR $1.00

Sent prepaid upon receipt of $1.00. Write your name and address on margin below and mail to us.

Seals in the lustre of first coat and adds highly glossed finish

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 920 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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eyes on the door, she felt a hand touch her arm.

The start Addie gave was almost a jump. No need for that though. There was no cause at all to be frightened. A face was smiling down at her.

"Waiting long?" inquired Veith. Then he added: "Sorry if I have kept you, dear."

DEAR?

The market opens at ten. Long before that, however—often an hour or even more—the machinery of the vast Wall Street machine gets under way, and this morning had been no exception. Nine o'clock had just struck that day when Veith reached the Broad Street wire house.

Alone, his host and hostess still in bed when he quit their house in Brightwood, he had come in on the 8:17.

After the night—that and its happenings in the house and elsewhere—it would be difficult to say what Veith's reflections were. It was past midnight—nearing one A.M., to be exact—when he had come in from taking the McCords' young-girl guest home; and after that the events, if brief, had been vivid.

Rita had been waiting. "Back at last?" she'd inquired, a cynical humor in the query. "And how's your little cutie, the village gate-hanger?"

This, though, her opening mood, had been only momentary, the sarcasm thinly veiling a tempest that soon enough had developed into an outbreak. First, there were recriminations, then there had been tears, and astonished, Veith all at once had found himself let in for a situation he had in no way either bargained for or encouraged.

In other words, from rage to tears, Rita, in turn, had lapsed into the tenderly sentimental. Truthfully, Veith had not been looking for anything like that. A flirtation, if mild, was all well enough, but this sort of business, the woman the wife of a man ostensibly his friend, was hardly according to his code. "Careful!" he warned. As he said it he was conscious, too, of its necessity. Rita, however, had been far from showing any caution—for that matter, discretion of any kind—and though he had evaded as well as avoided anything on his part the least inculpating, as he eventually helped her to turn out the lights and then went on up the stairs, he had heard a footfall prowling about in the dark and had seen a door close down the hall. The door, he knew, was the door of Jim McCord's room. It was Jim McCord, too, that had closed it. However, the ugly suspicion that McCord had been listening as well as watching was not the full tale of Veith's surprises. He hardly had set foot in the Broad Street office when he was treated to another.

Already the customers' room was astir. The spring bulge was on, another big movement in the market; and thus, nervously uncertain, a number of the firm's clients had come drifting in early, eager to be on hand at the opening. They were, in fact, so eager, so uncertain, too, that as the hour sped on toward ten, Veith found his hands full in reassuring the timid and mildly cautioning the overbold. Then, just before the ten o'clock bell, the firm's margin clerk made his way into the customers' room.

"I say, Mr. Veith!" he called.

At the moment Veith was exhorting still another customer, a slight gray-haired man who usually traded only in the highest grade, most gilt-edged investment securities, and then only after the utmost deliberation. Now, bitten by the fever rampant in the Street, he was inquiring eagerly whether it wouldn't be better to switch into something lively, get a bet down on something else. "You know; one of those fast-stepping babies—the airplanes or the radios," he was saying, when Veith excused himself.

"What is it, Gerken?" he asked.

The margin clerk had a paper in his hand. "This all right?" he asked. As he spoke he showed the paper to Veith, and Veith glanced at it. The paper was the printed statement of a customer's account—the customer McCord. "Got his margins spread out kinda thin, what?" the clerk suggested.

It was so. "Thin" was the word. It took only a glance to see all that. In the same way, Veith's eye trained to the trick, it took only another glance to see something else. It was that McCord, in his trades, was shooting all over the list, the transactions planted, what's more, among a startling variety of those same "fast-stepping babies," the very stocks against which Veith had just been warning his other client. McCord, in short, was plunging; his frantic efforts to make a turn, another quick killing, evident in the way he had gone jumping all over the map, one moment in on some wild performer, the next moment out of it, then in on another. However, that was to be expected. In the tale of McCord's flustered, fevered efforts there was nothing out of the ordinary. As Veith knew, his experience wide, it was the history of most of the men who live by killings, sudden money; and now that he'd had a view of the establishment McCord had set up for Rita in Brightwood, it more than ever was to be expected. Harassed and driven, hard put to keep up the brag, the swagger and the show and yet maintain his margins intact, McCord naturally had gone to plunging. His trades hectic, he was striving to recoup himself, to repeat his successes of early days.

He had won then, and heavily. Beginner's luck. Funny, Veith reflected, how so many do win at first—those beginners. But McCord was not a beginner now. McCord wasn't winning, either. Convinced, as all dabblers sooner or later are, that he was a wizard, and that he knew all that was to be known of the quirks and turns of the game, he had slid out from under Veith's protecting wing to buck the market on his own. And with what result is clear.

The old story, the same old tale. Veith, genuinely concerned, was handing back the statement to the margin clerk when Gerken spoke again:

"How about drafts, Mr. Veith? Shall I let him draw down any more?" Then he added: "He came in last night, you know, and got a chunk."

Veith knew about that. It was a couple of thousand dollars McCord had drawn out for expenses, the household accounts. At the same time, too, he had made a deposit, a check for four thousand dollars.

Gerken gave a drawl.

"Yeah, but that's not the all of it, Mr. Veith. After the close he drew out that eight thousand berries—got our check for it. Then, just now, he phoned the cashier he'd drawn on us for another eight."

"Another eight?" Veith was astonished. "Not eight thousand more?"

"The same." Gerken grinned as he said it. "It's to his wife he gave the draft, he said. That's sixteen grand, Mr. Veith."

Veith pondered swiftly.

Sixteen grand was sixteen thousand dollars. The amount, in the present state of McCord's margins, was critical. Deducted from his account, it meant that any sudden change in the tide might readily put him in difficulties. Yet if that were so, and if, indeed, McCord already was heading toward the rocks, it was less this side of the affair than it was another that Veith was pondering. Why those two transactions of McCord's—the two drafts on his account? Why, last night, had he drawn out eight thousand dollars, then drawn out another like amount this morning? Veith gave it up.

Uncomfortably, he got rid of the margin clerk. He said curtly he himself would see McCord. As soon as McCord came in he would settle it with McCord.

Veith, however, didn't settle it. Not that morning, he didn't.

At ten the market opened with a boom. At eleven, spotty and feverish, it was jazzing wildly. Noon came and it still was the same; yet in spite of that, in spite, too,

(Continued on Page 58)

To Wives who want to stay Young!

To enjoy life today, you must free yourself from scrubbing-brush drudgery.

Don't look for the fountain of youth in a scrubbing pail

SOONER or later, women who keep their floors clean by rubbing and scrubbing say, "I'm getting old-looking." Such hard work *does* hasten the years. It puts lines in your face, fatigue in your figure.

And floor drudgery is so unnecessary—now that you can cover your floors with Armstrong's Quaker Rugs—the new kind of smooth-surfaced rug offered by the makers of Armstrong's Linoleum.

Down goes the catsup! No harm done, because you can wipe it right off the Accolac-Process surface.

Their cheery patterns are really beautiful in any home of good taste. But more important is the fact that Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are so easy to keep clean. The reason is, these rugs are lacquer-surfaced by the special Accolac Process. All the newness, all the color, all the beauty of the rug, are sealed in by the rich glossy surface. Thus this new type of rug is protected against muddy feet, spilled liquids, food-and-grease stains—even such caustics as lye. All soil lies on the surface. Dirt is swept off in a jiffy. Stains are removed easily by mop or damp cloth.

A solid felt base provides the thickness and body that make Armstrong's Quaker Rugs wear so long. And the new patterns suggest inexpensive ways to beautify your kitchen, living-room, dining-room, or bedroom. For one of the most welcome features of Armstrong's Quaker Rugs is the low price.

How pretty this modernistic pattern would look on your floor! It is Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4661.

New! The all-over Persian-patterned rug No. 4642

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

Rich and colorful is this tile-patterned rug No. 4581.

But to make sure you will receive your money's worth, Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are guaranteed. On the face of each rug is a Quaker Girl certificate. This is our offer to replace the rug free if it fails to give the service you have a right to expect.

To help you shop . . . If you would like to have the booklet that shows all the Armstrong's Quaker Rugs in their actual colors, write for "Rich Beauty at Low Cost." It's *free*. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 2901 West Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

Made by the makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

To cover your entire floor, Quaker floor covering is offered by the yard in 6 foot and 9 foot widths.

Wash Wounds
with soap and water

When an accident happens, the cut, whether shallow or deep, should be washed clean as quickly as possible. Put enough soap into boiling water to make the water sudsy. When the water cools sufficiently wash out the wound with a sterilized gauze-pad or cloth. Cover with sterilized gauze.

NO wound is so slight that it may not become infected and cause death.

If a wound which breaks the skin is not promptly and correctly treated, there may be immediate infection from germs that are found anywhere and everywhere—streptococcus, staphylococcus and saprophytes.

It should be assumed that all accidental wounds may be infected.

During the World War medical science discovered that by using pure soap and boiled water, fresh wounds, big and little, could be thoroughly cleansed, thereby reducing to a minimum the danger of infection. In other words, the germs were literally washed out of wounds.

Small wounds, immediately cleansed and properly covered with sterilized gauze, will, as a rule, heal very promptly without further treatment.

But if germs are covered over and bound into wounds, or are sealed in by drawing the skin together, infection is almost certain and serious complications may result.

In applying soapy water to a new wound, it is best to use a pad of sterilized gauze. Any pure soap will do—liquid, soft or hard—but a liquid soap as free from alkali as may be obtained is best. Otherwise the wound may sting or smart. But the slight temporary discomfort caused by a liberal application of soap and water is of little consequence when compared with the protection afforded by a thorough cleansing.

Common sense must determine how long a fresh wound should be washed. But remember always, the washing must be *thorough* so that the soap bubbles may do their part and lift the germs away from the flesh. The water carries the germs away. The wound must be clean before healing begins.

Warm water that has been sterilized by boiling is safest and the utmost care should be taken to keep the fingers from coming in contact with the surface of the wound.

Wash big or little wounds with soap and water at once—as First Aid before the doctor comes.

According to the latest available United States Census figures, septicemia (blood poisoning) was the direct cause of 1,178 deaths in the year 1925; and a contributing cause in more than seven times as many deaths.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail to each family one copy of its booklet, "First Aid in the Home". It tells how to sterilize cotton or linen cloth when sterilized gauze is not available and gives many other valuable First Aid directions. Ask for Booklet No. 29-E. It will be mailed without charge.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 56)

of the fact that he still had to see McCord, and that McCord, short in all his trades, would have to be called for margins now, Veith didn't wait to do it. McCord, in short, hadn't come in yet that morning, and as noon struck, Veith put on his hat and walked out at the street door.

"Going to luncheon," he announced.

Though he was smiling when he bent over the girl in the uptown branch, Veith was still wondering about those two transactions—McCord's drafts for eight thousand dollars each. What were they for? Why, too, was their need so pressing that McCord should bear down that heavily on his margins?

Oh, well.

x

THE table was set for two. They did not lunch at the Tabor. The hotel's dining room, with its vastness, its glitter, its horde of noonday lunchers coming and going, seemed to Veith not just the place for the tête-à-tête he had planned, and quickly he guided Addie out of the brokerage office, the hotel itself as well.

"Come back later, if you wish." He smiled.

Then, without waiting, he called a cab from the near-by cab rank. "Aristide's," Veith directed the driver.

Addie never had heard of the place.

Aristide's, in type and kind, is one of those small, discreet resorts that dot the Park Avenue section; a private residence originally and, to the uninitiated eye, outwardly a bit dim, not to say dingy, on the edges. If Addie, however, in her first glimpse of its interior, had any impression of cheapness or mediocrity, it was soon enough dispelled once they seated themselves on the banquette set against the wall. The half dozen other women in the place were enough to manage that. All visibly were women with money; they were, as a lot, noticeably smart. The little street dress she had on was obscured if not eclipsed by that array of tailored fashions.

The head waiter bustled about their table. Veith evidently was known.

"*Voilà, m'sieur!*" he greeted Veith, calling him by name. "*Vous vous portez bien, ha?*"

"*Mais oui,*" nodded Veith.

The brisk stir about the table progressed. Its activity was, as it doubtless was intended, a tribute to a patron known and popular. Magnificently, and with his own hands, the head waiter arranged and rearranged the silver, the napery, the glassware. Hurriedly, at his brisk, crisp orders, two of the master's minions set rolls and butter on the table. The rolls were crisp and toasted; the butter was unsalted, fresh. Meanwhile, proffering Veith the day's menu, the head waiter stood at elegant attention, a pad of paper and pencil in hand. "Hors d'œuvres, *chauffés?* A bit of melon, perhaps?" he suggested anxiously. Or, he added, his tone concerned, would *mamselle* prefer iced crab flake or, say, shrimp?

Startled, *mamselle* had no preference. She had caught a glimpse of the menu. Iced shrimp or crab, a cocktail, was $1.50 a portion, the portion a mere mouthful. Veith, however, at once solved her difficulties.

Perhaps he had seen that glimpse she gave the card. Perhaps, too, he was eager for a brief solitude with his *vis-à-vis*.

"You select, Sylvestre," directed Veith.

"*Bien. Merci,*" bowed Sylvestre.

He lingered another moment. Inquiringly, he bent a little nearer toward the patron. Veith, idly, seemed to guess at once the question in the man's eyes, and he nodded.

Said Veith: "Two Martinis, Sylvestre—dry. A *demi* of Chablis with the luncheon."

"*Bien!*" uttered Sylvestre exultantly.

As the man departed, Veith took a slim gold cigarette case from his pocket and offered it to her. "And now," he said—"now I'm going to talk to you."

She shot a glance at him. "Really?"

"Really!"

"And in that same tone, too?" she asked.

"In that same tone, yes," said Veith; and he added: "I'm going to talk like a Dutch uncle too."

That luncheon! By and large, all things considered, it's questionable whether in the beginning she dreamed or could have dreamed into what realms the luncheon and the talk that went with it would lead. Veith not only talked; five minutes later, when the two Martinis were brought in, he virtually had only begun. Another five minutes afterward he still was at it, his face, though he was smiling, not the less serious. Ridiculous, maybe. It was, at any rate, both in its topic and its tone hardly the sort of small talk and chatter he himself would have associated with a rendezvous of this sort. There was the girl herself, for one thing. Alive, bright, with her array of good looks, charming, one might have considered that Veith—he, with his so-called talents—might have struck upon some other means to impress himself upon her. But no. Earnestly, though he saw the peril of making himself absurd, he went on with his theme.

Four things greater than all things are—
Women and horses and money and war.

Money and women was what Veith talked about—sudden money, women out to get it.

Outlandish, yes. It was all of that. It was all the more so, too, when it's to be considered that Veith's stock in trade—his clients—were for the most part the persons he set out to pillory—sudden-money people; people out for money made overnight. Not that he preached, however. He was too shrewd, much too earnest, light as his air and tone were, to fall into any error such as that. Thus, it largely was facts, an array of happenings and events that he gave her; some amusing, others ludicrous; a few touched with a dramatic twist, in one or two instances tragic. And young as Veith was, he should know. For eight years, anyway, or ever since he had quit college, uninterruptedly he had been in daily contact with people of the class and kind he spoke about—sudden-money people—the sort with a thirst for quick and easy riches. And now, innocently, this girl purposed to take a shot at it.

It was to laugh! It was to laugh, indeed, and all the more so when he took another glance at the slender figure beside him. Apart from that, though, was something at which it was not to laugh—a picture of her as she might become: Another of those women, a habitué, a chair-warmer in some brokerage office. Or, if she avoided that—they never did, he knew—there was the other side of this sudden-money business. It was the way it vulgarized and hardened.

There were the McCords. Take the McCords. Take Rita. When Veith first had seen Rita, Rita was like this girl. Young, slight, she too had been attractive, captivating. True, even at the first she had had in her eye a dim air of dissatisfaction, a veiled look of wanting, yet not getting, but even so there had been about her the allurement of simplicity and naturalness as yet unspoiled. And now look at her! Now you had only to glance at Rita to see the effect that sudden-money makes—she with her gemmed hands, her daring clothes, her thirst for brag and show. That, too, was only a part of the picture to Veith. McCord, with a beginner's luck, had won, but what if he lost, was wiped out, what then? And McCord—McCord—though Veith didn't mention this—already was heading toward the rocks!

Oh, well. With a shrug, Veith broke off as he caught the look in his listener's eye.

She spoke, "Finished, uncle?"

"Uncle?"

"Or should I call you papa?" inquired Addie.

She threw back her head and from her parted lips came a ripple of lively and unrestrained merriment. "My! A regular

(Continued on Page 60)

FRIGIDAIRE

THE CHOICE OF THE MAJORITY

Baby's health demands

that foods be kept at those temperatures provided unfailingly by Frigidaire

How carefully you watch and guard the foods your baby eats. But what about refrigeration? It is one of the most important and vital factors in baby's health.

Physicians everywhere agree that safe refrigeration means temperatures well below 50 degrees. Frigidaire provides these temperatures . . . unfailingly. It is powered to meet every emergency in the hottest of weather or the warmest of kitchens . . . powered to hold safe temperatures day after day, month after month, and year after year.

Cleanliness, too

This surplus power means the difference between certainty and doubt, the difference between absolute protection and worry. And this is one reason why there are more Frigidaires in use today than all other electric refrigerators combined.

Still another safeguard to health is provided by the New Frigidaire . . . cleanliness. The shelves are removable. The lining is of seamless porcelain enamel. Inside and out the entire cabinet is as easily cleaned as a china plate. There is *nothing* to catch dust or dirt.

Consider these features

See the New Frigidaire. Only then can you appreciate all that it offers. See the beauty of the cabinet. Note the simplicity of operation. Listen for the sound of the motor. You don't hear it start, stop, or run. Get the facts on low prices and the G.M.A.C. partial payment plan. Call at the Frigidaire display room at your first opportunity.

Write for this book

May we send you a copy of our book on healthful refrigeration? Photographs taken through the microscope tell an interesting and convincing story of what happens to food at different temperatures. A copy will be mailed on request. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

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Please send me your book on healthful refrigeration.

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A New Idea for Present Users of 3-in-One

Here is a personal message to the millions of men and women who use 3-in-One Oil.

During the past 34 years hundreds of enthusiasts have told us how they used 3-in-One for a shampoo and the marvelous results to hair and scalp. Now we simply pass this interesting news on to our loyal friends everywhere so they can try this delightful experiment for themselves.

3-in-One Shampoo—First—Rub a generous quantity of 3-in-One right into the scalp so same is saturated thoroughly. Also saturate short hair or bobbed hair (but not long hair). The oil penetrates right down into the very pores of the skin. Second—Lather freely with any good soap and wash out thoroughly. Every vestige of dirt, grease, oil and dandruff disappears. The scalp is clean—oh, so clean—soothed and nourished by the wonderful healing and penetrating quality of 3-in-One. The hair is soft, lustrous, fluffy and restored to its natural state. The whole head feels refreshingly sweet and clean. And the natural curls and waves do not come out but retain an enticing beauty.

Free Sample

Generous sample will be sent to any 3-in-One user or any of his friends on request.

Removes Dandruff
Promotes Hair Growth

3-in-One has healing and nourishing qualities that stimulate a healthy scalp and hair condition. Keeps the scalp soft, avoids dryness and thus prevents formation of dandruff. Also softens the hair clear to the ends just as natural oil from the oil glands should do. Avoids brittle, dry hair that splits at the end. Thus hair growth is encouraged and healthful scalp conditions promoted. 3-in-One cannot injure the scalp or hair in any manner. Contains no acid or alcohol—just pure, clean, fine oil.

If you should happen to be out of 3-in-One, any good store can supply you.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 130HS. William St., New York

(Continued from Page 58)

harangue. You sound exactly like—well, shall I say the Dismal Swamp?" She laughed again. "One would think, to hear you, that a woman, if she had a yearning for a little extra money, was headed directly toward perdition!"

"Yes?" inquired Veith. His tone was testy. It was the second time he had as good as caught her laughing at him.

"Don't be cross," she remarked. "I had to laugh. It's the second time, you know, I've had all that handed to me this morning."

"Really?"

She nodded briefly. "My father. He read it to me too. It was in black and white—book, binding and all. Dad thinks too I'm headed for perdition."

She continued thoughtfully. "I can't see it somehow. It's as I said to dad. Just because a girl's a girl, why should she be denied the privilege of helping herself as men help themselves? I want money, I make no bones of saying it, either; and I know, too, just what you think of me for saying it. No, don't deny it! You probably think me vulgar, grasping, unwomanly. But why? Men go out to get money; they get it too. So, as I said to my father when he, too, was having hysterics, what's wrong when a woman tries it on? As far as I see it's only because she wears skirts, though probably there's another reason too. It's because grandma didn't do it."

Veith's air was bewildered at this assault. "Grandma?"

"Yours and dad's," she supplemented. Then she added: "You may talk your heads off—you and dad—just the same I'm out to do what I mean to do. I'm going to try it on, at any rate." There was no doubt of it. She did not give Veith, however, any rope to continue the topic. "Tell me something. You spoke just now about Jim McCord—Jim and his winnings. 'Beginner's luck,' you called it. What exactly did you mean?"

"Just what I said. It's the beginners usually who win."

"Often?"

"Often enough. That's the trouble. If they didn't win but got wiped out the first shot, that would cure them. Some anyway. As I say, though, a lot of them seem to win."

"A whole lot, don't they?"

"I dare say."

She nodded, her face thoughtful. "Yes, that's what I've heard. I've heard quite a good deal about that." She paused briefly. "A great deal lately."

"Have you?" Veiled sarcasm was in his tone: "Yes, but don't forget," he added, "if it's the beginners who win, don't forget they don't remain beginners. Afterward they lose."

"All of them?"

"The majority." He smiled briefly. "You know, it takes something more than luck to beat that game downtown. It needs brains, first; then it needs courage."

She cocked her head at him. "Oh, as for that," she added calmly, "I have both."

"Brains and courage, then money," he added.

"I know; I have that too."

"Much?"

Addie didn't reply. The two waiters were serving them. The head waiter, hovering at her side, was pouring into a thin crystal glass the crystal contents of a bottle—the Chablis.

Said Addie abruptly, "You said last night you'd help me. You can do it now. What's the swiftest, quickest stock you know, the one most likely to cut up didos?"

"What?" He shrugged. "That's not helping you."

"Answer me, won't you?"

Veith did. Unamiable, hesitating as he did so, he mentioned three or four of the market's rowdiest performers. Pendler Motors, McCord's ten-strike, had come to life again; she cocked her ears as he named it. Then a couple of aeroplane stocks, as well—that and one or two other industrials, Neutrodyne Common among them.

"Neutrodyne?" she repeated.

"Yes. Why?" asked Veith. She didn't answer. She had looked away from him. "Just why do you ask this?" Veith inquired.

She answered, "To find out, of course."

Find out what? She told him that too. It was to find out what stocks were safe, which stocks were not.

Then she added: "If they're safe, they're stodgy, don't move. If they're not, as you say, safe, they get up and do something, shoot off fireworks. And that," said Addie, "is what I'm after—it's fireworks!"

"You?"

She picked up the Chablis glass and looked at him over the rim. "Here's to perdition!" said Addie. She laughed aloud as she said it. "Here's to me," she said.

Veith said nothing. What was there to say?

Two o'clock was striking when he got back to the downtown brokerage office.

Two o'clock, a brief hour before the close. At the first glimpse he had of the customers' room he saw what was up. The place was crowded, the throng of customers jamming it to the wall; the market, hectic now, had brought them hurrying.

"Neutrodyne, a thousand at seven-eighths!"

Neutrodyne, Veith saw, was sixteen points up for the day.

At three the market closed. Then, but not till then, his hands full, he got a chance to get to a telephone, when he rang up the uptown office.

"Is that you, Lent? What about that lady I sent in to you? Anything happen to her?"

Anything? There was a brief explosion at the other end of the wire. Which lady? There had been a run of ladies that day uptown—Veith's ladies.

"Say, I'll say you're some picker too! Do you mean the blonde—the married one—or that baby-girl—the one with the knock-down eyes?"

Veith cut him short, "The blonde? What blonde?"

"Mrs. McCord, of course. You sent her in, didn't you? She said you did. She took a shot at Ocean Aeroplane."

Rita? Rita too? It all was news to Veith. He neither had sent Rita to the uptown office nor had he known she was going there.

Still wondering, he heard Lent's voice rattle over the wire: "Some kid, that little one! Regular little pony, what? Sailed right in, never asking a word from anyone—and what d'you know! Right off the bat, hanged if she didn't pick Neutro, buying two hundred at the market just as Neutro started to pop! She had an eighth short of sixteen points' profit at the close!"

Veith's face was a study. Beginner's luck again! By the one turn, recklessly, she had run up a profit that, at a rough calculation, was three thousand dollars. However, that was not all of it—the shock the man at the telephone got. His face blank, he listened to the wind of Lent's slangy paraphrases breezing in over the wire. Alone, single-handed, in a single day Addie Jessup had knocked down the three thousand dollars; and to do it, she had put up margins of four thousand dollars, turning in a certified check for that amount.

It was the check—that was it—that was the final jolt. Where had she got the four thousand dollars? She had no money of her own. From whom had the money come?

In a moment Veith had the news.

"It's our check, Veith—the firm's. Your office made it out yesterday afternoon. It was drawn to the order of James McCord."

McCord! McCord was a married man and she'd got the money from him! Silently, Veith hung up the telephone.

XI

BEGINNER'S luck! You may think what you choose about it, but in this instance one thing, at least, was certain. It was the luck, however she had obtained

(Continued on Page 63)

THE quality of a cup of coffee depends upon the ingredients, the facilities employed, and skill in the making. The difference between good and poor coffee is not always in the looks.

Similarly, lamps that look alike may be different in quality. Edison MAZDA Lamps are made of the finest materials, and with skill, facilities and care that insure their high quality. Because of their quality, they give the *full value of the current consumed.*

Buy Edison MAZDA Lamps in cartons of six, and have spare lamps handy whenever they are needed. Where there are empty sockets there is likely to be dangerous eye-strain.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

New Peaks in TRUCK TIRE ABILITY

No one not familiar with recent developments in motor truck operation can have any adequate conception of the progress Goodyear has made toward perfecting the tire equipment for modern motorized hauling.

A series of advances in design and construction has been effected that, taken all together, raise the Goodyear Truck Tire to new peaks of ability.

These betterments, conceived by Goodyear and proved in mass tests that carried the Goodyear truck fleet over millions of miles, make the Goodyear Truck Tire today even more than ever a factor of first importance in efficient, economical motor transport.

Take each of these improvements in order, and, if you are experienced in truck or bus operation, you will immediately see its bearing on your better service, increased earnings, and lower operating costs:

1 **New and improved tread designs, providing (A) greater go-ahead tractive power, and (B) broader, surer, safer road contact.**

2 **Stronger and tougher tread compounds, insuring (A) the longest period of 100% traction, and (B) a new maximum of useful life in the tire.**

3 **Extra-durable body stock and body construction—rubber of 4200-lb. tensile strength in super-cushion types, extra elastic SUPERTWIST cord in pneumatic types, furnish the utmost of cushioning and set up special resistance to ordinary tire ills.**

These and similar structural improvements too numerous to mention are incorporated in each type of Goodyear Truck and Bus Tire, according to the particular conditions of service it will be required to meet.

The fact that conditions *do* vary, that each vehicle needs the *right* tire for its job, confirms the wisdom of choosing from the complete Goodyear line of better tires for better hauling.

Goodyear Truck Tire Experts are at your command for consultation on the proper type and size of Goodyears for your vehicles. Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations the country over are equipped and pledged to give the standard Goodyear Service that keeps your truck or bus on good Goodyear rubber always.

GOODYEAR

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THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

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that four thousand dollars to try it on, with which this beginner was endowed. As the days wore on and the market remained uneasy and faltering after its prolonged upward rush, the account at the uptown branch went on growing regardless. In a week it had doubled. In a fortnight, due to a swift turn in one of the aeroplane stocks, a quick in-and-out transaction, the credit balance had risen close to twenty-four thousand dollars. And still it climbed.

Said Lent, telephoning to the downtown office: "Some baby that—your little girl friend!"

A raw growl came from over the wire. "What're you talking about?" rasped Veith.

"I'm telling you," responded Lent. He went on glibly. Admiration, if not respect, was in his tone. "It's got me beat, bobo. Just now she took a shot on the jump at that tin can, Household Wireless, and knocked down seven points on four hundred shares before you c'd blink! Yeah, someone must be tipping her off. Is it you, by any chance?"

It was not, of course.

That night—the time on the porch when Veith had caught her in his arms—she had asked him to help her, it's true, but he still was vague as to the help needed or what she wished of him. Still further, since the day he had lunched with her at Aristide's he had not laid eyes on Addie, though to say that out of sight was out of mind was hardly the fact. Not with Veith; not by any means.

Lent, bubbling, still was breezing along with his chit-chat when Veith brusquely cut in. "Is Miss Jessup in the office now?" he growled.

Sure. Every day now she came in and sat by like a regular. "Like to talk to her?" inquired Lent.

"No," Veith said bluntly.

In these days it would have been difficult to place Gage, Burroughs & Co.'s young exquisite; his state of mind, at any rate. Reserved, he had become darkly distant now. Reticent, he withdrew entirely into his shell. In other words, whatever might be thought of it, that revelation—the fact that McCord had put up that four thousand dollars and that Addie Jessup had taken it—had been a shock, a genuine jolt. It was like a smear, an ugly wipe. Not, of course, however, that he was in the throes of anything deeper than a passing fancy. Hardly. However, as slight as he assured himself his fancy might be, he could not forget that discovery. Men—married men especially—do not give four thousand dollars to stray, unattached girls without some good sufficient reason. He hated to think about it.

He lingered at the telephone. It was quiet in the booth, while outside in the customers' room the usual mob was lounging about—that or milling together excitedly every time the stock tickers rattled or some stock or the other got to bouncing about. Facts are facts though. You couldn't get away from that check, the four thousand dollars. Veith couldn't anyway. As strange as the check, though, and the fact that she had taken it from McCord, there was something else as queer. Though she was knocking down money; making it hand over fist, in fact; the same couldn't be said of the man who had handed her the check. No. McCord was losing. Every transaction he made seemed fated nowadays to go wrong. And if he had gone wrong in his deals, why hadn't Addie Jessup gone wrong, too, in hers? One would suppose that having supplied her with the money, McCord must supply her with her tips as well.

Over his shoulder Veith shot a glance into the customers' room. McCord had just come in. He came in daily, in fact. Like his sort, at any rate—the dabbler, for the time being, successful—McCord had thrown up his position with the steel concern. Not worth hanging to. No good; his salary, chicken feed. Thus, why waste time hanging over a desk job when down here was all this loose money waiting to be picked up by those who knew the trick? However, that McCord had continued to find it so easy was not just the fact. His face tense, his eyes drawn and haggard, he was hovering over the stock ticker, the tape stretched between his hands. Veith was watching him when another man, a stranger, walked into the customers' room. The newcomer was tall, stoop-shouldered, gray. Joining McCord, he began talking to him earnestly. Veith, looking on, vaguely realized something familiar in the stranger's tallness and the way his shoulders drooped. He went on talking, his attitude one of earnest appeal, when McCord all at once scowled; then brusquely shook his head. Curious now, Veith pushed open the door of the booth. He was listening, eavesdropping, but what of it?

"No, not I! What can I do?" snapped McCord. Then he added: "I was a fool to get let in for it, as it is!"

The other man again seemed to make some appeal. As before, it also seemed to fail. Then, with a slight gesture, a shrug of his shoulders and his two hands outspread, he turned, his face painful, and went out at the street door.

"Some dun. Some fellow after money," reflected Veith. It was not the first that had tackled McCord of late.

He glanced again at McCord. A week ago he had been compelled to call him again for margins. Yesterday, he'd had to call him still again, and, to make good, McCord had been forced to close out more than a quarter of the stocks he was carrying. In a few days more, unless the tide turned, Veith knew that McCord once more would have to be called.

The old story. Once more the same old tale. What goes up always comes down, but what rankled Veith most was his own unequivocal, unenviable situation in the business. McCord had been his friend. All to the contrary, he had liked McCord, good old Jim! But now that Jim McCord was on the rocks—that or heading toward them—the fact that he was, made, in this game they were playing, a tacit enmity between them. Friends while you win, foes when you lose. In short, he knew what would happen when, for the final time, he called McCord for margins and McCord couldn't put them up.

He, Veith, had fought off Rita; she with her unsolicited, unasked attentions. Could he, however, fight off McCord's grudge when McCord, sold out, was ruined? Honestly concerned, Veith was peering through the glass of the telephone booth when the street door opened and another man—this one strange, too, to the customers' room—entered and made his way toward McCord.

This time Veith knew the man. It was Walter Brent. Drawing back into the booth, Veith watched. Their voices at first were too low to hear what was said. That it was something more than mere talk, though, was evident. His air concerned, Brent spoke, and he had said not more than a few words when the watcher in the booth saw McCord start visibly. In turn, McCord shot what was evidently a question at Brent, whereat Brent, his face darker, nodded briefly. Thereupon, there dawned in McCord's face what unmistakably was a look of bewildered amazement; and now Veith heard him speak.

"Thousands?" ejaculated McCord. "Won every time, you say?"

Brent nodded, and now it was Veith's turn to gape.

Knowing what he did, he readily could have looked for some outbreak on Brent's part. Brent, it was to be thought, had every reason to regard McCord with jealous distrust, not to call it hate. But no. They had talked only a minute or two, Brent quiet, McCord still exclaiming, when Brent thrust out his hand, which, in turn, McCord took. A moment afterward Brent hurried out the office.

Instantly, McCord awoke to sudden activity. Darting away from the ticker, he plunged into the room at the back.

"Where's Veith? Where's Veith?" he was asking excitedly. The market, more than ever feverish, had begun to buzz again, and as Veith stepped out of the booth, McCord fairly made a leap at him. "Quick!" he exploded. "Buy me a thousand Neutro—no, make it two thousand! Buy me two thousand at the market, hear?"

For a moment Veith made no response. In the brief hour or so since the opening, Neutro had jazzed itself upward another eleven points and a fraction; it was due now for a reaction. However, that was not the point. To margin two thousand shares of the stock the customer must put up eighty thousand dollars in margins; and as Veith knew, McCord's account was not in the condition to stand a strain like that.

"Sorry, Jim," he said.

A convulsion swept McCord. "If it's my margins, sell something!" he exploded. "Sell everything, if it's more margins you want! You buy me that Neutro, though, you hear?"

Said Veith, "Your other stuff all shows a loss, Jim. You'll have to take a big loss if you sell it."

That made no difference. McCord, for some reason, was determined to lay a bet on Neutro.

"You get that order down!" he snapped.

"Very well," said Veith. As he walked back into the other room he was thinking deeply.

A dabbler's excitement was nothing new. Veith often had seen it. About McCord's sudden fever, though, was something unexplained. Why its suddenness? Why all the abrupt tumult and to-do? Was it by chance in any way connected with McCord's recent visitor, Brent? And there was McCord's explosive ejaculation too. "Thousands? Won every time, you say?" By now, Veith had an inkling of who it was that had won every time. Why, however, hadn't McCord heard about it before?

A few minutes later, when McCord's order had been filled and Veith had returned to the customers' room, he glanced at the board. Neutro already had begun to slide. In the brief interval it had dropped two points and an eighth. A few minutes later it had dropped two points more, and Veith stole a look at McCord. His florid face moist, he was staring blankly at the tape held between his fingers. Then, as a fresh quotation clanked from the machine, McCord dropped the ribbon of paper and slumped down on a chair.

"Neutro, a half!" "Neutro, three-eighths!" "A quarter for Neutro!"

Neutro, turning in its tracks, was falling fast. For an hour McCord sat there. For an hour Veith avoided him. If Neutro dropped further he again would have to call McCord for margins.

Noon was striking when one of the office boys called Veith: "Uptown office, Mr. Veith. They want you on the phone."

Lent was on the wire. Again in Lent's voice was wonder: "Say, put me wise, Veith. Your little friend here—I never saw the beat!"

"Well?" inquired Veith.

"Say, who in heck, anyway, is tipping her off?" The wire buzzed. Lent's wonder was exclamatory. "I'm stumped, I am! This A. M. she breezes in, looking like one of your sweet girl graduates, and hands me an order to buy Neutro again. Four hundred shares at the market, too; only that's not all. After she buys she rides Neutro right up to the top and then steps off, getting out of the trade at an eighth to a quarter from the top!"

"What!"

Veith had cause to exclaim. Eleven points on four hundred shares meant better than four thousand dollars profits. It was not that, though, that made him ejaculate. She had sold exactly at the point where McCord had bought. In short, she again had won when again McCord had lost!

"Is Miss Jessup there now?" asked Veith.

She was. Seated over in a corner, she was studying the quotation board.

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So He Sent 3000 Miles for His Red Edge

Some years ago, a miner, Mr. Paul Dobele—a Frenchman employed in a West Virginia mine—won a shoveling contest by loading 538 tons of coal in 12 days.

Modesty alone forbids us to mention that the shovel he used was a Red Edge. Only recently we were pleased and surprised to receive an order from this gentleman for six shovels and four picks.

In his letter he tells us: "So now I am in Colombia, South America, district of gold mine, lead mine, different minerals of underground. When I get over here I found one good partner, so now I starting one gold mine.

"I like your shovels and will make them known by sample to show these people Because all tools here are exportation from England or Germany They got them shovels cheap and no good to make good So I am sending that small order

We appreciated "that small order" more than if it had been a far larger requisition from some place nearer at hand. There's a real satisfaction in making a product so truly appreciated by a user that he will send 3000 miles to get it—and will take pride in spreading its name and fame in far away places.

While we were happy to hear from Mr Dobele, he could have gotten his Red Edges much nearer home—by applying to our representatives for Colombia—G Olano & Company, who have offices in Manizales, Cartagena, Barranquilla, Bogota and Medellin.

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Revolutionary Performance—unfailing Reliability *plus*

Style unsurpassed in motor car history

There was a re-birth of style—a thrilling re-creation of motor car beauty—when the new Buick swept into the market. . . . And with the new mode—a mode of graceful contours instead of plain straight lines—of gently rounded side and hood panels representing the most costly steel paneling work employed on any automobile in the world—there was also born a new order of performance.

All America knows that is true! All America—either driving this epic new Buick or watching it sweep triumphantly past on avenue or highway—realizes that here, indeed, are elements of performance so new and revolutionary as to eclipse all previous standards of fine motoring.

Dynamic new power . . . dazzling getaway . . . breathtaking swiftness—plus that unfailing reliability for which Buick is world-famous—have combined with the beauty of Buick's Masterpiece Bodies by Fisher to win the greatest ovation ever accorded any fine car.

Decide now to make a thorough test of today's Buick. Decide to do as more than 130,000 motorists have done during the past five months. *Decide to make Buick your car!*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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MOST BALDNESS *is* PREVENTABLE

.... *prove it by using*

SYSTEMATIC SCALP MASSAGE AND

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IF you want a head of thick, lustrous hair you may get it. But not with feeble measures or lotions.

Use Glover's regularly. Massage your scalp systematically. Be persistent. Then results are sure.

Systematic scalp massage and how best to care for your hair is all explained in the free book "Glover's Natural System of Hair Culture" pictured above. It tells facts about hair troubles and how to overcome them. Write for a copy today.

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"Looks too like she's getting ready for another slam at it," reported Lent.

Veith asked another question: "Is Mrs. McCord there too?"

"Your other lady friend?"

No. Mrs. McCord, it proved, was not. She had not been in lately Mrs. McCord, not since that first time, in fact. Lent, in turn, supplied another morsel of information. After a trade or two, Rita had switched her account to another office.

"Guess she didn't care for our looks," surmised Lent—"not enough plush on the chairs, I wouldn't wonder."

Veith spoke again. His tone was curt: "Ask Miss Jessup to stay there, Lent. I'm coming uptown."

XII

FOUR thousand dollars! Another bundle of sudden money. If grotesque and outlandish, though, it's to be said that the one individual most concerned in this streak of winning did not appear to take it so. In fact, from Addie Jessup's demeanor at the moment, one might have supposed that she looked on it all as quite expected. Her eyes on the quotation board for two hours now, ever since the market opened, she had been sitting there in the uptown branch.

"Neutro, a thousand at three-eighths!"

It was half-past seven when her day had begun. At eight, having dressed, she had come down the stairs to the breakfast room. Her father, his breakfast finished, had just risen.

Addie—she was in a street dress and hat—spoke briefly, "Morning, mother. Morning, dad."

His face obscure, her father lingered for a moment. He seemed about to say something. He didn't, though. It was her mother had spoken. Looking up from the coffee things, she had noticed Addie's attire.

"My! You going up to town again, Addie? What in the world do you do there every day?"

"In town, mother?" Her tone was idle, light. "Why, nothing much. I just amuse myself."

As nonchalant as she might seem, though, inwardly she was anything but that. She knew, at any rate, that by now her father must have some inkling of what took her up to the city every day, and daily she had expected some sort of an explosion.

All at once her mother spoke again. She gave an exclamation. "Addie!" she cried. Suspicion was in her tone, a note as if some thought, the thought startling, suddenly had struck her. "Addie! Don't tell me—— What! Is that the truth!" she rattled disconnectedly.

"Is what the truth, mother?"

Mrs. Jessup gave a gasp. "You're not at work? You haven't taken a position, have you?"

Addie stared. Then she threw back her head and laughed.

"I? How horrible, mother!"

Mrs. Jessup, though, really had been alarmed. "Don't trifle, Addie! Answer me at once! You've threatened you would, but I can't believe it. You couldn't be so headstrong!"

Thoroughly agitated, she uttered another exclamation. "I should think you'd remember your social position! Your family's position too!"

"Ours?" inquired Addie.

"Ours, yes!"

Mrs. Jessup, in fact, now was more than ever aghast. "Think of me; think of your father too! Imagine the effect on him and on his business standing. A daughter of his a clerk!" She turned impulsively to her husband. "Russ, make her answer! Make her speak the truth!" fluttered Mrs. Jessup.

"Addie hasn't taken a position," he answered quietly. Then, in the same tone, Mr. Jessup added: "I think it would be better if she had."

Better?

"Russ!" ejaculated Mrs. Jessup.

Visibly she was outraged. Better that a daughter of hers should work? But why continue? If, as Addie reflected, her mother, in her attitude toward such matters, was twenty years behind the times, it at least saved her, Addie, from the inconvenience of further explanations.

Incensed, Mrs. Jessup turned her batteries on her husband. "Work? Work when it isn't necessary?" she exclaimed, and while the storm held, Addie went on hurriedly with her breakfast. However, aside from all this and apart from the satisfaction of expressing her views so completely, it's safe to say Mrs. Jessup hardly would have been either satisfied or soothed had she discovered the actual facts. So far, though, she knew nothing. She did not so much as suspect. In fact, neither outwardly nor otherwise had her daughter given any sign of what had gone on now for days at the brokerage office in town. Least of all had she disclosed any hint of the luck that had showered down on her.

Unusual, this; out of the common, frankly. Money talks to use that phrase—easy money the loudest of any. About Addie Jessup, though, seemed nothing of the brag, the swagger and the show that, for example, Rita exemplified. Addie had not put on the usual lugs. She had not bought herself the gems, the gowns and the gewgaws Rita had. Though Addie loved nice things, costly things, dresses and hats among them, she had not bought herself so much as a single hat. Daily she went into the city. Daily she returned. Meanwhile, in neither her appearance nor her air was any change apparent. Nothing to mention, anyway. She may, true, have looked a bit more quiet. There may, too, have been occasional lines about her eyes and mouth. Strain, maybe; nerves, perhaps. It was to be expected though. But as for hats, furs, gowns, so forth and so on—no. Not a gown. Not so much as a hat or one gemmed pin. The bare money, so you'd have thought, was enough. It was the bare money she was after; that was all, you'd say. If, however, what she meant to do with the money was still a question, there still was no question about her having got it.

The four thousand dollars—that check—now was thirty-two thousand dollars.

"Neutro, seven-eighths!"

Addie, her eyes on the board, stirred sharply. "See sumpin, dearie?" a voice inquired.

Addie turned on her chair. Mrs. Brock was seated just behind her.

Mrs. Brock was the woman with the faded hair, faded face and faded eyes. She had edged herself into a seat near by, and for some minutes she had been fixedly eying Addie's slight figure and clear-cut girlish profile. There had been, too, as she did so, a wan wistfulness in Mrs. Brock's arid eyes.

"I'm watchin' Neutro too," Mrs. Brock announced.

"Are you?" Addie murmured.

So far she had not mixed with the easy familiarity apparently usual in the customers' room, she had answered politely, if briefly; that was all. Before this, though, Mrs. Brock's lined face somehow had impressed itself on her; its wan anxiety bleak whenever the market was going against her. Now, however, encouraged by Addie's quiet smile, the woman hitched herself closer, her air and face confidential.

"Yeah, Neutro's my specialty. Been so quite a time too; only, you know, Neutro don't seem to be acting just right nowadays—it don't—you know, sliding off the way it does when it otto go up; up when it otto go down." She gave a giggle as she spoke. The giggle, though, was barren of mirth. "Fact is, I got stung real good this A. M. I was short the stock; yes, I was—sold it short, you know. I got a regular slam."

"I'm sorry," said Addie.

She was too. She had only to look at Mrs. Brock's lined face to feel so.

"Yeah, a real slam, ough," added Mrs. Brock. Again the titter. Again the dry tinkle of mirthless mirth. Then Mrs. Brock gave a little indrawn breath, a sigh. "I heard about you, though, girlie. Us other girls that trade here was talking 'bout it—Mrs. Glaenzer, May Weekes, Minnie Birnbaum and all. It was the killing you made, that knock-out—eleven points, wasn't it, or sumpin? If it only hadda been me!"

No titter now. Devout, deep-souled earnestness and desire were voiced now in the dry, droning voice. Addie was sensible of a little shock, a chill.

"Have you been trading long?" she asked.

"Brock's the name—Missus. All the other girls call me Gertie." She peered at Addie a moment. "Trading long? I'll tell the world! Seven years, come this month. I mean," added Mrs. Brock, "trading when I have the margins, you get me?"

Addie "got" her. Mrs. Brock traded when she had money enough for margins. When she hadn't—say, when the market had wiped her out—Mrs. Brock didn't trade.

"But you do win sometimes, don't you?" Addie asked.

Mrs. Brock said "Sure!" She gave another titter. "You said it, honey—sometimes!"

"Not always, though?"

Always? Hardly. As Mrs. Brock expressed it, "Not by a jugful, girlie!"

She went on, her voice droning: "Maybe you may for a time. You may while you're shot with luck; only somehow th' luck don't seem to last. It's what I say to Oscar Oscar, he's my husban', you know. Oscar—he used to trade, too, till he took sick, had a turn. It's the creepin' paralysis, they say; he can't leave his bed. That's why I stick on here, trading. It's to beat the rent and the butcher; dig up enough to keep on going. Anyways, I says to Oscar, 'Oscar, if you win at the game it's just luck, guessing. That's all there is to it, Oscar, with a coupla shines like you and me.' Then I says to him, too, 'It's this way, Oscar: You can sit up nights a-figgerin'; you can soak in, too, all the dope you get by studying the evenin' paper news, financial and otherwise; only you take it from me, Oscar, if you win it's because it's on the cards you're to win, plain luck. If you don't win, either, it's the same—not on the cards.' . . . Yeah," nodded Mrs. Brock convincingly, "only the trouble is the landlord and butcher don't take any stock in that. All they're lookin' for is the old mazuma, the cash. And believe me," Mrs. Brock added piously, "I ain't found any way yet you can alibi that pair. They want the rent and the meat bill, not explanations; so that's why I come here every day, rain or shine, a-trying to accommodate them."

"But you do win sometimes?" Concerned, Addie had listened intently. "You don't always lose?"

No, not always. Sometimes, armed desperately for the affray, Mrs. Brock pulled down—it was her expression—a little piece of change. She made a strike—again her expression was here—"turned a trick," after which the landlord and the butcher were paid, and the scheme of life, such as it was, the fact and the fiction of her existence, once again resumed itself more or less in terms of reality.

"Only I'm telling you, dearie," said Mrs. Brock, "while you've got luck and the luck's bringing things your way, you gotta take it by the throat and regular haul it into camp! You get me? Luck's the one thing, it's the only thing. It's the only way you can win. . . . Excuse me," she added abruptly.

"Why, what is it?" exclaimed Addie.

Mrs. Brock had lurched toward her. As she did so she vigorously rubbed Addie's shoulder with her arm. "Excuse me. You don't mind, I hope." Another giggle escaped her. "I was just a-seeing if I couldn't rub a little of your luck on me. Yeah, and if I don't," added Mrs. Brock significantly, "it's good night, Gertie, the gate for mine!"

"Neutro, seven-eighths!"

Addie rose hurriedly. Beyond, the door of the telephone booth had opened. Lent appeared in the opening.

(Continued on Page 68)

Prosperity is Nation-wide . . and thousands are smoking better tobacco

Better tobacco!...This is another sign of our prosperity. Like his home and his car, and his clothes, his tobacco, too, distinguishes the successful man, today.

More pipe smokers than ever before—more last year than in 1927—more this month than last month are giving themselves all the genuine pleasure and cheer of Old Briar Tobacco, *and its extra quality and comfort cost so little.*

Only the highest quality tobaccos, entrusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, go into Old Briar Tobacco. Quantity production makes it possible at such a moderate price.

If you are not already enjoying Old Briar Tobacco, give it a thorough trial. Send us the coupon below, with 10c—coin or stamps—to cover postage, mailing expense and tax, and we will mail you a full-size pouch of Old Briar Tobacco.

The popular size 25c package —two pouches wrapped together

Old Briar
TOBACCO
"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE"

United States Tobacco Co.
Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

Gentlemen: I would like a pouch of Old Briar Tobacco. I enclose 10c for postage, mailing expense and tax.

S. E. P. 1-26-29

Print Name ..

Address

City *State*

Of All the Pleasures Man Enjoys Pipe Smoking Costs the Least

beans!

a wonderful new kind with the real "*baked-in-the-ground*" taste

Can you imagine anything new about such an old-time staple food as baked beans? Yet here it is!

Here are beans with a new flavor—a flavor that heretofore could be enjoyed only in beans as they are baked in the Maine woods.

You know they bake beans in an outdoor oven in the ground called the "bean hole," there. They fill the big round-bellied bean pot with flavor-rich ingredients—beans, sugar-cured prime pork, molasses and brown sugar.

Then they bury it in the hot earth of the bean hole, where it cooks all night in a bed of embers.

Never was such baked-bean flavor! Until now—in Bean Hole Beans!

For the first time now, you can have that same wonderful woods flavor—a touch of fragrant forest air; seasoning of camp fire smoke. The very same ingredients are used in Bean Hole Beans.

Don't wait to enjoy this new deliciousness—give your family a Bean Hole Beans dinner one of these evenings! They'll call for repeat dinners often!

Ask your grocer to send you a couple of cans of Bean Hole Beans today. He has them in two sizes, medium 15c; large 25c. Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana.

They bake beans in the ground in the Maine woods

BEAN HOLE BEANS

(Continued from Page 66

"Mr. Lent!" Addie beckoned.

Mrs. Brock, too, had risen. She still was giggling. As Addie spoke, calling to the room manager, the giggle died, though, on Mrs. Brock's thin lips.

"Say, you going to trade?" she asked.

She wet her lips, her face eager. "What're you going to do—buy or sell? Give me your hunch, will you, girlie? You've got it—luck—and if you only knew!"

Addie glanced at the tape. Neutro was moving again. A thousand went at seven-eighths, and in the next sale the stock sold off to three-quarters.

Again, at the next flash, a voice rose among the chairs: "See Neutro! There goes a thousand at a half!"

Mrs. Brock gripped Addie's arm. "Say! Are you selling, or is Neutro a buy?"

Addie looked at her swiftly. "What would you do, Mrs. Brock?"

"Me?" Again she wet her lips. "I dunno. Looks like a sale, don't it? Tell me, won't you? If it was me, I'd sell; only I ain't got luck. I ——"

Lent had reached them. He was all smiles, suave. "I've a message, Miss Jessup. Mr. Veith just phoned and he says ——"

But what Veith had said was lost. "Yeah, I'd sell," Mrs. Brock again was saying when Addie spoke.

Said Addie, "Buy me four hundred Neutro again, Mr. Lent."

A gasp rose from behind her as she spoke.

"Buy?" piped Mrs. Brock, agape.

"Buy at the market," ordered Addie, and was about to say more when she stopped. The door of the customers' room had opened. As she saw the man who stood there, it was her turn to catch her breath.

Lent, an order blank in his hand, looked at her inquiringly. "Four hundred at the market," he prompted; "you said 'buy,' didn't you?" It was Mrs. Brock, though, not Addie, that answered. "That's what she said—buy!" cried Mrs. Brock; "you buy me a hundred too! At the market too, Mr. Lent!" Then, catching a look in Lent's eye, Mrs. Brock gave another embarrassed giggle. "Well, make it fifty, won't you? My margins—I know. You'll make it fifty, won't you?" appealed Mrs. Brock.

Addie still was gazing toward the door. Brent stood there. He was gazing about the crowded room, the look on his face concerned. Then his eyes fell on hers and she saw him start. What Addie wondered was, how had he found her? In what way had he learned where she was?

With a shrug she turned back to Lent.

"Buy, I said," she repeated. "Buy four hundred at the market." Then she added: "At every point up buy me another hundred till you've bought four hundred more."

"Pyramiding?" commented Lent.

"Pyramiding," she returned.

She moved away from Lent, from Mrs. Brock as well. Brent halted as she came toward him.

"Well, Walter?" she inquired. She smiled vaguely. "You've tracked me down, I see"

If so, Brent, however, didn't mention it. He was glancing about him, his face more than ever concerned. "Come out of here," he said earnestly; "I want to talk to you"

She shook her head. "Sorry, Walter."

"You won't?"

She shook her head again. "I can't."

Brent glanced about him again. Hurriedly, his eyes came back to hers. "I want to see you. I've got to! Has anything happened here this morning?"

She still was cool. "Yes, a lot. The market's gone up. It's going up again."

Brent gave an abrupt gesture. It was almost angry. "I don't mean that. Hang the market! Anything else happened?" he demanded.

"Don't swear, Walter." Her air was amused as she spoke. She cocked up her head at him. "Did Gwenny tell you where to find me?"

Brent, in spite of her caution, swore again. "Damn Gwenny! Are you going to answer me?"

Answer what? It was Gwenny, of course, who had told him where she was. "Gwenny was in here this morning, Walter. She was in here two days ago too. She's been following me, I suppose."

Brent's jaws snapped.

"You'd better listen to me," he said thickly. Then, his brows knitted, he gave another growl. "Has Rita McCord been in here today?" he demanded.

Rita? No. She shook her head. For an instant he looked relieved. "You haven't seen her?" Again Addie shook her head and Brent for a moment stared at her hard. Addie's eyes, though, didn't alter, and he spoke again. "You'd better come some place where we can talk, Addie. It's serious!"

"Yes?" inquired Addie.

"Very serious," said Brent. "Will you come?"

Again she shook her head. She was sorry, she had another engagement. He would have to see her some other time; she must be going. Then, her eyes turning toward the door, she spoke again.

"There's Mr. Veith now," she said.

Veith had just appeared.

Events after that happened swiftly. Veith, his haste apparent as he entered, halted short when he saw to whom she was talking. Then, smiling faintly, he came toward them, his embarrassment gone, his poise, as usual, self-contained. As for Brent, ill at ease, frowning, awkward, he flushed, his fingers fumbling at the hat he held in his hands. Then, as Addie spoke, her bearing idle and smiling, Brent's face set itself sharply, his look resolute.

"Hello, Cartey!" greeted Addie.

"Hello, Addie," said Veith. He nodded to Brent. No need to be brusque or rude. That was Veith's code—it always paid to be pleasant, polite. "Nice to see you again, Brent," said Veith; then he turned back to Addie. "Ready?" he inquired.

Breeding tells. Awkward as the moment might be, there was no hint of awkwardness in Veith's manner. He was smiling down at the girl beside him. Brent, however, pricked up his ears when Addie spoke.

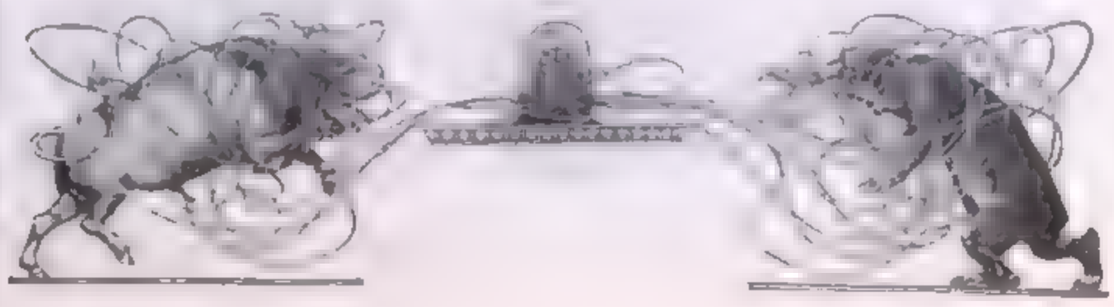
"Ready for what?" she inquired.

Veith still was smiling. "You got my message, didn't you? Lent gave it to you, didn't he?" He turned to Brent. "Sorry to break in on you—you and Miss Jessup. It's business, you know." He turned back then to Addie. "Shall we go now? We can have luncheon somewhere while we talk. How does Aristide's suit you?"

Said Addie at once: "Sorry. I'd like to, but"—she broke off; then she glanced from Veith to Brent and back to Veith again—"Walter asked me, too, and I'd like to go with you both, but I can't. You see," she said, "I have another engagement; I'll have to hurry too. I'm lunching with Jim McCord."

Then, with a brief nod to each, she was gone, and as she went and the door of the customers' room shut to behind her, there was a fresh clank and chatter from the stock tickers. Neutro, again on the march, was up three points in as many minutes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



STAMPED AND DELIVERED—5c

In the last year of the seventeenth century if a man wished to send a message to a frontier post a few hundred miles from New York or Philadelphia, it was carried on foot by a forest runner slipping through the Susquehanna wilderness in fear of his life.

Today ten thousand feet above the overgrown trails of the forest runners, the Night Mail pilot may look down and see in one sweeping glance, the clustered lights of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. From a hundred miles east of Cleveland he may see the lights of Pittsburgh and Buffalo! Here is a yard-stick by which to measure progress; *for the man who can lengthen time and shorten distance may add generations of accomplishment to the span of a single life. . . .*

Three notable steps have advanced the recent progress of commercial aviation in America. First, July 1, 1924, when the Post Office Department began to carry transcontinental mail, via air. Second, when all mail contracts were handed over to private commercial air transport companies to operate without subsidies. Third, when in July, 1928, *the postage rate was cut to five cents per ounce!*

On the day the new rate was inaugurated, the volume of Air Mail southward from New York increased three hundred per cent. More than twice the normal quantity was carried out of Philadelphia. Within the week Des Moines had set a world's record by despatching 45,000 pieces in a single day!

What share has business got in this new form of rapid communication?

Articles recently sent northward from Atlanta included: gabardine clothing, rugs and towels, soft drink samples, candy, cheese, peanuts, pencils, twine, sacking, shoes, brushes, and samples of seeds. . . . Out in Los Angeles a life insurance agent beat a local company to a new prospect by receiving a special form of policy from his home office in New York, via air, a day ahead of his West Coast competitor. . . . A great mail-order house in Chicago is expediting its correspondence and special deliveries through the air. . . . A single special Air Mail shipment, amounting to ten tons or 350,000 mailing pieces, left Lansing, Michigan, on August 21st for Chicago. . . . While of course everyone is now familiar with the fact that banking houses are saving thousands of dollars by sending their exchanges regularly by air. . . .

The Air Mail, in fact, has already passed far beyond the stage of spectacular novelty. Business men everywhere are employing it as a new and most highly efficient tool in nation-wide competitive business; for they can no longer afford to ignore the fact that competitors may now send mail from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes in 15 hours . . . from the Gulf to the North Atlantic in 24 hours . . . from the Atlantic to the Pacific in 31 hours . . . *at a rate for each letter that is less than half the price of an ordinary special delivery postage stamp!* . . .

Ford planes pioneered in mail service; but a survey of tri-motored, all-metal Ford planes today shows them in steady, dependable service as railroad auxiliaries, in transcontinental flying, in coastwise flying by the most successful commercial companies, and as carriers of great importance between the industrial cities of the Mid-West and the Lake Ports. *They have already winged their way over millions of miles of successful commercial flying.*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

One Thing About Your Business the Whole Town Knows . . .

. . . and judges you by

Reo Junior Speed Wagon in the delivery service of Jerrems, Inc., leading Chicago and New York tailors ★

For Every 2 People Who Come Into Your Place of Business, One to Two THOUSAND See Your Trucks on the Street Every Day. *Think It Over!*

IT isn't so much what a business is, but what the PUBLIC THINKS it is that counts.

High-Class Delivery, in the Public Mind, is the outward sign of a High-Class Business.

Shoddy Delivery, in the Public Mind, is the outward sign of a Second-Class Business.

Remember, where one person comes into your place of business, one thousand or more SEE your trucks on the street; the OUTSIDE SYMBOL of the *character, stability* and *prosperity* of your business.

Delivery service today, according to foremost merchants, must do more than DELIVER goods efficiently and economically. It must act as a series of MOVABLE BILLBOARDS in delivering SALES AND PROFITS and creating the RIGHT Public Impression.

Thousands of thinking men in all lines of business throughout all of America, are finding this out more and more every day.

SPEED WAGON JUNIOR
½ Ton
Four-Wheel Hydraulic Brakes, 6-Cylinder, 7 Bearing Crank Shaft Motor, Passenger Car Speed, Pick up and Parking—any Traffic. Chassis, $895.

MODELS FOR EVERY NEED

Reo Speed Wagons are built in 13 wheelbase sizes—and in tonnage capacities of ½ ton—1 ton—1½ tons—2 tons and 3 tons in wide variety of body styles.

Your trucks are the ONE part of your business the WHOLE TOWN knows, sees and judges you by. Few businesses, in this competitive day, are strong enough to risk the hazard of second-class delivery.

Think it over.

High-Speed, High-Power Trucks That Pay for Themselves in Advertising

Cognizant of the tremendous advertising importance of High-Class Delivery Service—Service that *looks* high-class and that *is* high-class—Reo, world-leader in high-speed, high-power and low upkeep commercial transportation, offers Business a new era in the haulage field. An era combining *utility, flexability* and almost unbelievable endurance with low upkeep and the great factor of *favorable publicity*.

★ The Junior Speed Wagon is particularly adapted to service in the department and specialty store, furniture, food, florist, laundry, cleaning and dyeing, and general merchandise fields.

SPEED REO WAGON

World Leader in High-Speed, Low Upkeep Commercial Transportation

A BACKGROUND FOR CLÉO

(Continued from Page 17)

o'clock street to post it. It was not scented, nor was it ornamentally sealed, and that curiously unformed script of Hanni's was visible only in the signature; nevertheless, the gratified Mr. Darrow recognized it at once for what it was—a missive of romance—and behaved accordingly. Should he send an acceptance with more violets? Crude, obvious. No! A conventional note? Trite. A telephone call? Horrors! All day long, even while plunged in the pleasant if not unexacting labors which the need to live with a certain elegance necessitated, he turned the matter over and over in his mind.

It was an agreeable exercise—this plotting for intimate talk and tea with Cléo Hanni. His fellow laborers grinned and winked. Poor old Darrow, daydreaming like a schoolboy.

"Who's the lucky girl?" they asked facetiously.

"Wouldn't they get a kick, though, if I told them?" he gloated to himself, and even at that moment decided upon the perfect line of conduct, the simplest thing in the world, and yet a stroke of genius. Just silence, of course. Even a prima donna could be kept guessing, with advantageous results, he reasoned. He would merely present himself at the hour named and take a chance.

This he did, having left his commercial arena at an early hour and patronized both a barber and a valet. And Cléo, having had no word from him, was puzzled and depressed. She was ready to hate him for his unparalleled treatment of her, and predisposed to fall in love with him for his unusually talented behavior. She allowed Charlie Duke to stay with her, in her uncertainty and exasperation, and he lingered wickedly on to see the fun. He had conceived an intense aversion for this romantic donor of rings and violets, but he was unreasonable; the man's entrance was faultless, his appearance winning.

"I have no way of describing to you my panic at this meeting!" proclaimed Darrow, looking as if he longed to kiss her hand, although perfectly aware that nice Americans do not.

"Yes," said Cléo. She sheathed her claws with relief. It was pleasant and reassuring to inspire panic.

"But I need not have had a moment's anxiety, if you know what I mean," he went on engagingly.

"No, you were quite correct in the first place," interrupted Charlie. "Meeting opera singers is a hazardous sport."

Cléo shot him a narrowed glance, then turned her back.

"Just for amusement, please, Mr. Darrow," she begged. "Tell us what you feared that I might be?" She smiled like a goddess.

"Is that fair?" protested Darrow, but he took the chair she indicated—it was a Michigan Hepplewhite—and cleared his throat in a burlesque manner. "Let me see; how shall I begin? Well, I was afraid that perhaps you might be the—er—princess on the stage only. Or else I dreaded that you might possibly be wearing diamonds and that marvelous peacock brocade for afternoon tea. Of course I might have known that you would have this very enchanting green georgette frock. So absolutely right with your burnished brass cap of hair!"

"What piffle!" thought Charlie. "The man's a dressmaker!"

"Or," added Darrow, warming to his subject, "you might just have put on a crisp gingham and made me waffles with your own jeweled hands, the way they do in the stories."

Charlie swallowed a giggle with audible suddenness, but Cléo looked as innocently amused as if the greatest delights of her life were not those moments when, the blood of Aunt Hilda in the ascendancy, she wrested the ladle from the cook and showed her how to put temperament into the casserole.

"My dear man!" she cried. "Poor Cléo Hanni is not a person at all, don't you know? Merely a servant of the public. And she knows what they want. She ought to, after all these sacrifices! No life at all, no harmless peccadillos—not even the comfort of a dowdy old gown once in a while. Poor Hanni!"

"Tragic!" groaned Charlie.

"Madame Hanni is pleased to jest," protested Darrow. "She could not commit a *gaucherie* if she tried! That is ——" He suddenly paused and looked both cryptic and daring.

Cléo, in the throes of a sudden generous impulse, did not observe the significant hesitation. "But why do we stay in this silly, stiff room that I reserve for work and strangers? You shall sit on my dining-room sofa and we'll have coffee, not tea."

"Aha!" cried Charlie. "The mark of supreme favor, my dear sir. Not everyone is admitted to the sanctuary!"

Ian was as duly impressed and as polite as Cléo could desire; however, halfway through the little cake which she ate with the mischievous air of a child committing some delightful indiscretion, she noted a certain glassiness of eye in her guest as he gazed upon the windows in their restrained green-velvet lambrequins. "Of course that stained glass isn't exactly my idea, Mr. Darrow. But it was here and I couldn't do anything much about it, could I? And well—how shall I say, Charlie?—the red and blue sparkling on my copper are sometimes quite beautiful and warm."

Charlie had to admit to himself that Darrow was ingenious. "That copper is simply delicious, madame, really—so atmospheric, so exactly what you of the mellow Old World should bring into our more formal sense of decoration. We, for instance, might not dare impose it upon a modern paneling."

Cléo's eyes widened in alarm, then clouded. She had not quite understood what he meant, her English being more colloquial and unaccented than fluent in unaccustomed usage. She sensed, however, that something must be wrong. This superb young man had, even in the midst of his genuflections, found some flaw in his idol of which she was unaware. She sought refuge in a forced and informal gayety with her Pomeranian.

"Well, Fafner and Cléo love this room and we don't need no nassy mans in it a-tall!" she cried.

Charlie winced. How often had he implored her not to lapse into baby talk! But all prima donnas did so, he reflected dourly, reviewing his other acquaintance. "Little Cléo" she would insist on calling herself at dreadful moments. He almost hoped she would now and shock this impeccable visitor into dismay and departure. On the contrary, she recovered herself superbly.

"Old Charlie here," she said fondly, "scolds me when I am not dignified, serious. Perhaps you will like it better too. Let us be serious, shall we?" Her smile was deprecatory, desirous to please. "Let us talk, for instance, of the great rôles, of my rôles. It will be delightful!"

But before they could plunge into this absorbing matter a distraction occurred in the person of Miss Dymple, bearing sandwiches and cake.

Cléo lifted a piece of bread and peered under it, put it back with a shocked expression and explored another.

"What is this?" she demanded in outraged tones. "Surely not caviar my Russian caviar from Dubenski!"

"Yes, madame," placated Miss Dymple, "I thought ——"

"You thought! You thought! I did not know you could! Well, now, think again, what shall I do when it is gone? Where shall I get more? Must I keep the food here under lock and key, as my mother does in Europe?"

She was lashing herself into a fury when Charlie saved the day. "Eat it, darling, since it is here," he suggested, holding a dainty round temptingly before her lips.

She acquiesced almost automatically, nibbling it with sharp white teeth. "Um-m! Good!" she sighed; then, eyes suddenly dancing with pleasure, she leaned forward and offered Ian the plate in her long strong fingers. "Take one-two-three—all you want, Mr. Darrow!" she cried. "This is something very fine I have ordered especially for you!"

But, the caviar consumed to the last grain, a restive mood descended upon her. She made no further reference to any subject for conversation and walked about the room straightening the flowers on the table or poking a finger at her canary. Darrow felt with unerring instinct that the subtle point in the afternoon had been reached, where enough can so easily become too much. In a few minutes he took himself off with what Charlie, still lingering, called "graceful flourishes."

As soon as the door had closed upon him, Cléo faced Charlie. "Hateful creature!" she stormed. "Don't you ever know when you are not wanted? Have you taken root here? Must I dig you out?"

"Oh, go back to your sofa, Cléo. I stayed through a perfectly praiseworthy instinct of chivalry. The man is dangerous to you and your ultimate peace of mind, and you must let me come whenever he is expected. With your passion for perfection, he is bound to prove irresistible, and at this point in your career, my darling, you simply cannot afford to have your emotions tattered. You've got to keep a cool head and a calm pulse. An *affaire de cœur* isn't too good for the voice any more, and don't forget it!"

Cléo agreed with him thoroughly and meant to follow his precepts. But it was spring and she hadn't had a new lover for a year. Pouf! Charlie was nothing but an old maid anyway!

And of course when the vellum copy of Bédier's Tristan arrived she threw caution to the winds. She had Miss Dymple get Darrow on the wire and then broke a rule and talked to him herself.

"Yes, I'm not singing Monday, so perhaps Sunday —— Mr. Duke goes to Yonkers every Sunday, so we needn't fear an interruption. We must talk about Isolde. . . . Yes, of course. At five then? *Au 'voir!*"

It is futile to pretend that Ian was not tremendously flattered, although, because he was secretive and cautious by nature, he showed small sign of flutter or excitement and chose not to confide in his associates of commerce. He boasted just a little, however, within the less intimate bounds of another circle. "When I was having tea the other day with Hanni ——" or "As Cléo Hanni said to me ——" was good stuff, used judiciously. It landed him at two rather worthwhile dinner tables in one week. "I want you to meet young Darrow. He's delightful; knows such interesting people!"

As for Cléo, it was, as we have said, spring, and the perennial thrill of being herself in the undeniably glamorous setting of her art, the stimulus of the footlights, the very smell of grease paint, were all beginning to turn stale, if only for the season.

"He is what I need," she told herself.

Charlie Duke continued to disagree. "What do you know about him," he argued "granted that he is attractive to the eye and the ear?"

"Well, of course, Charlie, I only require references from my servants, not my friends. But if it comes to that, I think that he could produce all that you wish. He knows practically every box holder. I happen to know that he spent a whole morning with Mrs. Peter Van Schorck just last week!"

"Well, if he did, *ma chère*, it is quite in character for him to inform you of it. Does the fact impress you?"

"Certainly not! I only mentioned it because of your tasteless insinuations. Now, why be so disagreeable, Charlie? I like this young man and I mean to amuse myself, so let me alone. If I want to be a fool, it's my own affair."

"Ah, my poor Cléo, it never is—that's just the trouble," said Charlie, and left in the nearest approach to a huff which he ever permitted himself with Cléo Hanni.

The Sunday tea party failed to materialize. "Madame feels so sorry," explained Miss Dymple on the telephone, "but there has been a change of repertoire and she is singing in concert tonight. If you would care to come to her dressing room, she would be pleased. It is permitted during concerts."

Of course Ian came, and he brought an extraordinary thing with him. It was so heavy that old Stephen, the doorkeeper, had to help the taxi driver bring it in. Miss Dymple emitted a tiny squeal as she opened the dressing-room door to this procession, and Cléo, who was carefully powdering her nose in the revealing glare of several dozen electric bulbs, dropped the hand glass she was holding, in surprise. Instantly she flung herself, all in the glory of the peacock brocade, moaning on her couch. "*Dio—dio mio!* Don't touch it, don't tell me! But yes! Oh, pick it up, somebody! Oh! Oh!"

Miss Dymple trembled helplessly, but old Stephen, easing the corner of Ian's package on a chair, was the first one to realize the situation. He knew all about these here now singers.

"Sure, madam, it's never broke at all," he said soothingly, retrieving the glass from the floor.

Cléo sat up, her hand on her heart. "Thank you, Stephen. You are the only one around here who understands me," she said, and at once contrived what was a miracle of simultaneous expression—a withering look for Miss Dymple and a royal smile of welcome for Darrow. Her poise was completely restored.

"You can really have no conception of my fright when that thing fell. It may seem silly, but our lives are made up of such chances that we are all just a little superstitious," she said apologetically and with a sort of helpless sweetness which sat oddly upon the painted brilliance of her features. "But what have you brought me there? How exciting!"

Darrow was tearing the wrappings from a large square Venetian mirror. He was a little shaken, feeling that the moment was scarcely auspicious for the successful introduction of another hostage to luck, no matter how rare and beautiful. But Cléo sprang to it with a cry of pleasure and ran her hand caressingly over the ancient carving and flaking gold. Then suddenly she threw her powdered arms about the neck of the astonished Darrow and kissed him roundly.

"You wonderful person!" she cried. "Who cares now if little mirrors break in a thousand bits!"

Ian, somewhat dazed, but never for long at a loss, indicated his pleasure with a deprecating gesture. "I'd never been in a dressing room; I had no idea there would be so many mirrors, Isolde"—it was his inspiration to call her this from the first—"but I thought that you ought to be reflected in this one. It's not *de trop*?"

"Nonsense!" said Cléo. "Do you think for a minute I'll leave it down here for any coloratura to prink in? It's going right home with us now. Dymple, call Stephen again!"

"But—well, do you—are you sure that with your other furnishings it would—er—fit

(Continued on Page 74)

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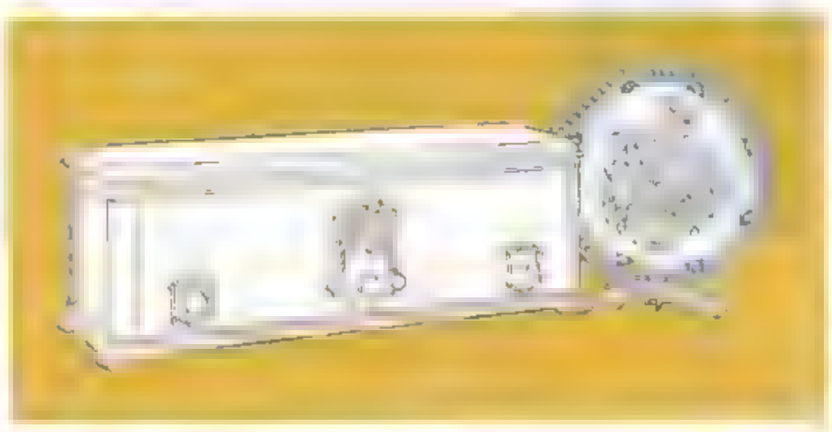
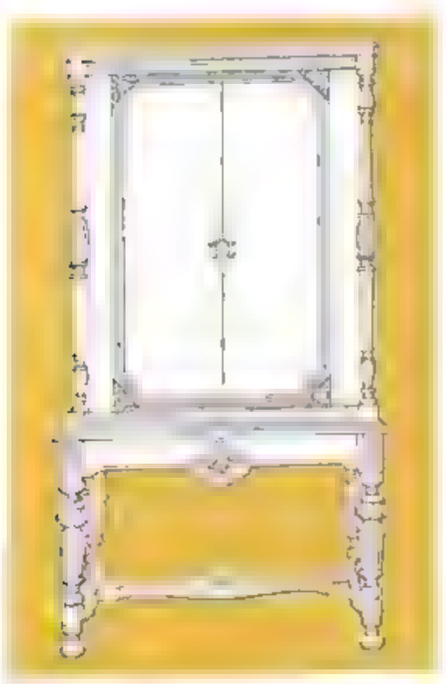
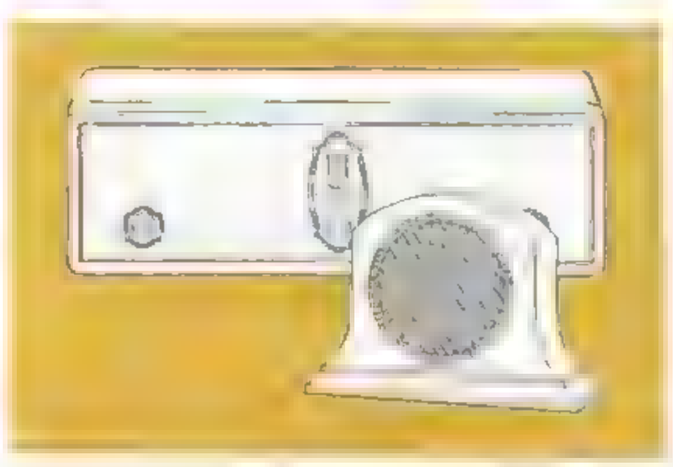


RCA RADIOLA 62 (*on opposite page*)—Cabinet model of new RCA Super-Heterodyne with Electro-Dynamic Speaker. A C house-current operation. Beautiful cabinet of walnut veneer with maple inlays. $375 (*less Radiotrons*)





RCA RADIOLA 60 (*above*)—*Table model of the incomparable RCA Super-Heterodyne. Finest receiver of its type ever designed. Super-selective. Super-sensitive. A C house-current operation.* . . . $147 (*less Radiotrons*)
RCA LOUDSPEAKER 103 . . . $37.50

RCA RADIOLA 18 (*at left*)—*Most popular Radiola ever built. Simplified A C house-current operation. Remarkable range, capacity and fidelity of tone.* . $95 (*less Radiotrons*)
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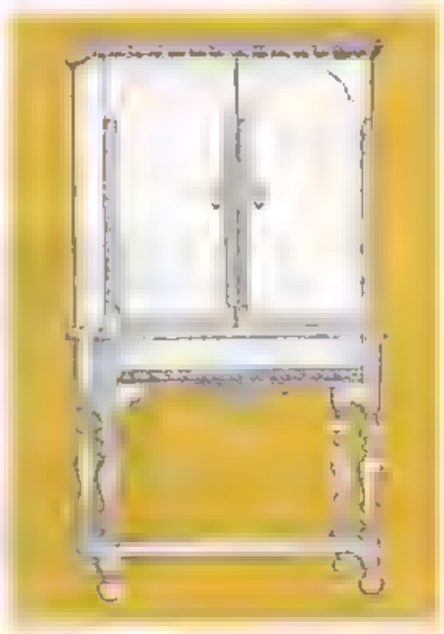
RCA LOUDSPEAKER 106 (*below*)—*An Electro-Dynamic reproducer of amazing range, capacity and tone fidelity. Operates from A C house current* $88



RCA RADIOLA 41—*New cabinet model, employing the highly efficient tuned-radio-frequency circuit, and Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Equipped for A C house-current operation. Fine walnut cabinet* . . . . . $215 (*less Radiotrons*)

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Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

IN the character of "Magnolia" in "Show Boat", Edna Ferber's great romance of the Mississippi River, LAURA LA PLANTE climbs to the topmost rung in the ladder of stardom. It is the opinion of the Universal staff that in this picture MISS LA PLANTE is at the zenith of her career. Moreover, in the character of "Ravenal", JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT does such excellent work that he has become an outstanding figure in the movie world. The cast throughout is perfection itself and I am pleased to accord this tribute to these folks and Director Harry Pollard who have made, what I believe to be, the most romantic picture ever produced.

—C. L.

Laura La Plante as "Magnolia" in "SHOW BOAT"

"Show Boat" is the story of "Magnolia Ravenal" and her people who, as a theatrical company, visited the river towns on the Mississippi River from Minnesota to New Orleans. Show boats were big floating theatres which brought the drama to the people in the valley who had no theatres. The coming of the show boat was the signal event of the year. The interior of the boat was a theatre with stage, scenery and the usual appurtenances. The company, of course, lived aboard like a big family.

Otis Harlan as "Andy Hawks" in "SHOW BOAT"

The picture is colorful to a degree—full of romance and the quaint, picturesque spots along the father of waters. I feel that "Show Boat" surpasses anything I have ever seen for magnificence, glamour and general entertainment. The story dates back to a period of many years ago though it is brought right up to modern times. It is so out of the beaten path that it is bound to be enjoyable to old and young. By the way, how do you like this cast?

Magnolia	*LAURA LA PLANTE*
Ravenal	*JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT*
Parthy	*EMILY FITZROY*
Andy Hawks	*OTIS HARLAN*
Schultzy	*NEELY EDWARDS*
Julie	*ALMA RUBENS*
Magnolia (child)	*JANE LAVERNE*
Kim (child)	*JANE LAVERNE*
Elly	*ELISE BARTLETT*
Windy	*FRANK McDONALD*

Keep in mind Universal's other big pictures, *"The Last Warning"*, *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* and *"The Man Who Laughs"*.

Do you see Universal Pictures? Would you like to? Do you know where they are shown in your community? Ask us for information.

Joseph Schildkraut as "Ravenal" in "SHOW BOAT"

Carl Laemmle, President

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 71)

in?" said Ian daringly. But Cléo was not to be denied for a moment.

"Why, dear man, we'll make it go," she said happily. "There is no more to it than that!"

But there was. Wishing the thing in purgatory before he was through, Ian carried it about the apartment that night, trying it hopelessly here and there, while Miss Dymple followed him with a little stepladder and handed him picture hooks. Cléo applauded each new position, declaring it to be exactly right; then pursed her lips thoughtfully and desired to see it somewhere else. At last they entered the dining room and tried it above the green sofa.

"Superb!" cried Cléo. "It shall reflect my copper pots!"

"But, dear Isolde, don't you see? That's just what it shouldn't do. This is Venetian—sixteenth century—ornate. Copper pots belonged in the kitchen of the villa where this was hung."

"Then, out with the pots!" said Cléo grandly. "After all, the mirror is the sort of thing I'm really used to."

"Ah, that would be a mistake," Ian objected. "The pots are really charming. I will simply take the mirror back and bring you something else."

"No!" Cléo, who was very strong, seized the mirror in both her hands and placed it securely on the floor, standing before it protectingly. "No!"

"Well, of course it's very sweet of you to want it. What would you think then of perhaps dressing up a corner of your salon in key and hanging it there? I saw a little console, a ravishing little affair, in a shop yesterday. I know the man. I might get him to make you a price on it. It would be perfect with the mirror—perfect."

Cléo was entranced. "You know," she confided, "I never really liked the way this place looks, but I never seemed to have time—and it did cost a lot of money, even so. What do you think of it—now, just between us two?"

"Well"—Ian hesitated—"since you ask me. It was the one discordant note in meeting you. Please, dear lady, do not be offended, but you are, after all, Isolde, Tosca, Aïda. They did not live in rooms like these. And what is more, you are Cléo Hanni—the Hanni!"

"Yes, I suppose I am," she admitted with shining eyes. "Poor me!"

"And the Hanni should have her background in harmony!"

"The man is wonderful!" She was completely enraptured. "That is, alas, my trouble. That is why I am never happy off the stage, away from my *milieu*. Background is the very thing I need. Haven't I always said so, Dymple? But of course you wouldn't understand!"

The actual arrival of the console was preceded by a brief but spirited interlude upon the telephone the following afternoon.

"May I speak to Madame Hanni?"—in Darrow's silken voice.

"Madame never comes to the instrument." Miss Dymple was good at this sort of thing. "May I relay the message? This is the secretary."

"Ah, how are you, Miss Dymple? Darrow speaking. About that little console we talked of last night."

Hanni had meanwhile come into the hall, sleepy-eyed from a nap, trailing long, colorful draperies.

"Perhaps I'd better speak to him," she whispered with some interest.

Miss Dymple's lips formed the word "No!" to her employer; into the instrument she said, with some chill, "Yes?" Miss Dymple liked this man as little as did Charlie Duke.

"Yes," said Darrow briskly, "this tiresome fellow wanted three hundred for it. I've been working over him all day and the least he will finally consider is two-fifty. Shall he send it up? It is really a gem."

"The console—two hundred and fifty," hussed Miss Dymple to Cléo, who was by now wide-awake and extremely impatient.

"Two-fifty!" Cléo dismissed the idea with a passion which raised her from her chair. "Ridiculous! Is the man insane? It's an imposition!"

"Madame says the sum is too high," translated Miss Dymple.

"Madame hasn't seen the console," Darrow answered; then, confidentially: "Do you think she means it? Just between ourselves, it would be a pity to lose it."

"He says it's a pity to lose it, madame."

"Tell him I have to work for my money!"

"Madame says she is sorry, but it is too much." She hung up the receiver with a smart click.

Before she could turn, Hanni had her by the wrist, snatching at the instrument. "Sheep's head! Idiot! Why did you hang up? He is gone! Oh, can I never find an efficient secretary! What will he think of me?"

Dymple trembled. This was a hard position, but compensating. She did not fancy dismissal. "I thought, madame, that the incident was closed. Did you want the console?"

Cléo stared at her blankly a moment, in the sudden grip of a revelatory thought. Did she want the console or did she want Darrow? Oh, well, whichever it was, what matter? There was no time to lose! Her eye sought the mirror, now leaning shamefully against the sectional bookcases. It was too beautiful.

"Call him up! Get him at once! Of course I'll take it!"

Darrow was just leaving for home when the telephone rang. He emerged from the private booth with satisfaction smoothing his features. He had arranged readily enough not only to send the console but to be there when it arrived. As a matter of fact, he ordered not only the console but two side chairs, a gamble in both money and discretion which went much against his cautious nature.

Cléo was rehearsing that evening, so he had the frigid Dymple as hostess, and in her a minimum of coöperation. She was much against the chairs on general principles. There seemed a certain overeagerness in his insistence. Her English soul revolted against tactlessness, even while it adored the worn and faded grace, the perfection of line and form which these two pieces of lifeless furniture restored to her so tantalizingly out of her sheltered and gently nurtured youth.

"If these walls were paneled, now, not papered in this perfectly distressing grass cloth!" moaned Darrow, regarding his completed ensemble, head on one side, some flicker of real ecstasy kindling in his dark eyes. "Consider that brocade, Miss Dymple. Those pale yellows and spring greens—aren't they delicious? And the curve of those backs! There was elegance in those days, my girl. Don't you really think she'll like them?"

"They are as good as sold," admitted Miss Dymple grudgingly, "if that's of any interest to you."

"To me, no, not that. I don't even know the price! All I want is, in my small way, to be of some service, to bring some happiness to that marvelous artist—that adorable woman. If she is pleased I am content. I will do what I can."

These words, he found, so perfectly expressed his thoughts that he flung himself down at the shiny little desk before the window and put the same sentiments into a graceful note. This he marked "To Isolde" and placed conspicuously on the console. Then, Cléo's rehearsal evidently enduring beyond the number of plausible excuses which he could invent to linger, he left in a little whirl of tremulous solicitude.

Hanni worshiped the chairs. She immediately saw herself in some other incarnation, adjusting a farthingale before she sat upon one for a cavalier to kneel and kiss her fingers. With reckless disregard of price, she decided that they were hers. Crooning over them, running her hand over the delicate gilding of the console, peering into the mirror to behold the faces of great ladies long dead who might have resembled her, she was frantically happy. She was, however, no fool. She suddenly saw the Michigan Hepplewhite, the sectional bookcases in their true light.

"Horrible! Horrible!" she cried. "No wonder I suffer from nerves. I must never again live with ugly things. Oh, Dymple! Come here!"

She sat on one of the chairs, her cheek against the lucent marble of the console's top. She looked like a wistful child, not a great prima donna.

"Dymple, tell me: what is my balance? Can I afford this madness?" she begged.

"I should say, madame," said Miss Dymple, torn somewhat between natural reserve and excitement, "that there was really ample for any indulgence."

"And that wonderful man!" Cléo actually felt her callous pulse miss a beat. "He who interprets me to myself—ah, there is a friend worth treasuring, my Dymple! I am not singing Wednesday. He shall come. He shall help me to surround myself with the beauty that is appropriate!"

Ian demurred only a little. It would be expensive, he warned, and humorously quoted the old fable of the farmer who bought a new lamp and eventually must build a new house to hold it and find a new wife to live in the new house. But of course if she were really in earnest he would help her. He just happened to know of a few places where good things could be picked up occasionally, and one very reliable house for importations and accessories. If she and Miss Dymple would consider taking tea with him some afternoon in his diggings—he admitted modestly that he had an old piece or two himself—they could talk over the plan. And if she wished, he would himself conduct her to the shops. Oh, yes, it might be difficult, but he thought he could arrange to be away from business a couple of afternoons.

And so began a perfect orgy of expenditure and transformation. Even Charlie, at first remaining away in bewilderment and dismay, ventured in at last and grudgingly admitted a certain improvement. As for Cléo, there were those in her audiences at that time who thought that they detected a certain falling off in the great Hanni's form, and there were others who remarked in her performance a new humanity and warmth. Even Miss Dymple was enabled to pursue her duties in singular calm, the backwash of these new distractions, and a restive cook was mollified into remaining another month by the lure of a kitchen newly decorated in black, green and orange. She had never seen a colored-enamel sink outside a magazine page and she proposed to see one at all costs.

In three short weeks any daughter of the Doges would have been perfectly at home in Cléo's apartment. Only the piano and the bathroom betrayed the twentieth century. The bedroom might have sheltered a small levee around the great square couch on its raised dais. Ingenious devices in ancient casings provided Cléo with every convenience. She bought four new negligees to go with the room; then sent them all back and used a discarded Ortrude costume, which was exactly the thing.

The former "suites," the bookcases, the *gemutlich* old round table, even the green velvet couch, were one day hustled ignominiously out the back way and down into an auctioneer's van. In the comfortable, ugly old dining room was the most conspicuous of all the changes. Here Ian had been exceptionally clever and had modeled the whole room around the copper pots and the oak paneling. It was now Italian-Tyrol, with a carved bench in the corner where once the davenport had sprawled, a refectory table, eight stiff-legged wooden chairs, a massive credenza, mellow with the patina of centuries. The ceiling was white, the curtains orange linen, and in place of the stained glass were many little round thick-leaded panes. It was a masterpiece.

All this naturally involved many meetings and more cups of tea with Mr. Ian Darrow than Cléo could count without

(Continued on Page 78)

•TANTALIZING TEABERRIES•

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I hate to annoy
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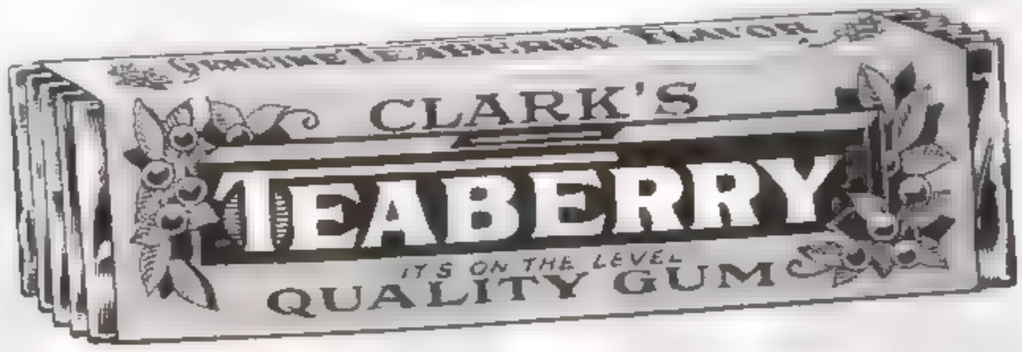

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(Continued from Page 74)

embarrassment. It had grown to be such a pleasant habit, this companionship and dependence, this community of interest. Ian had been consistently suave and charming, always gallantly at her beck and call, and faithfully in attendance whenever she sang, even if he waited until the following day to make the fact known. She had enjoyed hugely going about with him; he seemed to be a person of importance, well-known among collectors. In the great galleries of Gardner and Applegate, for instance, there was hardly a salesman who did not salute him with friendly respect. And now it was over—that is, the substance and the pretext were done.

Cléo, sitting alone one day before a score of Rosenkavalier, felt a great melancholy envelop her. She touched the keys, but could not play; she opened her mouth and no sound came.

"Psst!" she cried, snapping her fingers and rising angrily from the piano as Fafner rolled unheeded to the floor. "Psst! Must I marry again, after all? So then, Cléo Hanni must make a fool of herself once more!"

She even welcomed the sudden intrusion of Charlie Duke, who knew perfectly well that it was her practice hour and yet boldly dared her rage.

"Darling!" she cried, flinging herself in his startled arms. "You come like an angel from heaven! Let us talk!"

Charlie, who had not felt really at ease since the antiquing of the Hanni apartment began, flushed crimson with pleasure. His round face beamed and he kissed her hand with all the impetuous fervor of his remote and romantic youth. Cléo rang a silver bell which stood upon the piano—the same piano, but the Carmen shawl now vanished in favor of a frayed crimson dalmatic.

"Coffee!" she told the maid; then turned to Charlie: "Come, let's sit down cozily together!"

"By all means," said Charlie. "But where?" He looked dubiously about at the uncompromising dignity of the high-backed chairs and tapestried benches.

From force of habit Cléo had started for the dining room, but she turned, laughing, and drew him to the unyielding shelter of a carved Gothic pew by the fireplace. "From a Bavarian cathedral, Charlie. Meistersinger, you know!"

"Confoundedly hard!" said Charlie.

"Well, what if there is more beauty than comfort?" she asked defensively. Charlie's smile was amused, tolerant. Suddenly she melted. "To tell the truth, sometimes I miss a certain something, Charlie," she confessed.

He was then all tender concern. "But you like it, darling, you know. You are happy at last with your proper background; you've always wanted it!" he reminded her.

"Oh, yes, of course, only —— Well, Charlie, it was a terrible bill I got—simply terrible. And—now, you old bear, don't growl—I'm not sure it was just the furniture I wanted." She hid her face on his shoulder like a shy baby. "Charlie," she whispered, "I haven't heard from him in four days and I don't dare call him up; I'm afraid that I'll behave badly about the money and he'll hate me."

Charlie grew serious: "Cléo, tell me; did all this come from one shop?"

"Of course not, goose. A great deal did come from Gardner and Applegate, and all the decorating, but lots of the odd pieces he just picked up for me. He actually let me have some right out of his own rooms because I liked them. He sent an accounting only when I simply insisted, which of course I would do."

"Of course," agreed Charlie. "But the bills for these other things—did Darrow never show them to you? Are you sure they came from different dealers?"

"Oh, positively—a dozen or more. He told me such funny stories of his adventures each time he found a piece, and usually telephoned me right from the shop wherever he happened to be."

"Then," said Charlie dramatically, drawing a folded rotogravure sheet from his pocket, "what does this mean?"

It was an enormous advertisement of Gardner and Applegate, who had "the honor to announce" that they had just completed the entire refurnishing and decorating of the beautiful apartment of Madame Cléo Hanni, celebrated dramatic soprano of the Cosmopolitan Opera Company. This was capped by a large portrait of the singer as Isolde. In medallions below were views of her rooms, and yet, strangely enough, not of her apartment. Every last piece of furniture was in identical arrangement, but taken on other premises. Cléo gasped and the paper rattled in her hand so that she could scarcely read the final line:

"Replicas of any of Madame Hanni's pieces on order at our galleries."

"But this is monstrous! I'll sue them! It's an unauthorized lie! What is Ian dreaming of? He should have known of this!" Hanni was livid. "Call him at once!" She rang the silver bell furiously. "No, I'll go down there myself!"

A frightened maid and Miss Dymple appeared in the doorway. "My car at once! My hat—my coat! Charlie, this is terrible!"

"Don't get so excited, Cléo! As a matter of fact, it's darn good publicity. Look at the Four Hundred all smoking cigarettes blindfolded. Just sit tight a moment!"

"I tell you I'm going. Why, Youth paid me a thousand just to use their cold cream. And this bill, Charlie! Robbers! Brigands! I'll make them take every stick of this stuff back! . . . Why not call up the papers?"

"Don't be absurd, Cléo, and for Pete's sake, don't tear the house up again! After all, you're in the middle of your season now."

Cléo nodded dumbly, and tears gathered under the mascaraed lashes. She clutched her throat with a desperate gesture.

"Now, I'll go down there with you if you want me to," he went on, "if you'll promise not to make a scene, and just talk calmly about professional discount. Perhaps it's better, on the whole, to get this out of your system before you see the gentle Darrow again—that is, if you really care for the creature. You'll let me do most of the talking—now, promise!"

"Yes, yes, maybe."

"Now listen here, Cléo Hanni, if you make any fuss at all with them, just concentrate on exchanging this sacred pew here for something equally elegant but soft!"

In less than an hour a smart little town car drew up at the canopied portals of Gardner and Applegate. Hanni, swathed in furs and, according to her invariable custom, a white veil hiding her face, strode determinedly by the doorman, followed by the mild and deprecatory presence of Charlie Duke. Immediately they were received by a sleekly groomed person with an English accent, who asked their pleasure. Cléo stared through her veil at a vast and softly lighted multiplicity of her own recent acquisitions.

"The manager!" she demanded hoarsely.

"Ah, Mr. Gardner? For the moment he is in conference. If you will kindly be seated. What name, please?" He innocently motioned Hanni toward a familiar pew.

She fairly bristled. "I'm not accustomed to waiting or to giving my name!"

Suddenly Charlie laid a restraining hand upon her sable sleeve. Down the aisle between the chairs and tables a little group was moving toward the door—a fussily upholstered dowager, a smart young girl, a bored youth in tweeds, and—Ian Darrow.

Ian obviously at home, Ian unmistakably the sure and sleek and prosperous salesman.

"Ah, yes, madam," he was saying silkily, "it will be very hard to get, but I feel sure that Hanni will allow you a reproduction. I will tell her you hear her on—odd Mondays, isn't it? Yes, of course ——"

He arched his eyebrows suddenly at a slight commotion near the entrance. A little fat man seemed practically to be pushing out an enormously tall and furry person who protested audibly through a white veil.

But the Darrow poise was infallible. "Yes, indeed, Mrs. Van Schorck—probably tomorrow, late. And may I have the honor of coming and placing it for you?"

"Yes, and stay to tea!" said the young girl eagerly. "You can tell us all about her!"

Cléo took it as badly as might have been expected. She drove directly home, dismissing Charlie, canceling a rehearsal, and giving herself over to a passion of impotent fury and shame. It was, as Charlie had pointed out, speaking hasty words of comfort to hide his inner satisfaction, as plain as the nose on your face—an elaborate campaign right from the start. Clever! The man was a genius. Star salesman at Gardner and Applegate's—no wonder the others bowed and scraped! Well, he deserved the honor! How he must have laughed up his sleeve as he kissed her hand and raked the commissions in! What was the price of a ring, a book, a battered mirror, to him? Stakes—merely stakes! And the old pieces in his rooms that he let her have so selflessly—placed there as bait—bait! Ugh! It was unbearable. And worst of all, how easily she had been his prey—bought the furniture to meet his ideal of her—might as well admit it—to please him. Yes, she had even looked upon him with silly, fond regard—she, Cléo Hanni. *Dio—Dio!*

She wept, as she supposed, all night. Miss Dymple and the maids administered such sedatives as they could devise until she drove them out. Her sobs continued awhile in their frightened ears, but as a matter of fact, when the storm was spent, she slept quite well from midnight until eleven the next morning.

Then the telephone, which the distracted secretary had forgotten to switch off, awoke her with its clamor. She rolled lazily to one side of her great couch and took the instrument from its camouflaging silken petticoats. She lifted the receiver and listened, suddenly tense. It might be Darrow. But she heard Charlie's familiar drawl.

"See here, Dymple," he was saying carefully; "I bought her something at an auction recently and I've sent it up this morning. Thought it might please her. Watch for it, will you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, Mr. Duke. It has just come and it's in the dining room already. I think you are really the nicest —— Oh, Lord, there's her bell!"

Cléo Hanni had tossed off many a spiritual disillusionment in her day, but she had never lost her delight in a material surprise. Now, what could Charlie be up to?

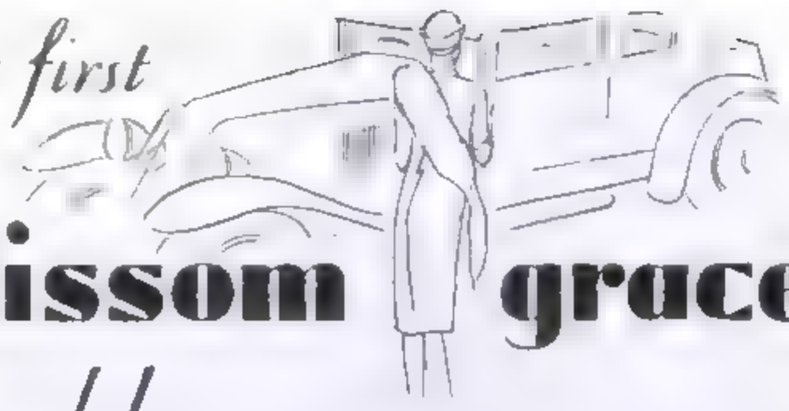
She thrust her feet into white-ermine shoes and her lithe and lovely body into the folds of the Ortrude negligee. Happy-eyed and somewhat tousled, she opened the door, trod the corridor, and came upon a group of her domestics gathered about an object—a large object—a dear, familiar green-velvet object, now decked with a ribbon and a little wreath. Her couch—her precious old davenport!

She flung herself happily upon its resilient springs. On the wreath was a note addressed in Charlie's meticulous hand. Darling Charlie—who else would have thought? But she read without a flicker of humor the vaguely familiar line:

"This seems to belong to you, Isolde!"

"There!" she cried to Miss Dymple, who hung over her, attentive and pleased. "There is the only man who really understands me!"

'TWAS ON PARK AVENUE *I saw her first*



her willowy walk . . . her lissom grace proved *unforgettable*

Such carriage! Such poise! Such perfect poetic beauty in every fluid step!

For I saw her again some weeks later—afar down the palm-shaded walk that leads up from the Beach to the Royal Poinciana—and I knew her instantly, *though the distance dimmed her features.*

Such carriage! Such poise! Such perfect, poetic beauty in every fluid step! Absolutely unforgettable!

* * *

Whenever we men see a woman who carries herself like a young goddess and walks like a gazelle, we are humbly *grateful*—grateful for the sheer beauty she brings into this workaday world—grateful that she has cultivated grace—grateful to the smart little shoes that allow her the foot-freedom to walk *naturally*.

For there *are* such shoes, you know. Shoes that show their Parisian parentage in every *chic* curve and lovely line—shoes that support the arch without binding—shoes that fit the foot perfectly in action as well as in repose.

Red Cross Shoes, they are called, and women who wear them vow that these shoes actually "cuddle" the feet at every step.

Perhaps that is why it is so easy (for a chap with half an eye for beauty) to recognize at sight a wearer of Red Cross Shoes . . . and so hard to forget her!

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Made over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts—the result of averaging the measurements of thousands of feminine feet—The Red Cross Shoe fits glove-snug, without pinching. The exclusive Arch-Tone support holds up the active arch with comforting firmness, but leaves the foot free to flex naturally at every step.

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The heel of the shoe, because it follows Nature's own lines, provides a perfect "heel pocket," prevents that irritating slip-slip and rub-rub so wearing on sheer hosiery. So you can see *why* Red Cross Shoes *fit*—even the "hard-to-fit" foot . . . why a graceful, unhampered walk and a superbly buoyant bearing follow as a matter of course.

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The RED CROSS SHOE

WALK IN BEAUTY

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our teeth twice a day. I use the
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has a yellow one Mothers is orange
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keeps their teeth white and healthy
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Fuller Man brings us new ones
every four months. Mother says
all of his brushes are fine I have
made a picture of the Fuller trade mark-
it stands for "healthy and clean"

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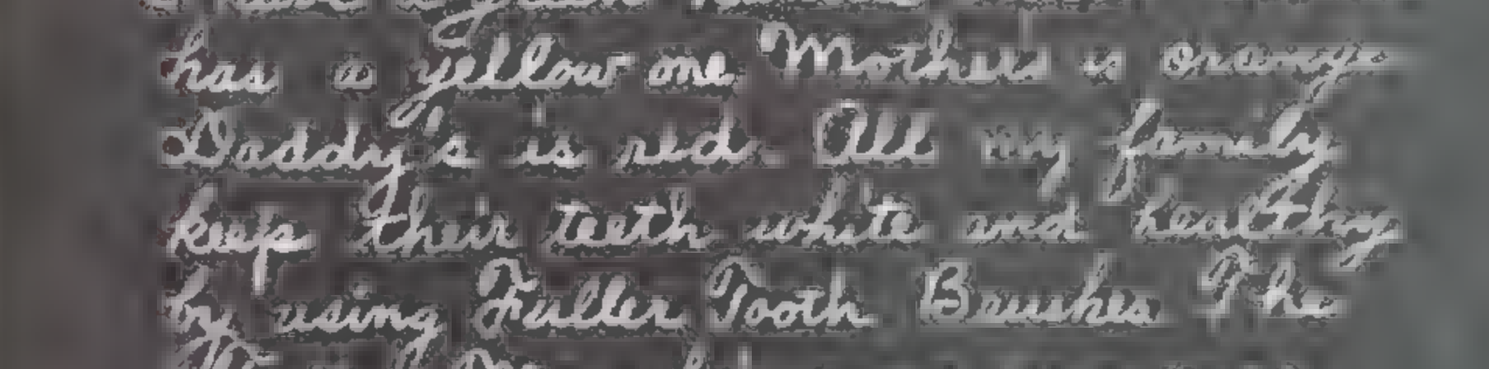
P S This is a Fuller Tooth Brush



Genuine
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carry this Red Tip Tag
and trade mark
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Look for both!

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THE NAVY IN THE WAR

(Continued from Page 4)

The program, perhaps unfortunately, never was completed. Construction of the capital ships was stopped immediately after the United States had entered the war, while shipyards concentrated with feverish activity on building the destroyers, subchasers and cargo ships urgently demanded by the Allies and by the great need of craft effective for combating the submarine. It is interesting to note that, as this is written, we hear reports of a plan whereby American destroyer and light-cruiser tonnage shall be grouped in one total in arriving at future agreements concerning the further limitation of naval armaments. Since the American Navy is urgently in need of light cruisers and has now a surplus of destroyers, built to meet the war needs, the effect in case of such an agreement being adopted eventually would be to penalize the United States for its greatest wartime effort.

Various other features of the act affecting naval administration, personnel and even discipline, proved of immense value after the declaration of hostilities and the unprecedented character of war at sea which followed. A greatly needed Naval Reserve Force and a Naval Flying Corps were established; adequate rank and authority were provided for the Chief of Naval Operations; the strength of the enlisted personnel was raised to 78,000—an increase of 50 per cent—officer personnel was established at 4 per cent of enlisted personnel; the proportionate number of officers in each grade was definitely and permanently fixed, and promotion by selection rather than by seniority alone was provided, assuring increased efficiency. The benefits of those reforms are still apparent in the Navy. Congress was alive not only to the international situation but to the urgent need of progressive changes in the nation's first line of military defense.

Creation of the Naval Consulting Board, with Thomas A. Edison at its head, during the summer of 1915, showed that leaders in the technical and industrial development of America were also aware of the impending danger. On this board, formed in response to a request by the Secretary of the Navy, were representatives of the most important scientific organizations in America—men eminent in research, invention and engineering. The first of all the wartime civilian organizations, the board gave invaluable service from the time of its formation until after the close of the war. Its first activity was a thorough survey of all the industries of the nation, listing manufactories, equipment and skilled workmen available for the type of production which hostilities would demand. Later it examined and helped to develop a number of valuable inventions used effectively in the war.

The Naval Militia Mobilized

Probably nowhere, however, were the approaching shadows of war more clearly discerned than at the Naval War College, at Newport, Rhode Island, to which I had been assigned in July of 1915. This was, of course, natural, for the officers on duty there studied closely every move in the great conflict and saw the inevitability of our participation. All were amazed and disappointed at the inadequacy of preparations during that period. All believed that a vigorous program to strengthen both land and sea forces should be put into immediate effect, and particularly that the Navy, as a whole, should be made ready for any eventuality.

One move toward this end I saw in July of 1916 when I was transferred to Washington to assume charge of the Division of Naval Militia Affairs. The naval militia at that time was composed of state organizations, aided to some extent by the Federal Government. It was my plan and hope to mobilize this organization and then to say to those in high authority: "The naval militia is mobilized. The need for a naval-militia office in Washington no longer exists. Please, may I go to sea?" In this aim I was disappointed. The Act of August 29, 1916, by establishing the Naval Reserve Force, gave my office many new and important duties.

Plans for the mobilization of the naval militia were, nevertheless, completed months before the declaration of hostilities. Virtually every contingency was anticipated. Telegrams were prepared, far in advance, ordering the various organizations to proceed to designated ports along the Atlantic Coast. When war was finally declared these telegrams flashed over thousands of miles of wires—but with one important change, ordered by the Secretary of the Navy. The order to mobilize, under that modification, applied only to such members of the militia as volunteered. It is to the great credit of the organization and of the men who composed it that 98 per cent of the entire personnel reported. The militia, incidentally, had by that time expanded into a force of approximately 12,000 officers and men, a large number of whom had gained sea experience on training cruises. Federalized under the 1916 act, the militia became known as the National Naval Volunteers, and later, in 1918, was transformed to Class 2 of the Naval Reserve Force.

From Drug Counter to the Bridge

It was the Naval Reserve legislation of 1916, however, which assured a prompt and adequate supply of men when need for a swiftly expanded personnel arose. That legislation had created a reserve force of six classes, including a flying corps. A Marine Corps Reserve of five classes was similarly organized. But for this force and the militiamen, the efforts of the Navy would have been delayed for months after the actual start of the war.

Eventually the reservists grew from a few hundred to a total of 30,358 officers and 305,089 enlisted men. During the war its members served on every type of service ship, submarine and aircraft with an intelligence and valor which contributed tremendously to our success at sea. No nation can afford in time of peace a navy and army adequate to meet the requirements of war. The splendid showing made by our reservists in 1917 and 1918 illustrates impressively the value and the economy of such forces selected from the civilian population and trained as reservists.

One group of reservists established a precedent in naval organization. This was composed of yeomen (f) more euphoniously known as "yeomanettes." Anticipating the necessity for a greatly increased clerical force in Washington and the headquarters of the naval districts, I agreed to a suggestion that young women be enrolled in this special class, thus sparing men for the sterner duties of the sea. The Secretary of the Navy approved, and enrollment started early in 1917. Applicants were first interviewed by a woman of mature years and solid judgment, herself the first so-called yeomanette. Her methods were strict but just—had she been a first sergeant she would probably have won the description "hard-boiled." She sought and obtained serious-minded, patriotic, and altogether fine and admirable young women who gave invaluable service to their Navy and their nation. After the war all were disenrolled. In view of the Nineteenth Amendment I have often wondered why.

There were other enrollments which seemed equally strange at first, but whose value was soon demonstrated. A famous artist, a noted lawyer and a gifted musician who had never served at sea were made Lieutenant Commanders and used their gifts to the great advantage of the Navy. Many youths from the high schools, colleges and universities advanced rapidly in the service, winning commissions and the command of ships. I remember with genuine respect one ensign under my command who had been a druggist in a town on Cape Cod. His experience at sea was confined before enrollment to the smallest of pleasure boats. But the traditions of the sea were in his blood. In a few months he won command of a mine sweeper on the west coast of France, and, until his death on duty, performed his arduous task with an ability and devotion worthy of the saltiest veteran.

During this period an effort also was made to enroll all navy-yard workmen as reservists. The necessary orders were issued and active enrollment was actually begun. The plan, unfortunately, was opposed by the then-president of the American Federation of Labor, and as a result the order was rescinded to the disappointment of many who believed it would have assured the highest degree of efficiency and economy in necessary work ashore.

The progress of war at sea at this time continued to impress our naval officers with the inevitability of eventual American participation. They learned, however, that such preparation as conditions seemed to demand was not encouraged. High officials feared that it might be construed as a threat against Germany. This was most disheartening. It seemed to me then, as it does now, that the principal concern of naval administration is to prepare and keep prepared for any eventuality.

Then occurred a series of events which soon removed all doubt from the minds of even the most optimistic. On January 9, 1917, the German General Staff decided to resume submarine warfare without restriction as to nationalities or provision for the safety of the crews of the vessels sunk. A few days later a telegram from the German Foreign Office to the German ambassador at Mexico City was intercepted and deciphered. It showed that Germany was attempting to incite Mexico to war against the United States. Despite these aggressions, the President, on January twenty-second, in a last effort to preserve peace, delivered the now celebrated "peace without victory" speech to the Senate. Not even that address could, however, avert the conflict. On February first, Germany's unrestricted submarine campaign went into effect. On February third, the German ambassador was dismissed and diplomatic relations were entirely severed. That and unrestricted U-boat warfare made war a certainty.

A Program of Preparedness

High naval officers responded immediately to the situation. The General Board, on February fourth, recommended to the Navy Department a program to be undertaken immediately "to meet a possible condition of war with the Central European Powers." It included twenty-two proposed measures, among them the following:

(a) Mobilize the fleet, the defenses of the naval districts and the Coast Guard, and start patrols and mine sweeping.
(b) Dock and repair all ships.
(c) Increase the enlisted force of the Navy to 150,000, the Marine Corps to 30,000 and officer personnel in proportion.
(d) Rush to completion all naval vessels building or authorized and build up the Aviation Service as rapidly as possible.
(e) Take possession of all vessels of the Central Powers in United States waters.
(f) Place under surveillance all citizens of Central Powers in the Navy or naval establishment and remove those who may do harm.
(g) Arm merchant ships for defense.
(h) Prepare plans with the Allies for offensive naval operations against the common enemy.

All these recommendations were put into effect in due course. Yet time, that vital element in warfare, was lost. Thus authorization for an increase of enlisted men to 87,000—not the 150,000 recommended—was withheld until March twenty-fifth. Undoubtedly this was due to a desire to avoid any overt act and to maintain an attitude of strict neutrality until war had actually been declared. Certain steps of far-reaching importance were, however, taken at this

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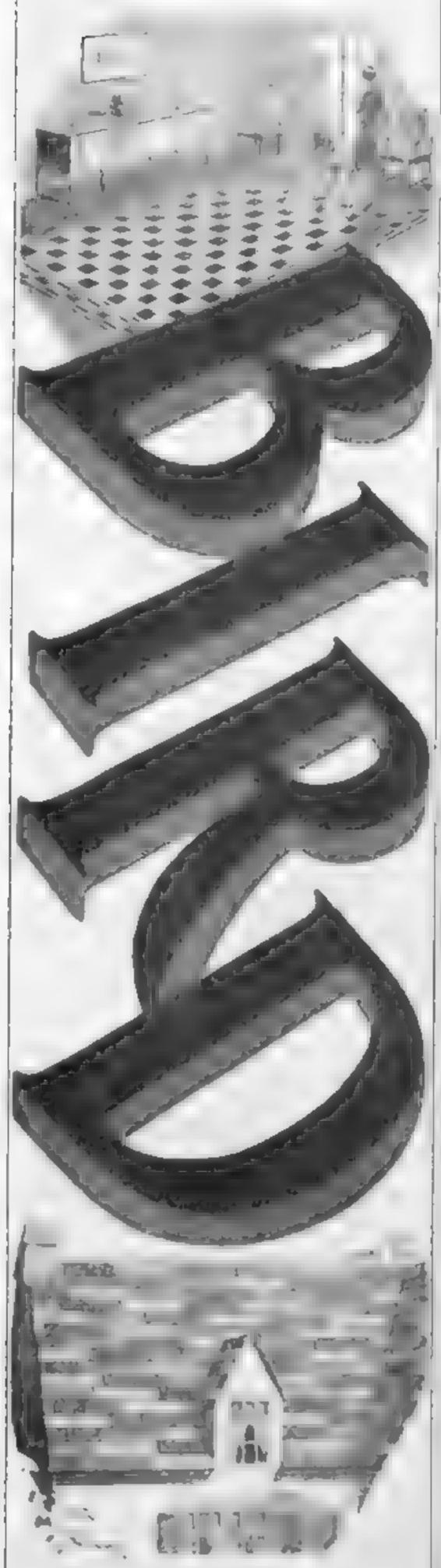
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time. On March fourth, Congress appropriated a naval emergency fund of $115,000,000 to assure the expeditious delivery of munitions and construction of authorized warships, and to provide for additional destroyers, sub-chasers, armament and aircraft—all in the discretion of the President.

Of all the prewar accomplishments, the most important, to my mind, was the decision to equip American merchantmen with guns served by crews from the Navy, thus providing protection against the marauding U-boat. The gun crews were commanded by an officer or chief petty officer of the Navy and became known as Armed Guards. Initiation of the policy of protecting our merchant marine was due to a plan submitted to the Navy Department on March 8, 1917, by Captain—now Rear Admiral—Frank H. Schofield, the Navy's ablest strategist. The plan, based on a conception of armed neutrality, recited the experience of the United States when, in 1797, French cruisers had orders to seize all vessels carrying goods of British manufacture, despite the fact that the goods were owned by neutrals and were in neutral ships. In an address to Congress in May, 1797, President John Adams had said there was no doubt of the propriety of the policy permitting vessels to employ means of defense while engaged in lawful foreign commerce, and added: "It remains for Congress to prescribe such regulations as will enable our seafaring citizens to defend themselves against violations of the laws of nations, and at the same time restrain them from committing acts of hostility against the powers at war."

On March 13, 1917, less than a month before war was declared, the Secretary of the Navy issued a confidential order on the conduct of American merchant vessels carrying armed guards, reciting that Germany had announced a policy to sink all vessels in certain areas of the high seas. The gun crews were not to fire on a submarine outside of the area proscribed by Germany, unless it committed an unlawful act or was submerged. No submarine retiring from a vessel was to be attacked. American merchant ships were forbidden to search for or pursue any submarine or engage in aggressive warfare. The order insisted also that if a submarine were sunk efforts should be made to save the lives of the crew.

An Ocean Duel

Guns were installed on the merchant ships Manchuria, St. Louis and Aztec by March fourteenth, and on the New York and the St. Paul a few days later. The Manchuria, which cleared for England on March 15, 1917, was the first American merchant ship to sail thus protected. By the end of the war, 384 of our merchant vessels had carried armed guards on 1832 transatlantic trips. The armed guard reported sighting enemy submarines 347 times, 193 attacks by submarines successfully repulsed, and thirty-four attacks resulting in probable damage to the submarine. Of the ships thus guarded, twenty-nine were torpedoed and sunk, and two were sunk by shellfire after long engagements. In the course of their service, members of the armed guard performed many acts so valorous, so exciting and yet so generally unrecognized by the public as to win for its members the later appellation, "Heroes unsung." No more courageous fight is recorded than that waged by the armed guard of the American tanker Moreni against a submarine, seventeen miles off Cape Palos, Spain, on June 12, 1917, a few weeks after America's entrance into the war. Although their ship had been set afire when an enemy shell exploded in the gasoline tank, Chief Boatswain's Mate Andrew Copassaki and his gun crew continued to fire from the first appearance of the enemy until the entire tanker was in flames. In the course of a battle which lasted two hours, the Moreni was hit forty-five times, and fired 150 shots to the submarine's 200. Four lives were lost as a result of the engagement. After survivors had taken to the boats, the commander of the submarine told the Moreni's captain that the tanker had offered the most effective resistance he had yet encountered, and admitted that had it been armed with a larger gun he would have abandoned the conflict. The Moreni's crew was later rescued by a Spanish merchantman.

Later, all transports and other vessels supplying the fighting forces were organized into the Naval Overseas Transportation Service, which aided materially in achieving final victory. The armed guard served, and sometimes died, aboard those ships, which suffered heavily from the submarine offensive. On one such vessel—the Ticonderoga—my brother, a Naval Reserve officer, was killed by shrapnel when the ship was attacked and sunk by the U-152, a submarine of the Deutschland type, after a two-hour battle so courageously waged as to merit later description. He was Lieutenant S. S. Magruder, of the Supply Corps, one of five brothers who took part in the war. By a strange trick of fate, two—Lieutenant Commander C. W. Magruder and myself—of the regular Navy, survived unscathed. Of the others, one perished on the Ticonderoga; one, a major in the Mississippi National Guard, died of disease, and the third, who served in Army Aviation in France, is still an invalid.

Our Naval Statesman

Following the decision to arm merchant vessels, a patrol force of six squadrons, including fifty-five cruisers, gunboats and Coast Guard vessels was organized, with Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson in command. I met Admiral Wilson the day after war was declared and asked for command of one of his squadrons. Like every naval officer, I wanted to go to sea. But all squadron commanders had received their orders secretly days earlier, and I was compelled to remain on shore duty for several months before actually reaching the scene of war.

Another important recommendation of the General Board put into effect before the actual declaration of war was that proposing the preparation of plans with the Allies for naval operations. With this end in view, Rear Admiral William S. Sims, president of the Naval War College, was ordered to London to confer with the British and other admiralties and to report how the United States could cooperate most effectively when war was declared. He sailed March thirty-first on the steamship New York, incognito, and was entered on the passenger list as S. W. Davidson. His aide, Commander J. V. Babcock, was known to fellow passengers as V. J. Richardson. The wisdom of sending an admiral abroad at that time was apparent to all who realized the seriousness of the situation. On March twenty-second, Dr. Walter Hines Page, United States Ambassador at London, had cabled: "The British Government will heartily fall in with any plan we propose as soon as relations can be established. I know personally and informally that they hope for the establishment of full and frank interchange of information. Knowing their spirit and their methods, I cannot too strongly recommend that our Government send here immediately an admiral of our Navy who will present our plans and enquiries."

The choice of Admiral Sims for that position was a happy one. Able, energetic, physically and professionally sound, he was ideally fitted for the important task that lay ahead. After months of observation Ambassador Page wrote of him: "Admiral Sims is the greatest help imaginable. He strikes me—and the English so regard him—as a man of admirable judgment, unexcitable and indefatigable. Sims is the idol of the British Admiralty and he is doing his job just as well as any man could with the tools and the chance he has. He has made the very best of the chance and he has completely won the confidence and admiration of this side of the world."

War was declared against Germany while Admiral Sims was still at sea. Arriving in London, he entered immediately on the important duties which developed. How well he performed them is further attested by the fact that on May twenty-sixth he was designated to command the United States destroyers in British waters and ordered to assume the rank and to hoist the flag of a vice admiral, and on June fourteenth he was made commander of the United States naval forces in European waters. Until the end of hostilities Admiral Sims commanded all our forces in the war zone. In December, 1918, he was promoted to the rank of admiral, but later reverted to the rank of rear admiral. Aside from decorations from his own and foreign governments, Rear Admiral Sims has never, in my opinion, received the substantial recognition that his preëminent services in the World War justified. In the summer of 1919 the President proposed to make him a permanent admiral in the Navy. A bill to that effect was introduced and approved by the House of Representatives, but failed to pass the Senate. This was a great disappointment to many naval officers who regard rewards and honors accorded to naval leaders in war as a formal acknowledgment that their services, too, have won the nation's approval.

President Wilson signed the Declaration of War against Germany on April 6, 1917, and America then determined that "while hand can toil, mind achieve and heart sacrifice" victory should be sought. It was no sudden decision. The threat of war had loomed darkly for many months. Faced with the possibility of warfare, the first thought of any navy should be: "Are our ships ready?" Had this question been asked on April 6, 1917, the answer would have been: "They are not." The official report of a naval investigation now before me shows that the fourteen dreadnoughts of our Navy were prepared for any service. The other twenty-three capital ships were not, lacking material or personnel or both. Of the nine armored cruisers, only three were prepared for distant service. Of the fifty-eight destroyers twenty-seven were ready for war. Twenty-one destroyers and torpedo boats were out of commission, and of the fifteen submarines suitable for distant service, not one was able to proceed when war was declared.

Men, too, were lacking. In October, 1916, approximately five months before we entered the greatest war in all history, the chief of the bureau having cognizance of personnel reported that in case of mobilization of the fleet for war there would be a shortage of about 2600 officers and 50,000 men. Neither the material nor the personnel of the Navy had been prepared for the eventuality of war, and that when the probability of war was apparent to the most superficial student of the world situation.

Making Civilians Into Seamen

It is always possible, I have observed, to obtain increases in ships for the Navy. But all the new construction or additions to the fleet require increased personnel, both officers and men. This presents a greater difficulty. Even today the Navy is short of men, and many vessels, notably destroyers, are out of commission because there are no crews available to man them.

The United States should have been in a position to say in April, 1917, what was said in another national emergency: "We have the ships, we have the men, we have the money too." Unfortunately, though we had money and ships, the men were on the farms and in the schools and shops. Yet the men appeared and served nobly after the call went forth. Nothing that occurred during the war made so profound an impression upon me as the adaptability, the quickness of perception, the ability to learn, and the enthusiasm of the young Americans who, enlisting as seamen fresh from school or civilian jobs, were placed aboard ship with little preliminary training.

Immediately after the declaration of war the British and French admirals commanding in the Western Atlantic were ordered to proceed to the United States for conferences with our naval authorities. A memorable

(Continued on Page 84)

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(Continued from Page 82)

meeting at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, followed on April tenth. At the conference table sat Vice Admiral Browning of the British Navy; Rear Admiral Grasset of the French Navy; and Admiral William S. Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Henry T. Mayo, Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, and Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, Commander of the Patrol Force, representing the United States Navy.

Vice Admiral Browning had been instructed by the British Admiralty to learn what assistance might be expected from the United States and to explain the urgent need for anti-submarine craft. Rear Admiral Grasset asked that the American Navy assist in patroling the Caribbean Sea and adjacent waters. There was particular need that the nitrate shipments from Chile and oil shipments from Tampico be safeguarded. The following day the conference met in Washington, with the Secretary of the Navy and members of the General Board participating. Summarized, the decisions reached were as follows:

(a) Although the policy of the United States required that the fleet be kept intact, a division of destroyers would be sent to European waters to coöperate with the Allied anti-submarine forces in that area.

b) The United States would patrol off its own Atlantic Coast and assist in the patrol of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico.

Three days after the conference the ships of the Eighth Division, Destroyer Force of the Atlantic Fleet, were ordered to prepare for service abroad. On April twenty-fourth they sailed—the Wadsworth, the Conyngham, the Porter, the McDougal, the Davis and the Wainwright, equipped and stored for the long months of arduous duty ahead. Late in the afternoon of May third, the Wadsworth, flagship of that historic flotilla, sighted a British destroyer flying in the international signal code the greeting, "Welcome to the American colors." Here was a significant event—the first meeting of the British and American navies which, for the next eighteen months, were to operate together in the war zone as one fleet. This perfect coöperation of the United States Navy with those of the Allies against a common enemy is memorable as the first outstanding example of such successful unified action in the history of naval warfare.

Ready for Action

Immediately after the arrival at Queenstown, Captain Taussig, commander of the American squadron, reported to Vice Admiral Lewis Bayly, British Commander in Chief on the coast of Ireland. His reception and the accompanying interview, as described by an officer present on the occasion, were typical of the attitude of both British and American naval officers.

"Captain Taussig," asked the admiral after acknowledging the introduction, "at what time will your vessels be ready for sea?"

"I shall be ready when fueled," replied the American.

"Do you require any repairs?" asked the admiral.

"No, sir," answered Taussig.

"Do you require any stores?" was the next question.

"No, sir," came the reply.

Obviously Admiral Bayly was pleased with the spirit of the men and the quality of the ships which could make that passage across the North Atlantic and still be ready for immediate service. He gave, however, no hint of his approval.

"You will take four days' rest. Good morning," he said, concluding the interview.

Before sending the American destroyers on their first patrol duty, however, Admiral Bayly summoned the six captains before him and gave them the benefit of his knowledge and experience in the important work to which they had been assigned. While the American officers followed closely every word, Admiral Bayly said: "I have called you together in order to say a few things about the work ahead of you. I need not mention that our problem is a serious one. You are aware of that.

"In two days you will go out on a war mission. When you pass beyond the defenses of the harbor you face death and live in danger of death until you return behind such defenses. You must presume from the moment you pass out that you are seen by a submarine and that at no time until you return can you be sure that you are not being watched. You may proceed safely and may grow careless in your watching; but let me impress upon you the fact that if you do relax for a moment, if you cease to be vigilant, then you will find yourself destroyed, your vessel sunk, your men drowned."

A Destroyer's Duties

"To give an example of what constant vigilance will accomplish, I will tell you of the Parthian. This destroyer proceeded to sea. The night came on, and just before nightfall a submarine rose to the surface of the sea 150 yards ahead. The watchful eyes of the crew saw her instantly; the watchful commander drove his vessel at her, and the watchful and ready gun's crew opened fire instantly. The submarine was struck eight or ten times in the space of a minute. Her tower was shot up and she rolled over and sank at once. I cite this to show that in a space of perhaps two or three minutes a submarine was destroyed. If vigilance was lacking the opportunity would have been lost. You may go out day after day, week after week, and never see a submarine. Yet, when the opportunity comes, you must be ready. Therefore, keep watch faithfully day and night.

"Look out for yourselves, for a lucky shot, a chance shot, may end your career.

"It is my intention to send you out for a period of six days, during which you will search out and destroy the enemy. You may then go into the port of Berehaven for two days' rest. Again proceed to sea for six days to act against the enemy, then return here for two days' rest. This will be the program. Once a month or, say, after five hundred hours of operation, you will be permitted to have a period of five days in which to overhaul your boilers and rest.

"While at sea beware of a periscope that is stationary. It may be a decoy with a bomb attached. You may be sure a submarine will not remain on the surface if you charge him at fast speed. Therefore, avoid a periscope that does not move. You may fire at it, first, with a view of determining if it is a decoy and, second, it will test out your shells—the explosive character, how they act, and so on.

"If you come across survivors of ships sunk, beware of stopping to pick them up. If you thoroughly explore the area and feel sure you are in no danger, it is permissible to pick them up. On the other hand, you must not risk the lives of your crew to save a few others. Of the conditions you must be the judge.

"I may mention that some time ago the submarine, after torpedoing a vessel, sailed away for miles. Now they do not, but usually remain in the vicinity to loot the vessel if conditions are favorable. If you see a ship struck or come upon one having been struck, be sure you go after the submarine. The rescue work must wait. You are to understand that it is your duty:

"First, to destroy enemy submarines.

"Second, to convoy and protect shipping.

"Third, to save lives if you can.

"To lose an opportunity to sink a submarine means he lives to sink other peaceful vessels and destroy more lives.

"Do not try to tow a large vessel. You are not built for it. And never tow another destroyer unless you can get a convoy. It is fatal, since you become slow and unmanageable and subject to attack.

"Do not use searchlights—it discloses your position. If you do rescue work, do the best you can without lights. If you must use lights do not keep them on longer than necessary. And remember that even after you shut off the current the carbons glow for an appreciable period. Therefore, as soon as you shut down your light, put a bag over the lamp to hide the glow of the carbons. On moonlight nights keep a cover on the searchlight, as the moon's rays may brighten the surface of the lens, and the reflected light reveal your position.

"Do not permit matches to be lighted at night. You would marvel to know how small a flicker of light might show, and the distance spanned. The glow of light up through the hatches should be guarded against.

"The areas of operation will be given you in the operation order. Your speed must depend on wind and sea. Never make less than thirteen knots. And zigzag always. Never for a moment neglect this. Your course must be irregular, so that the submarine cannot plot your position.

"As to convoying, be sure to change course and break joint with the convoyed ship. That is, if the convoying vessel ahead of her turns to port the vessel convoyed should turn to starboard. When you are hidden temporarily by smoke, haze, fog or squalls, change course considerably and go back to base course several miles later.

"The Germans are now using an inferior grade of torpedo. In the beginning many hits were scored and few misses recorded. This is now changed and many misses are being recorded. Perhaps the submarine commanders are taking pot shots. At any rate, many torpedoes miss. A German officer, taken from the water from a destroyed submarine, stated that they were now working out 17° west longitude. It is their custom to use the sun as a blind, the submarine getting between the sun and the target. You, too, may utilize this idea. When a submarine sees a vessel he steams away at a speed of fifteen knots or more to gain position ahead. He then gets masts in line and submerges to occupy a suitable position. It is the endeavor to get within 800 yards at least, as the chance of hitting at long range is slight."

Beware of Freaks

"When you are on patrol, do not patrol to end of area assigned and then to other end. Be sure to proceed irregularly, so that the submarine may not establish your position. Make signals short. Do not ask permission to get under way when you have in your possession orders to proceed. Your division commander will direct you as to the order of sailing.

"When convoying, do not report the name of the ship frequently. That is, instead of reporting 'The Boston is in company,' say 'The convoy is in company.' Of course it is understood that headquarters understands what ship you are reporting when once reported. Therefore, do not repeat name, as the enemy may discover it. This applies to very valuable vessels, and it is known that the enemy has special instructions to destroy certain vessels if possible.

"Submarines frequently disguise themselves, using masts and sails and funnels. Do not be surprised at curious-looking vessels, but investigate every one you see. Watch fishing vessels; they may be submarines in disguise. If you shoot away a conning tower, do not be sure you have destroyed the submarine. Cases are known where repairs sufficient to return to port have been made by the crews.

"Depth charges are harmful, but not always fatal. You must get them close to the submarine to destroy her. When you return to port, come and see me next day. If there should come up any difficulties, come and see me. I want to straighten things out at once. We will handle matters frankly. That is all I have to say at this time."

With this advice and admonition still fresh in their minds, the captains of the American destroyers, on May eighth, took their ships to sea. The United States Navy finally was in the war.

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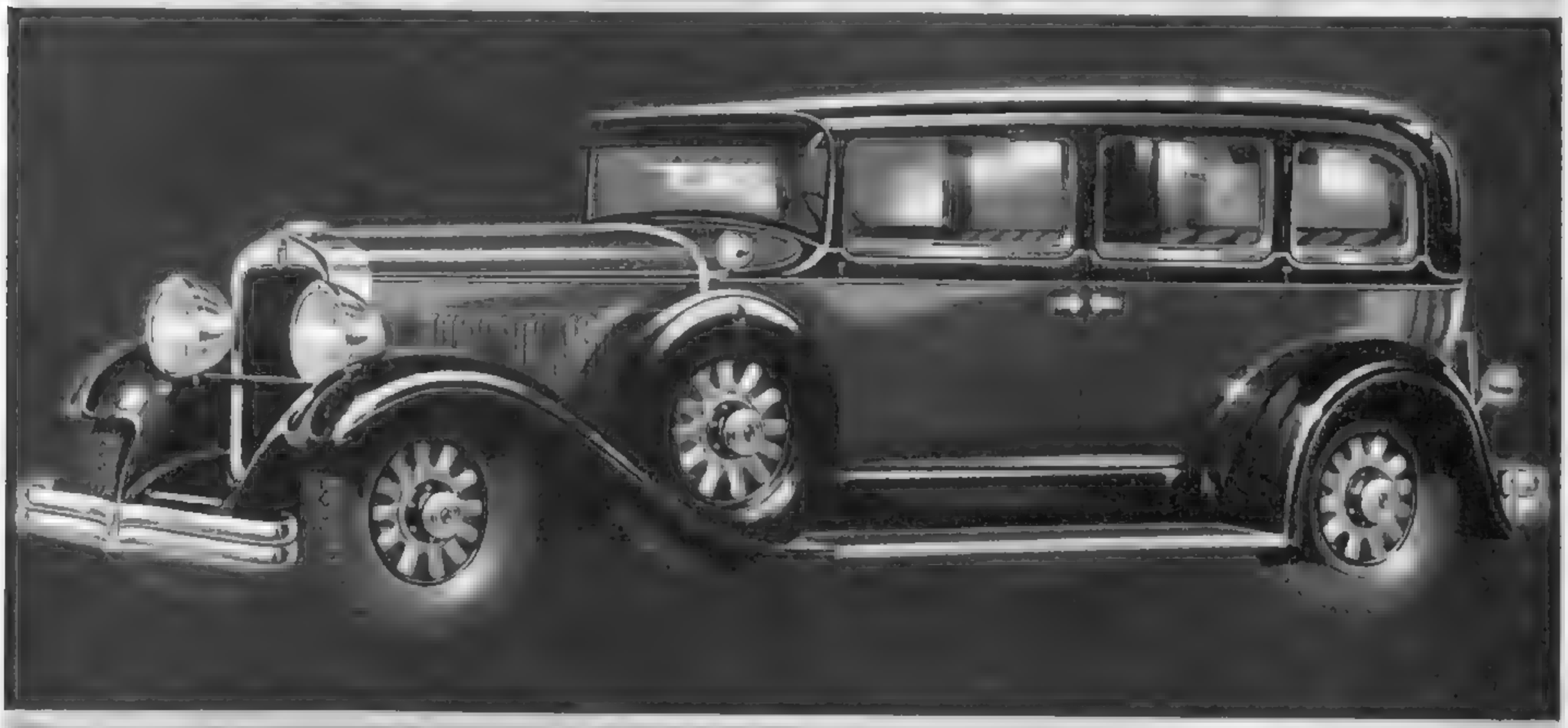

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PERSONALITY

(Continued from Page 15)

of American personalities, Henry Watterson. Under his ægis I got my start.

Watterson was the kind that impresses personality strongly upon his work. He was volatile, eloquent and persuasive. He might have been a tremendous power in national politics, but, like Churchill, his emotional vagaries sometimes impaired his judgment. He would change his editorial opinion overnight because in the meantime he had come under a strong personal influence. This does not imply that he was weak, but that the human element in him could not resist friendly appeal.

Charles A. Dana, whom I met in later years, was the exact reverse, and likewise Joseph Pulitzer. They shrank from meeting men because of the effect these contacts would exert upon their editorial judgment. Pulitzer used to say that he was one of the loneliest men in the world because he could not afford to have friends. A man who dined with him one night might be the object of terrific journalistic indictment the next morning. Both Dana and Pulitzer felt that it was impossible to run a newspaper save in an impersonal way. Watterson represented the opposite theory. He was the last of the personal journalists in every way.

Personality in Small Packages

One Watterson trait will be disclosed because of its application to many other personalities. With the exception of Horace Greeley, he probably wrote the worst hand of any American. It looked like a series of scratches and scrawls. Upon one occasion, when he wrote "from alpha to omega," it was set up "from Alton to Omaha." Here is one case where erratic chirography reflected the qualities of the man. Does handwriting really reveal character? A consideration of this interesting question is an essential detail of any study of personality.

I have seen the script of many eminent persons and am free to confess that as an index it is for the superficial observer often misleading. Lloyd George writes clearly, legibly, almost meticulously. There is not a hint of the man's ebullient or forceful nature in it. The writing of Foch, Pershing and Haig is clear, precise and stronger, but not individualistic. King Albert's signature is anything but what the average man thinks a ruler's should be. A striking paradox is in the penmanship of Walter C. Teagle. It is almost effeminate, despite the fact that he is a giant in bulk, power and energy. Herbert Hoover's writing does not reveal the dogged purpose behind it. President Coolidge's stroke is placid. Roosevelt's hand was striking, but not altogether indicative of his strenuosity. Marshal Pilsudski, the iron man of Poland, is anything but iron when he takes his pen in hand. The result is a characterless scrawl. The hand that signs the check for millions is not usually noteworthy.

Turning to literary men, the most extraordinary contradiction was in the microscopic writing of David Graham Phillips. In no sense was it a mirror of the intellectual vigor and force of character that animated him. H. G. Wells is also a microscopic penman. It does, however, show attention to minute detail, because every *t* is dotted and every *t* crossed. Galsworthy, who is far less robust in personality, writes a more virile hand. Kipling, in his fine and almost copperplate writing, gives no idea of the flashing imperialism that he sings. Hence handwriting, like those colorless externals to which I have referred, can be highly deceptive.

In other men, handwriting depicts personality to a marked degree; in no case more strikingly than with Mussolini. He writes as he works and thinks, which means that it is done with dynamic force. I have watched him on the job, and it is a study in swift action. His pen fairly flies across the paper with swift, certain strokes. His fellow dictators, Kemal Pasha in Turkey and Primo de Rivera in Spain, also show the strong arm in their penmanship. Hindenburg's signature reflects the rugged, massive strength of the old war horse. He uses a heavy stub and plenty of ink. Clemenceau is another vigorous personality who leaves no doubt of his state of mind or temperament in the stroke of his pen. Nor does Vice President Dawes. Taking a less strenuous person, you have in the almost indecipherable letters and manuscripts of Sir James M. Barrie a visualization of the eccentricities of his temperament. Equally unfathomable is the writing of Edgar Wallace and John Buchan. It is as baffling as their mysterious tales. Mark Twain wrote as he talked, for his chirography drawled.

All signs fail, as far as a foreigner is affected, when it comes to analyzing Japanese and Chinese writing. The letters of the alphabet are termed characters, but they do not reveal character. They are works of art, however. When the most strenuous Oriental writes English, it is usually precise but far from revealing. Sun Yat-sen, the most romantic figure of modern China—his name has become a legend—talked with great forcefulness, yet his penmanship in English might have been that of a schoolteacher.

In connection with another dominating Chinese personage is an interesting story. When I went to see Chang Tso-lin, the war lord of Manchuria, at Mukden, I asked him for an autographed photograph for reproduction in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Through the interpreter—he spoke only Chinese—he said that he would give me one when I called the next day. On my second visit the picture, with a splashing inscription in Chinese, was handed to me. I was told later that Chang Tso-lin could neither read nor write. Whether this was true or not, his autographs, as I discovered, were penned by the most artistic scrivener in all his domain. Yet Chang Tso-lin was not only the overlord of the three eastern provinces but came near making himself dictator of all China.

He was an illustration of how externals belie the inner man. He began life as a professional bandit and later developed into a cross between Captain Kidd and Machiavelli. Ruthless, mercenary and an intriguer by instinct, he typified the viceroy of medieval times. Yet he was insignificant in stature and spoke in a gentle, almost caressing, voice.

Big personality is frequently to be found in small packages. Lloyd George is under the average height, as was E. H. Harriman. The most arresting figure in all Latin-America, President Leguia of Peru, weighs less than a hundred pounds but is packed with dynamite. In force and vigor he is a miniature replica of Theodore Roosevelt.

A Gentle Hint

At this point it may be well to examine Oriental temperament. The contrast between the Chinese and Japanese is striking. No matter how highly placed a Japanese statesman may be, evasion is usually his middle name. It is part of the business creed as well. You cannot get a flat yes or no. This noncommittal attitude explains the success of Japanese diplomacy. What Anglo-Saxons dispose of in frank, man-to-man conversation, the Japanese put over through ceremony, inference or circumlocution. Here is a case in point:

After lengthy negotiations, an appointment was made for me to have an audience with the present Emperor of Japan, then the Prince Regent. As most people know, Nipponese royalty is sacred and well-nigh unapproachable. When the emperor rides through a city no one can, literally, look down upon him from a second-story window. Even the tramcars are stopped, and the passengers are required to descend to the street level. On the day before the audience the minister of foreign affairs had an elaborate function, mainly to get over to me the fact that I must not ask the ruler any embarrassing political questions. He could have accomplished the same thing during any one of the half dozen private visits I had with him.

The Chinese are much more direct than the Japanese. Furthermore, they do not capitalize inscrutability. You could get more action out of Sun Yat-sen in half an hour than out of a whole day's side-stepping with a Japanese of eminent rank. Of all Orientals, they are the most open.

Analysis of the Oriental personality leads to an examination of the Russian. The moment you penetrate Russia you touch the East. Instantly you feel its influence upon the people. The overlords of the Bolshevik régime, therefore, provide an interesting study in characteristics. With the exception of Lenin and his successor, Stalin, they wear their personalities upon their sleeves, as it were.

Talked Into Eclipse

Whatever views you may have about his political creed, the fact remains that Lenin will have a unique place in history. No modern figure so completely dominated his environment. I saw him only once. It was directly after he arrived in Petrograd after the revolution that overthrew the czar. If ever a man's face and manner revealed the fanatic, it was Lenin's. But it was congealed fanaticism. Cold zeal was the dominant quality in this maker of a new epoch.

He ruled through fear and was the symbol of a ruthless power. The secret of his ascendancy and the consolidation of his position lay in the calm precision he applied to every undertaking. Each became a sort of mathematical problem to be worked out. It was said of him that he was "like a doctor observing with professional interest the pulse beat, temperature and other symptoms of a crisis." In method as in temperament he was un-Russian.

Not so with his principal associates of that upheaval which shook the world. They are typically Slav in personality and performance; precisely like the peas in that proverbial pod. Each has the same kind of attack as well as an identical line of talk They seem to have graduated from a school which taught a single formula. Trotzky, Zinoviev, Tchitcherin, Kamenev, Sokolnikov, Tomsky, Rykov, Kalinin—I met them all—are volatile, talkative and emotional, as was Krassin. Only three members of that Red cabal stood out with any distinctiveness. Dzerzhinsky, the terrorist, might have been a reincarnation of Danton and Robespierre. He got pen paralysis from signing death warrants, yet you would never guess the blood streak from his unobtrusive manner. Tchitcherin is the only one of the group whose personality reflects the Bolshevik creed. He is the owl of the Soviet régime, for he sleeps by day and works at night in a darkened room whose shadows bring out the unreal in his make-up. His personal appearance is as sinister as his diplomacy.

In sharp contrast is Trotzky, the most human of all the outstanding figures I encountered in Russia. Vividness of personality is evidenced in nonstop conversational powers. His downfall reveals a curious paradox. He was the master organizer of the Soviet order—the Red army is only one example—yet he could not organize his own political fortunes. He antagonized the handful of men who run the Bolshevik Tammany Hall. While he was orating with fervor they cut the ground from under his feet. Like many others, he talked himself into eclipse.

(Continued on Page 89)

Lemons help to prevent "flu"

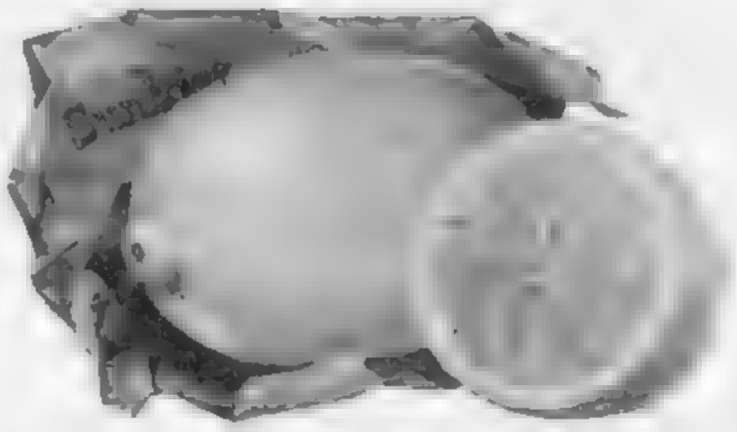
Take *fresh* Lemon Juice and ordinary baking soda three times each day. Formula: Half teaspoon of baking soda in half glass of water. Pour in juice of one Lemon. Drink while effervescing.

Hot Lemonade

At the first symptom of a cold go home as quickly as possible. Take a hot bath in a warm bathroom. Dry yourself thoroughly. Get into a warm bed at once. Then, drink a large glass of piping Hot Lemonade, sweetened to your taste. Have extra warm covers. You will soon be getting relief through a "sweat-out" which helps expel the poisons through the pores. When you awaken, next morning, drink Lemon Juice and soda (as described above) and continue 3 times daily or oftener until entirely free from cold symptoms. Remain in bed next day, help save yourself from a prolonged illness with possibly serious consequences.

Safeguard Yourself

Take these simple precautions: Avoid people with colds. Mouth and nose germs are cast 20 feet by promiscuous coughing and sneezing. Avoid shaking hands. Avoid exposure and drafts. Avoid heavy foods. Eat sparingly, with vegetables and fresh fruit juices predominating in your diet. It is of utmost importance to balance the diet at such a time. Avoid crowded places. Avoid becoming over-tired or over-heated. Avoid constipation. Get sufficient sleep. Drink plenty of fresh Lemon and Orange juice daily. Every drop builds resistance to colds and helps correct or prevent Acidosis, which is present with every common cold.



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He has been carefully selected for his work. He has been trained by experts. When he comes to you he is qualified to discuss your needs and problems and to demonstrate to you the advantages, the enjoyments and the economies of the modern way to sew.

The modern Singer Electric has simply revolutionized sewing in the home. It is utterly different from any sewing machine you have ever used. Once you sit down at a Singer Electric yourself, once you feel its instant response to your slightest wish, you will sense the thrill of having made a discovery. But you must make that test to know.

And so the Singer man in your community comes to bring you that opportunity. He comes to invite you to take any modern Singer into your home and use it without the slightest obligation. He comes to show you how you can find happiness in what you had thought of as a tedious task, how you can find real enjoyment in planning and making clothes for yourself and the children and curtains and draperies for your home, how you can make a dress in a fraction of the time it used to take, how you can do quickly and perfectly the deft finishing you thought must be done by hand. And you will find that the magic means to this modern way to sew can be yours at surprisingly small cost. For the Singer man is authorized to make you a generous allowance on your present machine and arrange so that the balance may be paid in small monthly sums which your Singer will save over and over again.

So if your home is one where the modern Singer Electric and the delights of modern sewing are not yet known, welcome the Singer man when he calls. His coming can mean the beginning of a new experience that you will enjoy and profit by all through life.

If you would like to try a modern Singer Electric at once and the Singer man has not yet reached you, simply telephone the nearest Singer shop and ask to have a machine sent to you on the Self Demonstration Plan.

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(Continued from Page 86)

The iron hand that crushed Trotzky is the hand that rules Russia today. Instead of a dictatorship by the proletariat, there is a dictator of the proletariat. Stalin—the word means "steel"—is the biggest of all political bosses. The power of Tweed, Quay and Croker was restricted to the areas in which they lived. Stalin is master of an empire of 140,000,000 people. This uncouth-looking Georgian—his real name is Dzhugashivili—still affects the peasant's heavy boots, into which his trousers are stuffed. He is grim, aloof, forbidding, and has the cold zeal that was Lenin's peculiar asset. In the early Soviet days it was said, "Lenin trusts Stalin, but Stalin trusts no one." Here you have a key to the man's character. He keeps his own counsel. He seldom talks in public and is never interviewed.

Stalin has another distinctive trait in that he does not write letters. Perhaps he follows the theory promulgated by Quay, who once said: "Always think twice before you write, and then don't write." No embarrassing epistles ever rose up to embarrass or confute him. Many men have discovered that they can easily dig a political grave with their fountain pens.

One of the Richest Veins

We can now concentrate for an interval on one of the richest of personality veins. I refer to the men who not only made a considerable part of American financial and industrial history but piled up stupendous personal fortunes as well. About them hung a glamour that pervaded no other group anywhere. In these days, when every sales manager spends hours daily expounding to his staff the value of personality in selling, a close-up of the character and temperament of some of the Wall Street giants and, particularly, their methods will not be amiss.

People who had no contact with these men got the idea that they were emotionless and devoid of personality. They were regarded as just so many cash registers constantly pounding out money. In them seemed to lurk some natural Midas touch denied their less fortunate fellows. The truth of the matter is that in all my range of contacts I have not encountered more virile or striking figures than the wizards of finance. Each would have made a signal success in any other field, whether professional or political, because they embodied the universal traits that make for leadership. There was no magic about their art. They were not only born captains of men but understood the business of making money work. This is the alleged mystery that lay behind their success.

Before we have a look at them a pertinent observation is in order. The men who composed what is known as Big Business, long the favorite target of the muckraker and the legislative investigator, have largely passed. They wrote a unique chapter in the annals of our expansion because, aside from their achievements, they impressed personality upon transactions. In fact, personality was one of their chief assets. Each became a field marshal of finance who led the hosts of power.

When millions were arrayed against millions for the mastery of a railroad it was a contest of big wills as well. These men fastened their hooks at a time when money was above the corporate law and the sky the limit. They believed in silence, but for them it was golden. A quarter of a century ago less than twenty-five individuals "owned the United States," as the saying went. Interlocking directorates and the untrammeled trust movement made vast concentrations of capital possible. The fact to be emphasized here is that personality largely ruled this most glittering of all games.

Today the financial map is changed. Men like Ryan, Harriman, the elder Stillman, William C. Whitney, J. Pierpont Morgan, August Belmont, Henry H. Rogers, P. A. B. Widener, William L. Elkins, Jacob H. Schiff and Anthony Brady could make unlimited money, but their methods would have to be brought up-to-date. Personality, as a factor, has given way to machinelike operation. The Federal Reserve System has made the rest of the country independent of the old fiscal tyranny of Wall Street. We now have mass, instead of individual, financial play, and it is nation-wide. A few men no longer constitute the owners of the country. Millions of stockholders in the great corporations are the real proprietors. The vested interests have become the invested interests. The one notable exception is Henry Ford, who, with his son, owns and controls an immense industrial undertaking.

The inability to effect a divorce from work was explained by Charles M. Schwab, who said:

"I was once asked if a big business man ever reached his objective. I replied that if a man ever reached his objective he was not a big business man. It is ever onward, with successful business men, until life flows out of their bodies."

What was true of the giants of finance and industry is also true of our great merchandisers, notably Marshall Field, John Wanamaker, and J. B. Duke, the three greatest merchants that this country has yet produced. They were big of bulk and vision. They not only remained in harness to the end but had the same business formula. Marshall Field expressed it to me in this way: "The secret of success in retailing is a quick turnover."

We live so close to the American financial scene that an impression sometimes obtains that we have a monopoly on the recipe for self-made success. Wizardry as applied to business has no geographical lines. Andrew Weir, the poor Glasgow lad, became Lord Inverforth, one of Britain's shipping kings. André Citroën developed from humble gear manufacturer into the Henry Ford of France. Alberto Pirelli, once the obscure young Milanese, is Italy's foremost industrialist. The two most striking business personalities of modern Europe, however, were Walter Rathenau and Hugo Stinnes. I saw them both at close range. No two men were more unlike in personality, yet each struggled for power, but of a different kind.

In some respects Rathenau was the most far-seeing economic statesman of the war and postwar eras. From the start he was the one and only German who recognized the moral responsibility embodied in the reparations issue. But for his untimely death at the hands of an assassin, the Dawes Plan might not have been necessary. Stinnes opposed Rathenau on reparations and a historic difference resulted. Curiously enough, they were reconciled in the early morning of the day on which Rathenau was shot.

A Vulnerable Spot in Their Armor

Rathenau inherited vast wealth—his father was the founder of the immense electrical machinery concern always referred to as the A. E. G.—and he added to it. During the war he led the economic battle on the home front just as Hindenburg and Ludendorff marshaled the armed battalions on the fighting front. He was one of the most versatile of men, for he could paint, draw, sculpt, interpret Beethoven and write books on higher thought. Linked with all this was a rare constructive talent. He built huge factories, developed electrical inventions and negotiated political treaties. At the Geneva Conference he proved himself the peer of Lloyd George and the rest of the professional diplomats. He looked the poet and talked like a philosopher. Rathenau had a more genuine indifference to money than any other person I have known. He was an amazing combination of the practical and the visionary.

Of more rugged and pugnacious stuff was Stinnes. Where Rathenau expressed the world citizen because of universal interests, Stinnes stood out as the dogged, tenacious Teuton wedded to a single task. Business was his god, and power his fetish. He was a great concentrator. He averaged four nights a week on a sleeping car and ate only when he could snatch the time for it. He had the tireless energy that, in the end, sapped vitality and put him in his grave at fifty-four. In personal appearance he looked more like a small-town shopkeeper than the forceful magnate who monopolized the European front page for half a decade. Yet wherever he sat was the head of the table. He cowed men into acquiescence by the power of his will. It was the dominant trait in his personality.

In connection with Stinnes I am reminded of the one vulnerable spot in the armor that men of his type gird on. It was as true of Harriman as it is of John D. Rockefeller. All are sentimental where their families are concerned. It is the one softening influence in otherwise unyielding natures. They have something of the family spirit which is such a factor in Chinese and Japanese life. The clan idea is strong. As was the case with the first of the Rothschilds, Stinnes, on his deathbed, enjoined his sons to stick together and perpetuate the family fame and fortune. Unlike the Rothschilds, they did the reverse. They quarreled and became bitter rivals. It led to the break-up of the empire of industry that the elder had reared at the price of his life.

In the matter of personality, kings are a class apart. Since judicious choice of parents is sometimes their principal claim to eminence, modern rulers have few distinguishing traits. About them is none of the romance or glamour such as surrounded a Henry of Navarre, whose white plume fluttered amid the battle din. The business of royalty, therefore, is more or less a stereotyped thing. Only the strongest possible personality can emerge from behind its limitations.

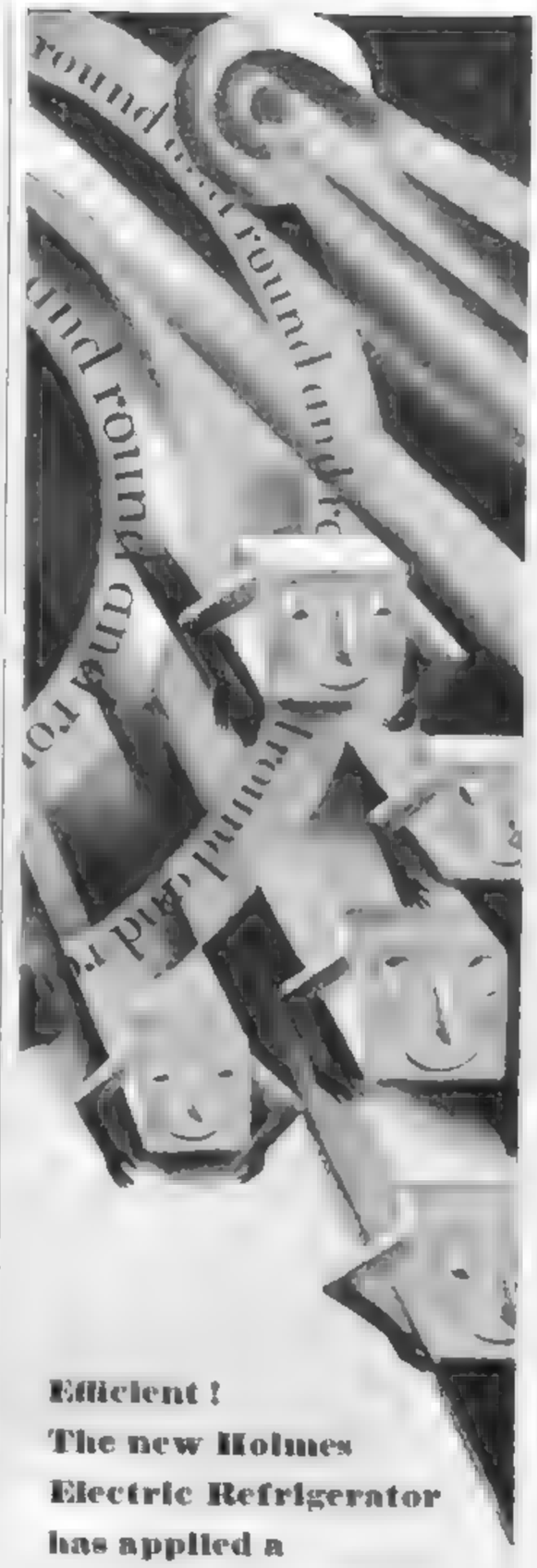
The Acid Test of Character

The four most conspicuous exceptions have been Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, King Leopold of Belgium and William Hohenzollern. They exerted an influence on their times. Leopold had a genuine commercial flair. In lay life he might easily have been the head of a great corporation. He initiated enterprises such as the diamond industry of the Congo, and was a stockholder in many companies. To a considerable extent he was emulated by the last of the German kaisers, who fostered industrial and shipping expansion, but mainly as an aid to financial and political authority.

Since a king must always lead a conversation, it is impossible ordinarily to make an adequate measure of the real man. King Albert of Belgium, for example, is most difficult to converse with. Here you have shy personality that is not an index to the courage and character behind it. He is remarkably well-informed. King Alfonso of Spain is much more demonstrative, as is the King of Italy. Both are Latins, which has something to do with their manner.

The most attractive personality in any contemporary royal family is that of the Prince of Wales. He has the rare qualities of charm and simplicity. He is the best of the royal mixers, yet he will never tolerate the first semblance of familiarity. He can be in a crowd, but not of it. The prince's frank and appealing human traits are not the only factors in his popularity. He performs little and often unrecorded acts that stir with the beauty of their inspiration. On one occasion he visited a soldiers' hospital where aggravated cases of facial mutilation were sheltered. When he reached the most hideous example of disfigurement he leaned over and kissed the man's forehead.

Temperamentally Lindbergh is very much like the Prince of Wales. He has the same charm and unaffectedness. Character shines in his face. No modern hero has so successfully survived acclaim. When all is said and done, adulation, like grief and financial success, is a supreme test of character. I was in Paris directly after



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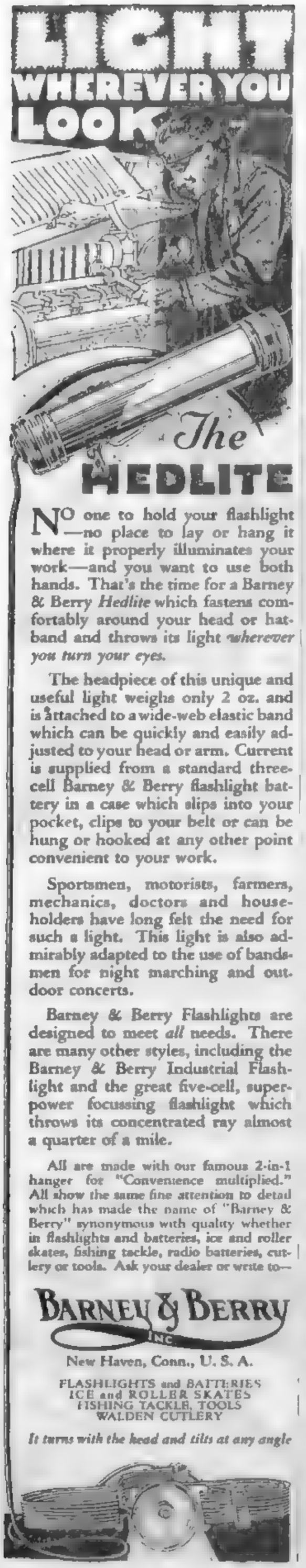

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Lindbergh arrived and saw the first avalanche of enthusiasm that well-nigh engulfed him.

From kings the next logical step is to the king-maker type as personified in Mussolini. He is not only the power behind the throne but its principal prop as well. The ramifications of his interest and energy touch every phase of national endeavor. He is an animated definition of what the French king meant when he said: "I am the State." The story goes in Rome that after a council meeting the king dropped his handkerchief. Mussolini picked it up and remarked: "May I keep this as a souvenir?" The king's facetious reply was: "I prefer to keep it. It is the only thing left in the kingdom into which I can put my nose."

How has Mussolini been able to put himself over so effectively? The answer lies largely in one word—personality. He is the most virile, dynamic and masterful figure on the world stage today. In these three qualities, backed up by indomitable will and courage, lies the secret of his rise to power and his maintenance of it. Like Lloyd George and Theodore Roosevelt, he is more of an institution than a mere individual. Politically he is Europe's foremost realist.

When you analyze any conspicuous achievement you usually discover that unflagging perseverance contributed to it. One of Mussolini's favorite texts for his scholars in penmanship during his brief and not altogether satisfactory experience as village school-teacher was "Arrive by persevering." This maxim was early ingrained in him. The story of Fascism is the story of his dogged tenacity to an ideal.

Abstemious in All Save Work

Another phase of his temperament is that, unlike many other forceful and eloquent persons, he practices what he preaches. Early in his stewardship of Italy he proclaimed that work was the salvation of the country. He not only holds five cabinet posts but is the mentor of the artistic and civic life of the nation. No activity is too slight to invoke his support. He launched a drive for more babies and set the example by becoming a father himself. He expounded the doctrine of restraint on food and drink, and, in consequence, leads the simple life. He neither smokes nor consumes alcohol.

Nearly every outstanding personage today is abstemious. Gluttony, save in work, is never a factor in achievement. When Mussolini announces that he intends to take a rest, it means that he starts to dash about opening stadiums, making half a dozen speeches and heading a few processions. Perhaps he believes in the theory enunciated by the late Fritz Thyssen, who was the patriarch of the Ruhr steel masters. He always said: "When I rest I rust." He died on the job.

One of the most astonishing revelations in a character that bristles with surprises is that, without having the slightest business training, Mussolini has inspired an economic nationalism more vivid than obtains in any other European country. He has an instinct for the right thing. He can tell the foremost industrialists just what to do in a crisis, and almost invariably it proves to be the correct procedure. His one economic mistake was in forcing the stabilization of the lira at too high a figure. Here you have a manifestation of the grand gesture. Through work and sacrifice, animated by the Duce himself, Italy has been able to readjust the dislocation that followed.

Most people who only read about him have the idea that Mussolini is the greatest showman of his time. This is perfectly true as far as externals go. It is part of his policy of selling Italy to the world through himself. It is only after you have seen him two or three times that you discover the sterling qualities behind the effective shop window.

On the first meeting he is primarily the *poseur* filling the rôle in which he is so often depicted. He stands behind his desk with arms folded. The Cæsarlike face is sternly set. He terrifies rather than attracts. On this occasion the caller must be accompanied by someone who can vouch for him; usually a member of the embassy staff of his country. He leaves with the idea that Mussolini is 100 per cent hard-boiled.

In this respect his technic differs from the procedure that Roosevelt practiced at the White House. The colonel was inclined to talk with impulsive frankness the moment he met a man, frequently exposing important state secrets. Being big himself, he thought that people could be trusted. In many cases vanity impelled his visitors to disclose what they had heard. In self-defense, Roosevelt had to repudiate them. Hence the Ananias Club.

In a second session Mussolini is less glowering. He has had one chance to feel you out. If you have kept faith with him he is inclined to unbend. The third encounter reveals the real man. He sends you word to come alone. He emerges from behind the barricade of his desk and sits beside you. He talks with amazing frankness. Then, and only then, do you realize that in Mussolini, as in many other ruthless men, charm hides beneath the grim exterior.

The most undiluted brand of existing ruthlessness is to be found in Kemal Pasha, the dictator of Turkey. His personality is a reflection of the iron within. The niceties of diplomacy are strangers to him. Like a storied despot, he rides roughshod over all who cross his path. In this policy he is animated by a curious fear complex. He lives in dread of assassination.

Physically Kemal Pasha is strongly reminiscent of Kitchener, for he is tall, soldierly and harsh of demeanor. In men of this mold, eyes are peculiarly an index of character. You always felt, for example, that no man could stand up before Kitchener and get away with a lie. To stretch a point, his eyes had a sort of armor-piercing quality. The same was true of the elder Morgan, who frightened people with his sharp and penetrating glance. Foch's eyes are keen, but his personality is far less forbidding than that of either of the three others I have just mentioned.

Men are frequently labeled ruthless when environment and not temperament is responsible. What might be called the explorer personality affords an apt illustration. When Henry M. Stanley came out of Africa he was called a boor because he was brusque of speech and replied to questions in monosyllables. He had the ordinary measure of kindliness in his make-up. Long contact with the jungle and its denizens taught him what every other man discovers in similar circumstances.

Power Behind Autocrats

Stanley had to fight his way across the Dark Continent. The idea that all hands were raised against him became ingrained, and it made him pugnacious. Another element entered into it. If you say "Thank you" to a Congo native—I speak from experience—he mistakes it for a sign of weakness and tries to impose upon it. There is no word for "Yes" in most of the native dialects. Hence you must indicate assent with a grunt. It followed that Stanley found it almost impossible to step suddenly out of the rôle that he had played in speech and deed when he was up against every factor that made for hardness.

The same is true of the men who battle with the frozen north. I had various editorial dealings with Admiral Peary and later met Amundsen and most of his colleagues. In their polar expeditions they were forced to spend months amid wastes of ice, and it affected their natures. What seemed to be the dour and the dictatorial in Amundsen was largely the result of the life he led in the great, white, silent spaces.

In Mussolini and Amundsen inherent traits or environment made for the dictator state of mind and attitude. There is a third contributory element exemplified in Woodrow Wilson, the President. Here the Constitution of the United States, aided and abetted by natural stubbornness and a dash of Scotch flint, created the autocrat. On more than one occasion he said: "I am the greatest living autocrat, because the Federal Constitution makes me one." His personality readily responded to a heaven-born instrumentality for power. Other Presidents were bulwarked by the same authority. Save for Roosevelt, they did not take advantage of their prerogatives to an autocratic extent. Roosevelt always referred to "my Army" and "my Navy." He looked upon the presidency as a sort of personal possession.

The more you probe into temperament the more contradictory it becomes when applied to specific activity. Take the military leaders of the World War. Now war, as everybody knows, is the most ruthless of occupations. In contrast, the chief manipulators of the greatest of all games of life and death are quiet, almost unobtrusive men, often with a strong spiritual inclination. Foch is very devout. One of the unforgettable pictures of those historic days was the chief of the Allied command praying in the ruins of a shell-shattered church. Though Foch is terse and forceful, he is at heart a kindly person. The same is true of Pershing, who has deep religious feeling. Lord French was the most robust of the lot. Strong men are often lonely men. The element of immense responsibility shuts out much of the intimacy that is the lot of lesser lights.

The Advantages in Ignorance

One of the biggest revelations in the matter of personality that contact gave me was with Hindenburg. The fighting world knew him as a massive, helmeted, gray-uniformed figure that incarnated the spirit of war. I found him a soft-voiced old man who was more disposed to talk of his grandchildren than of the operation of armies. It was not because he was approaching dotage. He is still erect and strong. His profession was war. Once he finished with it, he turned to the kind of interests that had always held him close. Hindenburg is undergoing an evolution that is the lot of few men in their lifetime. Around him is developing a legendary glamour, not as the martial figure whose name and leadership were things to conjure with but as a president who is father of his country.

The war premiers were temperamentally more dynamic than the fighting captains. Lloyd George, as I have already indicated, is a live wire sparking with personality. In tradition and temperament he is the exact opposite of the late Lord Asquith, who was the scholar in public life. To the last he remained in bondage to precedent. "Wait and see" was the slogan that proved to be his undoing. As prime minister, Lloyd George took the swift, short cut to a solution, whether it was according to diplomatic Hoyle or not. Clemenceau, who in those days was no less virile, used similar methods.

I have never seen a more adroit salesman than Lloyd George. His eloquence is so persuasive that he could sell summer underwear in the Arctic and fur coats in the tropics. In resource he has usually been able to go his opponent one better. During the war he had to conduct many ticklish negotiations with the French. He gave the impression that he could not speak their language, and invariably carried a squad of interpreters with him when he crossed the Channel. The fact was that he could understand French. His tactics enabled him to get a good many asides not intended for his ears.

For the final figure I have reserved the one that looms largest in American interest. Despite the fierce light that beats about a presidential candidate, the personal side of Herbert Hoover remains something of a puzzle to the great mass of American people. Is he human or is he a highly rationalized productive machine that operates without waste effort?

(Continued on Page 92)

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CONGRESS and BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

(Continued from Page 90)

Let us begin this analysis with a comparison: Hoover is less obvious than anyone elected to the presidency in decades. This, perhaps, is why the label of the enigma sticks to him. Roosevelt was an open book. Taft was easily understood, while Harding reflected the amiable and complacent. Wilson invariably disclosed an academic instinct that was in eternal conflict with the practical. Coolidge is no mystery, because he acts as people expect him to act.

Hoover seems to be aloof, but it is purely a matter of temperament. The reason is that his mind is in supreme control. He is content with the expression that lies in performance rather than in self-revelation. Through an infinite capacity for organized consecutive thought, he is master of himself. He applies the quality of engineer precision to every undertaking. Precision does not make for emotion. At that, Hoover is not brain-bound, for he has broad vision.

There is no more convincing evidence of the Hoover attitude than in his work as relief director. Here was a task that appealed to sentiment, but Hoover realized that succor, to be effective, must be organized. He therefore translated world mercy into a constructive business. This does not mean that emotional response was lacking. It does prove that his idealism never founders on sentimentality.

One of the real tests of personality, even when undemonstrative, as is the case with Hoover, is its ability to attract and hold people. Gauged by this standard, the President-elect measures up. Coworkers, all the way from those early China engineering days, through the bypaths of a prostrate Europe to the Department of Commerce, have been bound to him by a kindling loyalty. His subordinates of the American Relief Administration, for example, never referred to themselves as A. R. A. officials but as "Hoover's men." Moreover, Hoover has dealt with more different kinds of people, perhaps, than any personage of his time.

A hint of a man's character can invariably be gained from his office and method of work. The professionally busy person has a desk littered with papers. He makes a noise resembling action, but it is sound and fury signifying nothing. Hoover's environment has always been the exact reverse. It reflects his simplicity and directness, and likewise his passion for efficiency. Although an immense amount of business passed across his flat-top desk in the Department of Commerce and elsewhere, it was bare save for writing materials. Like the man himself, it was always cleared for action. He has one peculiarity: He makes marks with a pencil on a pad while he talks. If the conversation is long the page before him is a mass of crosses, circles and triangles. Instead of diverting him, this performance seems to be an aid to concentration.

Another characteristic is worthy of disclosure. Hoover seldom makes notes, since he has a prodigious memory. When he does want to record a passing thought he jots it down on the first scrap of paper at hand, which may be the back of an envelope or the edge of a newspaper.

A third relates to his smoking. He is rarely seen without a cigar. Moreover, he seems to be able to keep it lighted. The eccentricity that I want to point out is that Hoover never keeps cigars in a box. His first act is to tear off the top and dump the cigars into a desk drawer. I have never known him to offer a man a cigar out of the original container.

People marvel at Hoover's capacity for work. Organization and a constitution of iron make it possible. His theory is summed up in a single sentence: "Centralized ideas and decentralized execution." He is not the type that wastes effort trying to do everything himself. Once a job is shaped, he is content to leave the actual performance to others.

Contrary to general belief, Hoover is not inarticulate. He shuns the brass band, however, as an aid to enunciation. He prefers to talk in private rather than in public. In the campaign he proved that he is no amateur when he mounts the platform. One of his qualifications is a genius for the arrangement, assimilation and projection of facts. He writes as he talks—with a punch.

Hoover's trip to South America was a characteristic performance. Most men would have taken a long rest after an arduous campaign. Instead, he heeded the call of work, which with him is always irresistible. He realized that the friendship of our sister republics of the Western World embodies more than good relations. A considerable part of our economic destiny is bound up with them. The Hoover idealism is a sense of service that is both practical and uplifting.

Since the outset of this article we have traveled far afield, geographically and otherwise. Achievement is always colored by temperament. To paraphrase Hamlet's well-known remark, "personality's the thing."

THE GOLD RUSH IN THE AIR

(Continued from Page 9)

companies cannot afford it. A dozen or more, newly reorganized, are entering the export business.

Not all those reasons may be assigned to any single merger now being effected, but most of them are contributing causes. In many cases, reorganization is being brought about in a different way than by legal merging. One manufacturer aligns himself with another in this fashion: He produces a certain type, his specialty. The other undertakes to market that product both here and abroad. Largely, however, the trend is toward legal mergers, to the end that the new company may utilize more capital for improved equipment, increased production and more extensive promotion against the growing competition.

The financial risk involved in that sort of expansion is great. It might bring about overproduction, and plane building is a costly business at best. On the average, a manufacturer spends about $50,000 on a new type before the first machine leaves the factory. He can waste twice that amount trying to take the "bugs" out of it after he discovers that the pilots do not like it. Meanwhile his competitor may be selling machines and satisfying the market for two years to come. So none of the old, experienced plane and motor builders would proceed on guesswork alone. They have based their plans on fairly reliable information as to sales prospects, not only for the present but for the next three or four years; otherwise they could not afford to set up new jigs under new roofs and reorganize so extensively

"We have reason to believe that we can sell everything we build during the next two years," said an official of one of the biggest producing companies. "At present we have enough orders on our books to carry us through until next September."

One hears the same statement throughout the industry. More than anyone else, your aircraft builder knows how to size up prospects for future business. He has had experience at times when there was no business and he was forced to get out into every section of the country seeking sales. Today he finds prospects in many quarters.

One is the field of organized air transport, with fleets of planes operating over fixed routes on schedule and carrying passengers, mail and express. The growth of air transport has been steady and sure. Yet it is slight when compared to the plans for expansion now under way

Twelve months ago twenty-one transport companies were operating over 9669 miles of air highways. There are now thirty-eight companies with 16,000 miles of routes and 5000 miles additional in various stages of preparation. At least thirty new companies are being promoted.

The newcomers in air transport are not doing all the promotion. In fact, the operators who have been in it for two or three years are equally confident, and their conclusions are based on actual experience too. They point to their flying mail business. Some of the lines are carrying capacity loads over their contract routes. Since August, when flying postage was reduced to five cents an ounce, the volume of air mail has been growing at a rapid rate.

Yet they say that at present only about one letter in a thousand takes the air mail out of those cities which have the service. By numerous investigations and constantly thorough cooperation with civic organizations and trade boards, they have concluded that one out of five letters is potentially air mail, arbitrarily determined by noting that one of five is addressed to a point 500 miles or more distant.

Taxies in the Air

To their minds air-mail expansion should not cease until every letter traveling 500 miles or more is flown.

So, though the mail contractors are now making some money, the profits are nothing to what they believe must soon be realized.

They hold to the conviction that instead of flying on a once or twice daily schedule, they must eventually start a big, fast and loaded mail plane from their terminals once every hour of the twenty-four, if they are to handle the business. As yet there are less than 150 air-mail-station stops. Every city is to be on the system, according to the plans of the operators.

Express by air has been developing more slowly. On some lines it is good, on others patronage has been indifferent. But it shows promise, and with improved equipment—machines averaging 150 miles an hour, instead of the present 100 or 110—the operators believe they can give service that will attract the shipper of small freight and parcels. At that, several million pounds of freight and express have been flown in the past two years.

Passenger carrying by air is at present the great unknown quantity. Forty-five companies are now flying passengers or preparing to fly them over their lines. Only recently, however, have they been seeking passenger traffic. They have had forbidding rates because they lacked proper machines. Only a few of the lines have had good passenger planes. Largely they have been designed for mail only. Today nearly all the companies are beginning to take delivery on new planes built especially to attract the traveling public—machines with elaborately upholstered chairs, washrooms, dining service and other luxuries which, the operators have discovered, must be provided if they are to compete with surface facilities.

They think that the business is there, ready and waiting. In the past three years they have carried 100,000 passengers, despite rates which in most instances were actually prohibitive. Now they are reducing the fare.

While the big operators are projecting new lines the little fellows on shorter routes are beginning to yearn for more territory. Some of the recent mergers have brought under a single management two or three small companies. They are beginning to feel big. In other words, they expect to push their terminals hundreds of miles past present locations. To do this they are recapitalizing, and they are putting on more planes and changing schedules to provide faster and otherwise better service.

Though the manufacturers look to the air-transport lines to take the major quantity of their big, multi-engined and single-engined heavy-cargo planes, they are depending upon the aerial-service operators and private owners to buy the lighter machines. According to the most reliable reports the number of aerial-service operators has doubled in recent months. Here, too, there is a trend toward mergers. Some of the small concerns doing a local air hacking business with only two or three machines have been swallowed whole, planes, personnel and goodwill, by rapidly expanding organizations taking in many communities and with flying facilities in each

It is believed that the aerial-service operators will decrease numerically this year, but only through mergers; in which event the new organizations will require more planes to carry out their programs. The manufacturers think that sales to this branch of aviation must increase fourfold this year.

The private owners have been multiplying steadily, if reports are true. More than 3000 planes are now under Federal license; possibly a third of them privately owned by industrial corporations and individuals. Still they do not include all the private machines, for many are not flown outside the state in which the owners reside, and therefore are not subject to Federal regulation under present laws. As less than a third of the states have their own laws and systems of licensing, there is no accurate check on private machines confined within state limits.

Reports from distributors, however, indicate that there will be a substantial increase in private sales this year.

Many other circumstances land confidence in manufacturing circles. No other industry has had or is having so much encouragement from outside sources. Take, for instance, that contributed by the Government. Every official in Washington seems bent on making a flying race of Americans.

The theory is that if commercial aviation can be developed, it will constitute a great military reserve in the event of war or the threat of war. By maintaining the aircraft plants on a self-supporting basis made possible by commercial sales, the defense establishment will find those plants prepared to provide military equipment on short notice.

Making a Flying Nation

Another cause for that policy has been established. Since the day that Mr. Hoover entered the Department of Commerce he has been a staunch advocate of commercial aviation as an influence on American business both at home and abroad. With his skilled organization he has kept himself informed of the plans which other nations are projecting toward trade expansion by way of the air. He has been a leader in the movement to have the Government foster aviation to the limit of its resources, material and otherwise. His influence as Secretary of Commerce has won more than the customary coöperation from other officials. They in turn have become enthusiastic advocates of aviation as a boon to business of all kinds.

New airplane routes throughout the Americas, a steady growth of air transport between the United States and her neighbors and a foreign market developed for the surplus from our airplane factories—there you have a trinity of ideas that the Federal bureaus have been setting before all branches of American business.

With those two reasons for its policy of helping commercial aviation—national

(Continued on Page 97)

DIRT PER MINUTE

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THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

THE vice-president was explaining to his caller the intricacies of his Company's operations . . . one of the great chain grocery store systems.

As the caller listened, he watched the truck-drivers on the loading-platform in the yard. Trucks loaded . . . motors running . . . but the drivers sat 5 . . . 10 . . . 15 minutes . . . smoking, chatting . . . until a breathless shipping clerk rushed up with a sheaf of papers.

Turning to the vice-president, the visitor said: "In your 12,000 stores, Remington Rand can save you 4,000 hours a week on delivery invoices alone."

"Prove that," challenged the amazed official. So the visitor did.

The TRUCK-DRIVERS hopped off Ten Minutes *Sooner!* and the price of eggs dropped 4c

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

Installing records that TALKED!

GOING into one of the chain's district warehouses . . . the nerve-centers of the system . . . the Remington Rand man installed a simple, easily operated, yet marvelously complete inventory system with automatic tabulators, sorters, billing devices and other modern devices of control. Two months later, installations were ordered for 59 other warehouses, serving 12,000 stores.

For the first time in the chain's history, its executive had records that TALKED . . . revealed the FACTS of every day's business . . . *every day!*

Grocery prices dropped! Why? Because net profits went up. And this chain's policy is to share its savings with its millions of customers.

The Remington Rand installation cut the time warehouse truck-drivers waited for delivery invoices from 15 minutes to 3 minutes . . . a saving of nearly 5,000 hours a week in delivery service.

With automatic daily inventory, daily sales analysis and profit control, the executives cut the items stocked from 1,200 to as low as 700 in many districts. Cut many stores' shelf-stocks 20% . . . a yearly interest saving of $432,000.

The way to new net Profits . . .

SOMEONE has truly said that the difference between business today and business in your grandfather's day is the difference between records . . . and memory! Certainly, business machinery and modern control-records have made possible the amazing growth of American business this past quarter-century.

But just as certainly, business machinery and business records have a still greater service to perform . . . in opening the way to new net profits as competition grows keener. And it is to this service that Remington Rand is dedicated.

Here, for the first time, are the leaders in the development of modern office and control equipment, working in concert. Here are united their vast experiences and resources . . . their men, methods and knowledge.

Here are the keenest, most ingenious, inventive minds . . . here are the best informed men in America on making, using, filing, protecting control-records . . . welded into one service to American business, big or little . . . one complete service . . . one *unbiased* service of helping uncover new net profits by the common-sense application of better methods and records.

Telephone our nearest office for one of the 4,000 Remington Rand men to come and show you what help this organization offers you. Or write Remington Rand Business Service Inc., Remington Rand Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

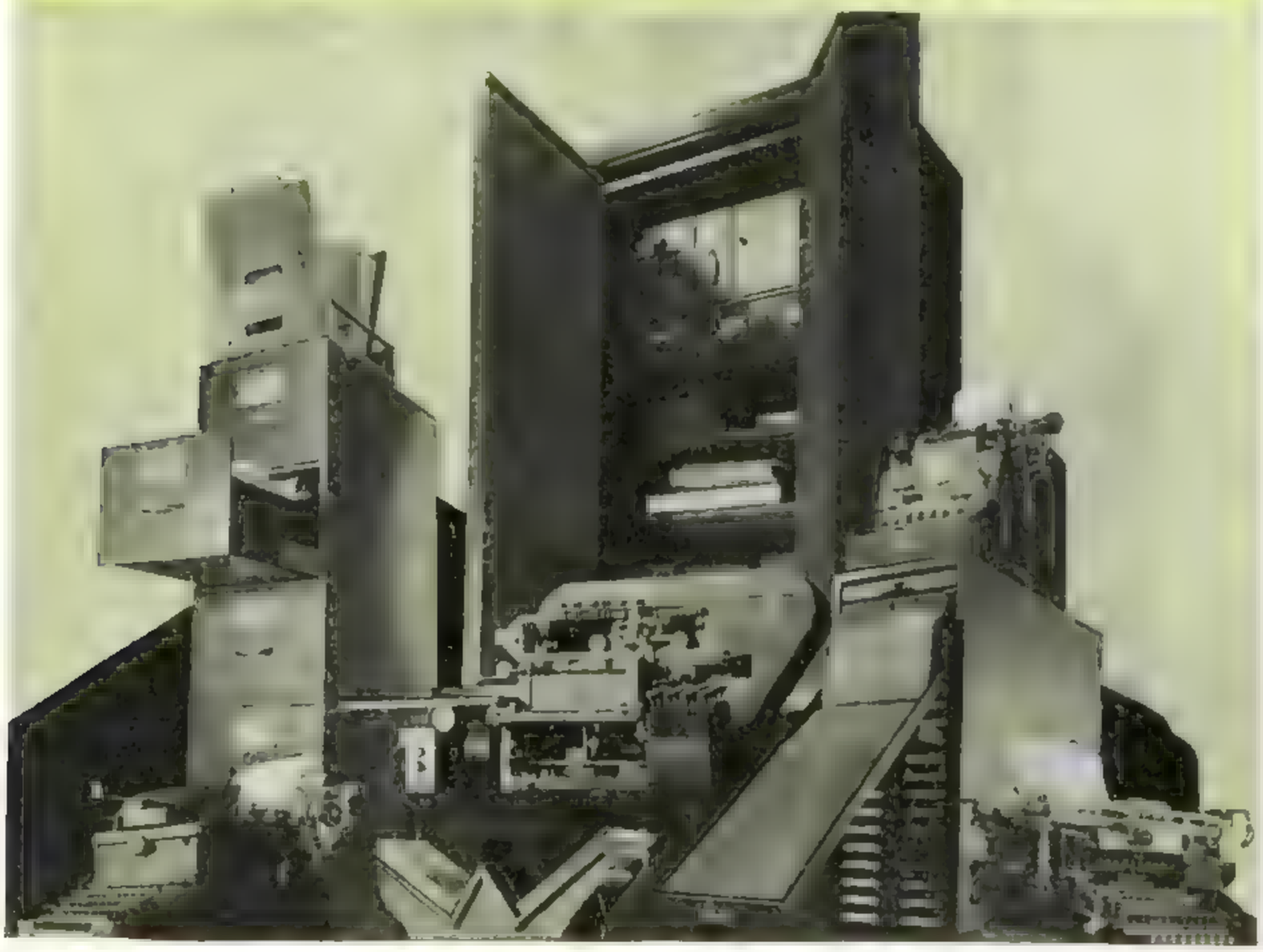
Remington Rand

BUSINESS SERVICE

REMINGTON *Typewriters and Accounting Machines* LIBRARY BUREAU *Filing Systems and Indexing Service* POWERS *Accounting Machines* . . . DALTON *Adding and Bookkeeping Machines* . . . SAFE-CABINET . . . INDEX VISIBLE . . . KALAMAZOO *and* BAKER-VAWTER *Loose Leaf Equipment* . . . RAND AND KARDEX *Visible Records*

Sales Offices Everywhere

THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



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and Make Money

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"Cycle-Logical Ways to Happier Days"

A Postal Card Brings It to You

A handsomely illustrated booklet with pictures of America's greatest athletes and why they think there is nothing like cycling for combining the greatest fun ever with splendid exercise—both interesting and instructive.

Just write "Scooter bike" or "Bicycle" —whichever you wish—together with your name and address, on a postal card and mail to

The Cycle Trades of America

Room A-205, Fisk Building, 250 West 57th St., New York City, and you will receive one of these booklets promptly.

David to carry a message,
Joseph to "pack" a load,
The Boy and the Bike are a gladsome sight,
On country or city road.
Boys who are learning business,
Boys who are growing strong,
And the Bike is the steed that fills the need
And hustles them right along.

Your Local DEALER will show latest models

(Continued from Page 92)

defense and trade expansion—the Government has taken no halfway measures. The five-year-program acts passed by Congress, and which went into effect in 1927, provided for an increasing number of airplanes to be purchased by the Army and Navy each year until 1932, and definitely committed the Government to a continuing procurement program in the future.

Last year aircraft manufacturers received about $40,000,000 for military and naval aircraft. This year it will be more than $56,000,000. That, added to the $75,000,000 which the manufacturers expect to be paid for their commercial output, will bring the gross return to $131,000,000 this year.

The Post Office Department organized the first air-mail routes, operated them through the critical experimental stages, and then retired from that business, leaving the air mail to private contractors. It is spending more than $6,500,000 on air mail during the present fiscal year, that sum having been appropriated to pay the contractors for flying the mails over the air routes. According to present plans, Congress will be asked to appropriate twice as much for the next fiscal period. When we learn that until recently only those operators carrying the mails have been able to make a profit, such support from the Government is of incalculable value.

For the General Good

It has kept the industry alive, permitting the contractors to build up their organizations, purchase airplanes, determine the best methods of operation, and exploit the passenger and express fields. From the beginning it has enabled them to buy the proper kind of equipment from the factories, which many could not have done had they not been assured of revenues from the mails.

The Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce is devoting about $4,000,000 to aids in commercial flying this year. Aside from licensing all pilots and planes engaged in interstate flying, the Commerce Department is lighting the airways for night flying. About 10,000 miles of routes have been lighted and 3000 miles more are to be lighted this year. New airways are to be laid out and mapped. Radio equipment is being tested, improved weather service is being provided they plan four weather reports daily, instead of the present two—and the department is coöperating with the municipalities in creating adequate airports. Further, it is sending aviation missions abroad to promote trade for the industry.

Through other bureaus the Government is improving equipment, instruments and other aids to navigation, every branch boosting commercial flying either by using machines on departmental business or by testing them for special purposes.

An instance of that has been the work of the Department of Agriculture. For years it experimented with crop-dusting and spraying planes, until the planters, fruit growers and lumber people were convinced that flying offered distinct advantages. Today they are giving handsome contracts to the private operators.

Among other agencies helping the industry are the municipalities. Improved highways created a market for motor cars, and today airports are paving the way for planes. Late in 1928 nearly 400 cities had their own public landing fields, and 890 more were scheduled for completion this year.

An airport, when built with public funds, as most of them are, is fair evidence that there exists a local demand for it. When a municipal field is established flying machines arrive. They are bound to; led on by the aviation committees of the boards of trade and with varied inducements offered to flying enterprises, local capital is made available for aerial service and air transport.

Campaigns are waged among local business and industrial houses to do their shipping by air. Private owners find facilities of every description, from public hangars and service stations to flying instructors and aviation country clubs.

When a community gets behind an airport, raises funds through bond issues, and there is a general campaign calculated to arouse the civic pride of all natives, when the hangars are built and the stage all set, those who have put it over cannot drop it. By every means at their command they must see to it that those hangars are filled with planes, even if they must be assigned to the police force. Otherwise they will find themselves objects of ridicule. If a political administration is responsible, oh, what capital the opposition can make of it!

Efforts of taxpayers' committees to knock out bond issues providing for municipal airports have invariably failed. In New York State the courts have upheld such issues on the principle that aviation no longer is in the experimental stage, and therefore an airport providing public facilities is "for the general good."

Airplane factories by the score and any number of flying enterprises have resulted from the creation of airports in communities which had no flying whatever until the enthusiasts launched their landing-field programs.

Private air terminals financed largely with local capital are developing with the growth of the big operating and manufacturing companies. Because they can erect factories on land adjoining the field, test equipment, operate flying services and schools, there is every inducement for them to buy shares in an airport company. It is good business. With expansion, the larger operating companies must have their own airports apart from the public fields, for flying, once popularized, will crowd a municipal field, whatever its size.

Chicago claims to have the most active public field in the United States, with more than a dozen hangars and 100 airplanes operating day and night. From there air mail and passenger routes radiate in all directions. The National Guard air force has its base at the field, and there are many visiting machines daily, not to mention the private owners who use the airport as a motorist does a garage. At times the aviators keep a traffic policeman busy directing them in and out, up and down. Yet sixteen other flying fields are operated in the vicinity of the city, and people are just beginning to fly.

Another and important element is tending to reorganize the industry, help it expand and make it popular. That is surface transportation. The companies which have been doing the fetching and carrying in the past, on land and sea, are taking an active part in several air-transport projects. Railroad men are betraying, one may say, pathetically anxious interest.

Catching Patrons Young

They ignored the motorbus at first, to their everlasting sorrow. They have seen the busses grow in popularity, until today there are more than 75,000 operating over about 270,000 miles of highways; some 13,000 miles more than the total railway mileage.

To avoid being blistered again—this time by the fastest vehicle yet devised—the rail executives are on the alert. Instead of fighting aviation, they are becoming directors in air-transport companies, and wherever possible, without too great financial strain, they are joining with air transport in providing a plane and train service. Railroad ticket offices are selling fares on the air lines. This may not amount to much at first, but it should develop public patronage to a degree not anticipated by the roads. The coöperation leads the public to think of air travel in the same terms of safety, reliability and regularity of service as it now recognizes in the railroad.

The coastwise steamship companies, too, are beginning to take notice. They see the five or six projects for flying service along the Atlantic Coast from Canada to New Orleans and Galveston, from Florida to Havana, Panama and to South American ports. And they do not like the idea, unless they can get into the picture. Some of the shipping companies are now surveying the possibilities of running their own air lines.

Again, aeronautics is receiving mighty encouragement from a field which other industries have tried to penetrate without much success. The young idea is being turned toward aviation, not only at home, on the streets and by the stunts of Lindbergh and other heroes but in the classroom.

Flying—what it is and what it should become—is now a subject for compulsory study in many high schools and grades. Literature is provided from different sources; most of it from Government bureaus and state departments. There are motion pictures showing flying in all its various phases. Civic organizations are bringing lecturers into the schools, and the good old mallet of oratory is pounding aeronautics into the minds of old and young, the teachers and the pupils.

Hopeful But Restive

To help the civic societies and keep them pepped up the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, the National Aeronautic Association and a host of minor organizations are contributing information and sponsoring flying meets, aerial picnics and booster meetings. Everybody is to get up in the air.

The Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics has spent nearly $1,000,000 setting up aeronautical engineering courses in colleges, and other institutions have been led to follow suit. The Fund now has a committee devising a general system of aviation education for all schools.

The airplane industry has never been rich enough to pay for much advertising, but with the present prosperity it is reversing what had come to be a policy. It has found the market too broad—too limitless, as a matter of fact—for any one company, no matter how big, to hope for increased sales against competition, unless it is constantly before the public everywhere. So it is beginning to conduct advertising campaigns on a more liberal scale. The transport companies are now advertising their superiority in speed, cutting a few hours off the time required by trains.

All told, the manufacturers are hopeful, to put it modestly. But if one can catch them in one of their rare quiet moments these hectic days and sit down for a heart-to-heart chat, he will hear such statements as this:

"Of course the demand is growing steadily. But promotion is too general. Too many persons are trying to make a paying thing of aviation. It is bringing inflation. What if there should be a reaction?

"And see the big reorganizations. Look at the banking houses getting into the game and controlling some of the most important units. Just think of the interlocking directorates. We don't know where we're headed for."

One of the big combinations is preparing to operate a plane and train service from the Atlantic to the Pacific, carrying passengers over the mountains by train and flying them across the plains.

Another, controlling several lines, is about ready to announce a complete legal merger, after which it will expand in every direction.

Another important group, formed by leading banking houses and one of the most popular builders of multi-engined planes, is putting up factories to produce giant machines. They are to be installed on a new route between New York and California cities—an all-flying service from coast to coast, maintaining a thirty-hour schedule. The machines will carry thirty-two passengers seated or sixteen persons tucked into Pullman berths for the night. The plan is to fly the mountain ranges in the East and West by daylight, thus eliminating part of the danger, and fly over the comparatively safe Middle West at night.

As this is written, other transport companies are reorganizing, expanding, merging or extending their routes into new territory. Each one plans to double the length of its route before the end of the year. Each is ably managed and adequately financed. There is no reason why the plans should not be carried through this first stage, at least. If they are, not only the states will be fairly well covered with trunk-line systems but the West Indies, Mexico, Central America and the Southern Canadian provinces as well.

All the larger groups had been acquiring new units through reorganization, promotion or mergers, when late in the year aviation popped wide open. No sooner had two or three obnoxiously competent companies been taken into the fold than others would start up to take their places, and it was apparent that if ever these new concerns got under way in proper fashion, they would bring the severest kind of competition right to the front doors of the old companies.

The new air-transport projects are beginning to take tangible form. They are projecting routes not only parallel but directly on the older rights of way. It is as though a new railroad were to start operating over another's tracks. No less than ten brand-new transport lines are planning to enter this field within the next few months.

There is nothing to stop them. The air is free. Municipal airports are available, and all the other public and terrestrial facilities, such as the routes which the Government is night-lighting, may be used by them without anybody's permission.

Only one obstacle confronts them at present—lack of air-mail contracts. The policy of the Post Office Department to date has been to grant only one contract to a route. But that is not a permanent policy; logically, the company that can provide the best service at the least cost to the Government will get the contracts.

To quote one of the newcomers:

"We have the advantage of coming in over a fairly perfected system of airways on which the old companies have pioneered. We have the benefit of their past promotion. We think there will be more than enough patronage for all, and we should soon have the same standing with the public as we shall have with the Government, for we can give just as good service at the same rates, or lower."

Preparing for War

That threat of competition has led the established groups to change their plans. Heretofore they have been more than friendly with one another, and until recently their policy has been to keep to their present routes without trespassing. Now they are planning to extend operations, and almost without exception they are going through one another's territory, in most instances touching the same important junction points and landing at the same terminals. Four of the big major projects for expansion within the next six months contemplate that action.

Competition will be bitter; it will be a battle of giants for the time being, until the new companies get well under way; then it will be a free-for-all. Rates will be cut for passengers, express and mail. Some of the new schedules already have lower rates for passengers and express.

Later on the contractors must present new bids for rates at which they will carry a pound of mail over their routes. The lowest bidder is due to get the contract between two points, provided his service is known to be as good as that of any other—always excluding politics.

The need for the strongest kind of organization to wield political influence or to combat the political influence of rivals is everywhere apparent in the air-transport and aerial-service branches of the industry. It does not apply especially to procuring air-mail contracts; one might assume that no mail contract will be awarded through political influence. But it does apply to the relations between the operators and the

1 or 2?

A lifetime of beautiful smiles *for* both

Smiles that flash beauty from babyhood to age! Rare—yes; but becoming more and more numerous, thanks to better care of the teeth in which this unique dentifrice is playing an important part. For it is the only tooth paste compounded in two textures for the two recognized classes of teeth.

For teeth easy to whiten (most children's teeth are in this class) Dr. A. J. Lautmann, a registered, practising dentist, created IODENT No. 1. For hard-to-whiten teeth (including smokers') he created IODENT No. 2.

IODENT sweetens the breath, polishes safely, and—most important of all—its iodine content (potassium and calcium iodides in easily soluble form) is a powerful aid to firm, pink, healthy gums.

You can verify these facts about IODENT by consulting your Dentist. Then try a tube. Your druggist sells IODENT in both textures.

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TOOTH PASTES *and* TOOTH BRUSHES

local governments, municipal and state. Airplane service in any form is as much a public utility as the trolley lines, bus lines and the railroads, and with growing traffic it must be regulated. It must be accommodated, every reasonable convenience placed at the disposal of the companies providing the service.

Now, most of us, if we have thought about the subject at all, know that influence does not always spell chicanery and unethical methods. Of late we have come to accept the fact that there is much to be gained by permitting the organization of great combines. The railroad mergers helped create a good opinion, and more recently the growth of the big utility companies in the electric light and power, gas and electric-railway industries has offered convincing evidence that better service, more intelligent administration, better financing and more improvements can be expected from a concern doing business over a large territory than from the small company confined to one locality. The air-transport and the aerial-service companies are endeavoring to build up equally strong organizations, to win the confidence of officials and the public.

A Dearth of Good Pilots

Despite all the aviation projects, there are in the United States today hundreds of sizable communities with no direct transport connections. Many—nearly all—have aerial service operating locally on short flights between near-by towns—an aerial taxi business. Today the mergers among these small operators are increasing numerically. They are developing feeder lines to the long-haul routes.

There is just enough merging of that sort in progress at present to indicate that the big trunk-line systems will continue to follow the practice of the railroads and absorb the feeder lines generally. But every village can be served by aircraft in many ways, and it requires little vision to picture the feeder lines soon becoming more numerous and at the same time equally as important as the trunk lines.

At the present time there is a wide divergence of opinion as to just how far the merging of transport companies can go without hurting aviation. Some of the enthusiasts say this:

"There is the psychological influence of big companies. People have confidence in their future. They become shareholders in those concerns. There can be no limit to the reorganization; it must continue until we have only a reasonable number of airplane plants and operating companies."

What is a reasonable number? There are still many individualists in aviation. Some cut quite a figure, others are small. With one voice they say:

"Until the airplane is developed to a greater degree of perfection than at present let us have competition. Until we find the public actually using airplanes in both long-distance and short-haul transport, let every concern stay in the field as long as it can afford to spend the money. Let it develop aviation locally. Those who believe that exploitation can be left to the general direction of a few groups are mistaken."

There is too much to be done, they say, too many problems to be solved, before the way will be cleared for smooth flying. All agree that the lack of trained pilots is the chief menace to progress today. There are not enough good aviators in the United States to satisfy the demand. Notwithstanding that the Department of Commerce has been issuing student pilots' permits for two years—sometimes as many as 490 in a single week—the air-transport companies profess to be worried. Three-quarters of all the accidents are traced to faulty judgment on the pilots' part.

The usual complaint is that, though hundreds of young men are receiving some kind of training in the control and operation of aircraft, they are not good enough for the responsibilities of scheduled service, with all its emergencies continuously demanding the utmost resourcefulness. Regular service means flying in all kinds of weather with heavily loaded machines, night flying over long distances where fog and snow may obliterate the landmarks and force one to navigate by means of his instruments. Long experience is required before a pilot can claim that sixth sense which may be depended upon to bring him into port safely.

The flying schools have not been giving that kind of training, it is said. With exceptions they have been turning students loose in the air without much more than elementary schooling in handling the controls. That is why so many of the students have been unable to procure pilots' licenses. To remedy the situation, some of the leading flying schools have been reorganized on a larger scale, and they are beginning to set up training branches in cities throughout the country. One organization plans to have several schools in each state. Meanwhile the Department of Commerce is working on a set of specifications for all training schools, and those lacking the department's certificate may soon be outlawed.

More pilots are needed for private flying. The airplane cannot be driven like the motor car. Almost anybody can learn to drive a car, but flying is different. Some persons cannot be taught to fly. The Army and Navy air forces have found that a student might master the instruction course to a certain extent and then utterly disqualify himself; hundreds are let out after many hours of cadet flying.

So much skill is required to fly any machine with safety that there must be a good pilot in every privately owned plane. Either the owner must learn to fly or he must employ a pilot chauffeur. In each case the services of a skilled aviator are required. The aircraft people dislike to think just how this may retard the popularity of private ownership, but they have been compelled to think about it.

They have asked the Government to train more pilots in the air forces and detail numbers of its best men to the commercial schools. They have asked that the present policy of dismissing a cadet who has been disqualified be changed to continue that cadet's training until he is fit to be a commercial pilot. At present many are disqualified for reasons peculiar to the service—a cadet may not be able to stunt his machine, he may have a slight physical disability or he may lack some of the cultural traits that the service demands in its officers. The effort now is to retain such men for commercial aviation.

Bubbles in the Blue Sky

Another question bothering the industry: To what extent have we overcome our instinctive reluctance to taking both feet off the ground? And once in the air, how many of us are willing to bear the discomforts of flying? There are many discomforts. Flying can be really boresome. In most instances the scenery is nothing to write home about after one has scanned the same monotonous countryside for hours. There are no details. One cannot stop and feast one's eyes on a charming bit of color in the trees. One cannot enjoy the hills and valleys. There are none. Sane commercial flying is high enough to be out of danger and therefore out of touch with everything of interest upon the surface. Cloud formations may be interesting, but clouds can also bring rain, mist, snow and fog. Those who believe that every agency for promotion should be permitted to exploit the field to the utmost have that as their main reason. They hope that a sufficient portion of the population will be led to overlook the inconveniences provided enough propaganda is brought to bear at this time. They think that the more companies we have, the greater the missionary effort will be.

One phase of the present promotion is being condemned by all honest persons in the industry. The popularity of flying and the rapid rise in the market value of aircraft stocks have admitted the shyster and the confidence man. Today a number of fake companies are being financed by means of stock sales among the gullible.

The Better Business Bureau of New York investigated a few weeks ago and found considerable blue-sky promotion in aviation; so much that it issued a general warning. Admitting that the aircraft industry has been "racing ahead accompanied by breathless public interest," and that old companies "operating on safe margins of profit have obtained new finances by the sale of their securities," it urges thorough study of any enterprise before investing.

The bureau found that the twenty-six states with blue-sky laws designed to protect the public have admitted 115 new aircraft companies in the past two years, their total authorized capitalizations amounting to $40,000,000. That does not include the new offerings in states having no blue-sky legislation, such as New York and New Jersey. The bureau pointed out in forcible terms that passenger carrying by airplane has not yet developed past the experimental stage, that the public is still sensitive to flying, and that, in any event, air transport must compete with the older forms of transportation, so that at present the cost of procuring the passenger business often is more than the returns.

Some of the air routes now being promoted are silly and cannot pay a profit under any circumstances. Train service and motor highways will keep aircraft off many short-haul routes until planes and engines become less expensive.

Looking Into the Future

There are signs that the next few months will find the manufacturers cutting their prices for planes and engines while the transport companies lower their passenger rates. With quantity production and more sales, the prices can be brought down on most types. And the operators themselves assert that with faster equipment and a heavier volume of patronage they can reduce their rates so that they will compare favorably with those of the railroads.

With a reduction in rates for transport and lower prices for planes, the reorganization of the industry will commence in earnest. The small operators must either be forced out of business or sell out to the big companies. The small manufacturers will not be able to sell out to the big plants, for they will not have anything worth selling except real estate.

It is the opinion of the majority experienced in aircraft construction that no company can survive unless it possesses three essential characteristics. They are: A skilled designing and construction organization, sufficient capital and adequate plant facilities.

Designing is not so simple. Among seventy-five airplanes of different manufacture exhibited in the past few weeks, less than half that number are entitled to serious attention. The others are either imitations of well-known models or old style in form and obsolete in performance. They are not marketable in quantity. Some of the builders producing these machines may change models, but they must compete with others better known and of favorable reputation. Expert observers predict that half the airplane constructors will be out of business in another year. They say that many established companies making similar types will merge.

For all the present inflation and promotion, aviation is headed in the direction taken by the other transport industries. With growth, there will be more planes and more air routes, but the manufacturers will disappear gradually, until there are relatively few corporations, like those in the automobile field, each with its own special market; while air transport, like the railroads, will be limited to a small number of trunk-line systems, each maintaining a monopoly in its territory. The rush to make money out of the air must soon become a struggle for existence which will end in the survival of the fittest.

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Masterpieces of silvercraft . . . . Fittings by Ternstedt provide the final touch of distinction to the luxurious interiors of modern motor cars. Door handles . . . . window controls . . . . lighting fixtures . . . . lighting switches . . . . locking devices . . . . robe rails . . . . foot rests . . . . *all* of the many body appointments, originally devised for utility alone, have been re-created by Ternstedt artisans into embellishments of exquisite and enduring beauty

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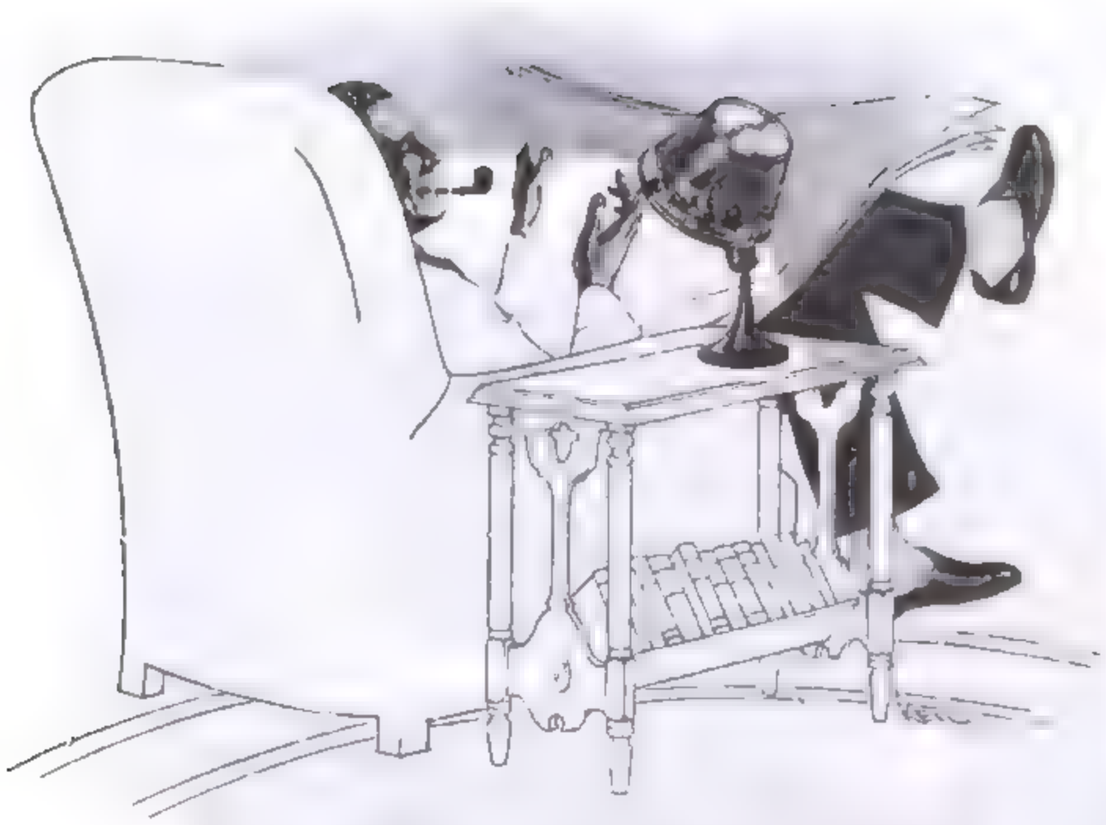


Get Comfortable!

—this lamp will twist and turn for you instead of your having to twist and squirm for it.

What a grand and glorious feeling it is to lie in lazy cushioned comfort and read by a Buss Light. One taste of such a Buss Light evening and one wonders how anybody ever put up with the ordinary, stubborn, stiff-necked, rigid stand lamp.

For a Buss Light brings a flexible reading lamp—a lamp that can almost tie itself into knots to fix the light rays just where wanted. Be comfortable! No more twisting about to get good reading. The lamp does the twisting.

The shade tilts to cast the light in any direction and the special bulb grip keeps it tilted. The lamp bends to any angle on its patent ball joint.

Tiltable! Turnable! Twistable! Bendable! Standable! Clampable! Hangable! Buss Light is a man's idea of a lamp to give real reading comfort and unlimited light usefulness.

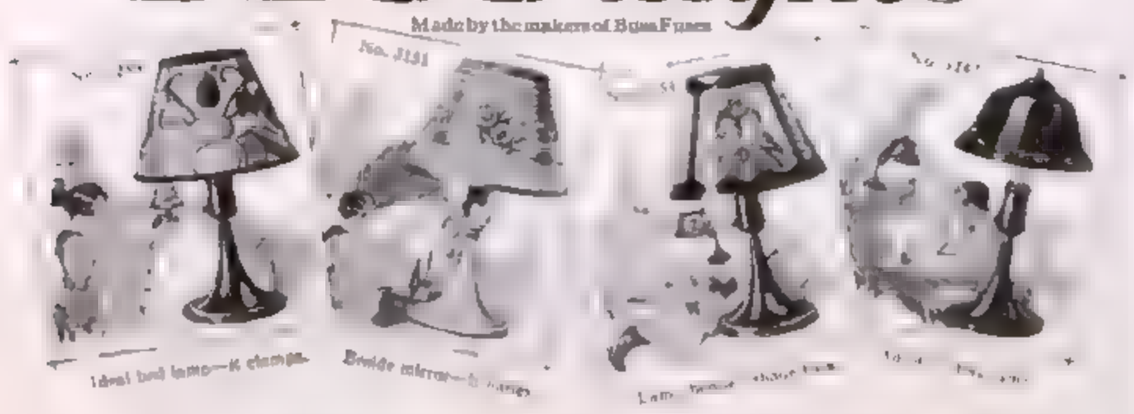
And that's not all! The Buss Light is more than an adjustable stand lamp. It is both portable and convertible to other uses. It can bend the light down over the desk. (A a.) Or a simple twist of the wrist twirls the base plate out to form a clamp (D) which clasps on bed or chair. Or it hangs by a slot in the base (C) to make a perfect wall lamp.

And always a Buss Light beautifies the spot where it is used. You will be proud to have one in any room in your home.

When you see the handsome quality and fine design of a Buss Light, you will wonder how it can be sold for only $3. Ask at department stores or electrical stores anywhere.

BUSS *Lights*

Made by the makers of Buss Fuses



The 1929 line of seven beautiful models

offers a choice to suit any taste, use or room.

The four models with translucent shades are produced on finest quality parchment-like material and edges trimmed with silky ribbon.

The handsome metal bases in statuary bronze, gun metal or ivory have a classic leaf design embossed in color. The decorated metal shades in ivory or bronze are equally beautiful. Complete with shade, base and extra long 9 ft. cord. (Bulb not included.) $3

There is also a plain bronze finish Buss Light that retails at $2.00

If you don't know where to get Buss Lights conveniently, use this coupon

[illegible] Mfg. Co., 2543 University St., St. Louis, Mo. I enclose $ [illegible] for which send Buss Lights. [illegible] (order by numbers in picture panels) to name and address given on margin below

HOOCH

(Continued from Page 31)

Flenger was like the beast at bay. "You seem pretty sure of yourself, kid," he said.

"Three or four of the boys are outside," the young man nodded. "If you like I'll call them in. After all, we're reasonable enough," he pointed out. "We ain't asked for a thing but a little help on Dopey's funeral."

"An' if I kick in," Paddy said nervously, "you got plenty on me as long as I live."

"Zuroto might be figuring that way," Poppolipis admitted with his usual frankness. "He's an awful smart guy. He never misses a trick. Any of the gang will tell you that."

"Where does he git the idea I bumped Dopey?" Flenger went on, fighting hard for control.

"You did it," Poppolipis said steadily, "because Dopey hijacked those trucks. Zuroto is sorry about that. He sort of caused it by playing the part of the Federal copper. But he had to have booze. You been giving Mitchell and Slenk all the breaks on booze, captain."

"Answer my question," Paddy insisted. "Where does he git the idea I bumped Dopey?"

"We saw you send him for a ride in Slenk's car," the young man said. "I was there myself. I saw the three of 'em start out. Mitchell driving: Slenk and Dopey in the back seat. I saw you walk back into the apartment." He laughed softly as though enjoying the recollection. Then:

"What a break you got, captain! Zuroto and I were standing in a doorway not fifteen feet away from you when you passed. While you stood there watching that old tail light disappear, we whispered together about whether to bump you. But as I say, Zuroto is a smart one! 'Let 'em go,' he says. 'Mebbe better Dopey bumped, mebbe worse. We need Flenger later on. You know how he talks, captain! So we let you amble into the apartment."

Flenger was definitely and frankly seeking the support of the desk now. His face, always foxlike, now was ghastly. His features seemed to have shriveled; the eyes appeared sunken more and seemed even closer together.

"Tell Zuroto to come see me, kid," he said, his voice high and cracked. It seemed that his throat had closed tight and it took all his strength to force the words into being. "Tell 'im to come see me. I'll go for a thousan' fer the funeral."

Audaciously Poppolipis held forth his hand. It was a frank gesture accompanied by a friendly smile. "That's great, captain," he said enthusiastically. "You know how it is. There's nothing personal in this thing and we'll probably do a lot of business together before long. It's always best to do business with friends and I want you to know how I feel toward you. I'll see that all the boys know about it too."

Meekly Flenger took the hand and smiled. "I just wanted to be sure, kid," he explained.

"I'll tell the chief to drop around later."

"Tomorrow mornin'," Flenger said. "I'll drop in at the bank on the way down an' pick up the dough. But tell Zuroto not to let my name git into this thing. Tell him, kid, no matter what happens, he mustn't let my name git into this."

It might have been Swinnerton himself who was speaking.

*

ALL soft-treading creatures will run rather than fight, but fight bitterly rather than die. So it was with Paddy Flenger. Gladly would he have shifted the responsibility for all that had happened. But his back was against the wall. Now that there was nothing to do but fight, he determined to fight with all the power and all the cunning he could command. After all, the odds were still with him.

For better than an hour he sat hunched over his desk after Poppolipis had left. His forehead was corrugated with wrinkles. His lips jerked about tensely with his thoughts. He chewed and smoked three or four cigars as he sat there. The window behind his desk turned slowly to gray, then to the black of full-blown night. Still he did not leave the chair. Outside he could hear at times faint indications of the everyday life of the station house. Once the patrol wagon, its bell clanging raucously, left the house. Half an hour later it returned. No one disturbed the captain. The affairs of the day went along just as though he was not there. In his present mental state that seemed an omen. He saw that he could pass out of the life and leave no noticeable effect. Despite his authority and his position, so deeply intrenched in the law, he was vulnerable in the extreme. The happenings of the past few days served to show him that.

He was just a man. More, he was just a criminal. Sooner or later the law must overtake him. How true it was that the way to catch a criminal is to get him fighting over the spoils! How wise had been the man who first saw the truth of that!

But his thoughts steadied in time. He became again the schemer. With the inherent ability, which he had so long enjoyed, to size up the motives of others, he lent the weight of analysis to his position. For the moment, he must admit, Zuroto was in control. There was a way to upset that condition, however. If Zuroto got no liquor except his bottles of wines and liqueurs, he could not long remain in control. The only authority in Flenger's orbit was that which rose to power on a supply of liquor. Could he but terminate Zuroto's supply, he could clip the wings of the man. There was hope there.

Again, he still had Slenk and Mitchell. Dausto and Baer would be in no humor to let their gold mine slip away either. If it came right down to cold cases, Flenger told himself, the business could be settled with Zuroto just as it had been with Hiller. But that brought up another source of worry. Once let the lieutenants of Paddy discover in him the slightest weakness, and his whole authority was pretty certain to collapse. He dreaded that. It cut in on too many of his plans.

He was not blinded to the facts. An underworld leader without enforceable authority is akin to a dead man. It was all or nothing: there could be no doubt in the minds of his men. Either he controlled with an iron hand or he fled.

He was not above disappearing and leaving the dangerous business of readjustment to men whose lives were less valuable or who had less for which to live. After all, he could afford to quit now. But there was so very, very much more to be had, once this temporary storm subsided. Still, he thought, better to quit comfortable than die rich.

All the dangers of the bootlegging business assailed him with new and sudden poignance. A man could not go on forever. To get the full realization of that fact, Paddy had only to recall that the very night he sneeringly sent Dopey Hiller to his doom others were standing unseen at his side—others who simultaneously decided whether or not Paddy was to live.

In due time he called Dutch Slenk on the telephone.

"Don't talk, Dutch," he said cautiously. "I want you to come right over an' see me. I got an idea your wires are tapped anyway."

Slenk's voice was strained when he answered: "Yeah? I think you're nuts, Paddy. But I'll be right over if that's the place to talk."

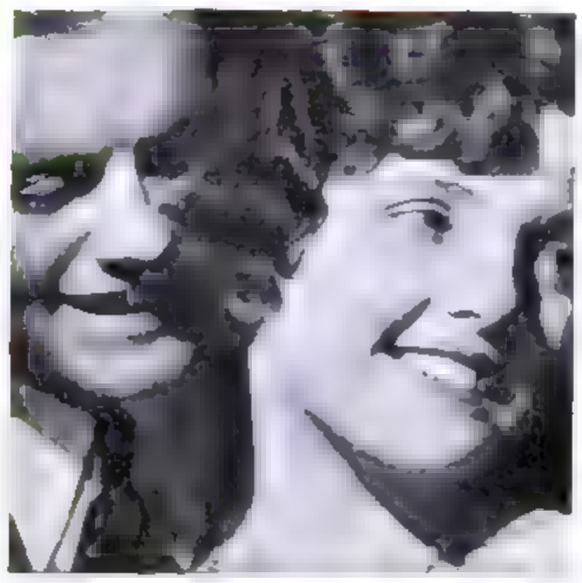
"Come over," Paddy insisted. "This is the best spot I know."

So Slenk came. He entered the office dedicated to law enforcement with an evident trepidation. He glanced about sharply, looked inquiringly at the captain.

(Continued on Page 102)

How your toothbrush looks—

has a lot to do with the looks of your teeth



Most people keep on using their toothbrushes after honest service has impaired the polishing and cleansing qualities.

No brush, however excellent, can really whiten and brighten teeth after it's worn out. That is why we offer this reminder—*and warning*—to all who use toothbrushes.

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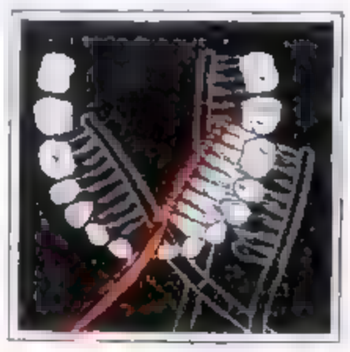
To Brush Teeth
as dentists advise

Use a good dentifrice. Brush always away from gums, towards cutting edges of teeth. *With* the crevices, never *across*. Do this twice daily. Use a new Dr. West's Toothbrush—recommended because specially designed to make correct brushing easy. Do this, nothing more, and your teeth will soon show new whiteness.

Here You See Why

Note how the special bristles, used only in new Dr. West's brushes, remain always erect. See how they enter and sweep crevices. Note, too, how easily you cleanse behind teeth far back, or the inner curve—danger spots!—as well as the front teeth.



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Trays swing out as the lid is opened. No danger of upsetting. Space for reels, tackle and plugs.

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with four linked trays
Two sizes. Price $8.00 and $8.50. Trays lift out as the lid is opened. Two trays for small parts, two trays for small tools.

Trade Mark
Kennedy Kits
Made of Metal

(Continued from Page 100)

"What's the blow-off, Flenger?" he asked sharply.

"Sit down," Paddy said. "I got a coupla big things on the fire, Dutch. A coupla things you an' me can work out nice. I want to talk to you about 'em."

"Shoot," Slenk sighed in relief. "Fer a minute you had me walkin' sideways! What's the idea o' tellin' me my wires is tapped?"

"I think they are. But we'll talk about that later on. First, what about that frail o' Dopey's? Did you chase her outa town?"

"I never found her!" Dutch exclaimed. "Just as soon as Dopey got the bump she beat it herself. I guess she figgered it was best not to git tied in on a deal like that."

"How do you know she's really beat it?"

"I checked it up. I hadn't been back in the house half an hour when you buzzed me," Slenk explained. "I went to Dopey's apartment an' the door was open. I stepped inside. Everythin' looked like a cyclone had hit it. The dame had packed in about ten minutes an' flew the coop like the devil was after 'er."

Slenk laughed coarsely. "It was easy enough to see," he continued. "But just to be sure I put the office on the bird that runs the club where she's been singin'. He says she got her dough from him an' fanned the town as soon as Dopey passed out."

Flenger was pondering the report. Slenk quieted and sat waiting for the captain's remarks. There was a long period during which neither spoke. In order to cover his own nervousness Flenger lit a cigar and offered one to Slenk, who declined and lit a cigarette.

"All right," the captain said at length. "Now fer the little business deal I was speakin' about." He paused again impressively. Then: "You know who my angel has been on this deal, don't you?"

"Well"—Slenk grinned understandingly—"I'd be kind of a chump not to have an idea, boss."

"An' your idea?" Flenger asked.

"If it ain't offensive to you," Slenk answered, "I've allus kinda figgered Swinnerton in on the deal som'eres."

"Alderman Swinnerton, eh?" The captain grinned.

"Sure. I mean, he owns them breweries an' ——"

"Exactly!" Flenger grunted. "He owns 'em. By the way, Dutch, what do you figger them breweries an' that distillery worth?"

"Now?" Slenk grinned, his eyes rolling appreciatively, as though in a hopeless effort to compute so tremendous a value. "Boy! With the stuff retailin' at eight to ten bucks a bottle, they're worth about the same as the machines that make the dough in Washington."

"I mean just the land an' buildin's," Paddy interrupted.

"Oh! Well —— Gee, man, I dunno. I ain't an expert on them things. You'd know more about that than me. . . . Why?"

"I figgered nearly half a million, Dutch."

"Sounds sane to me. They're big places," Slenk agreed.

"That's a lot o' dough," Flenger whispered luringly. "Fer just one shot, Dutch, that's important money."

"What's the game?" Slenk asked. "It's a cinch you ain't talkin' fer your health."

"No, I ain't." The way Flenger spoke, it was as though he was making an admission of fact to his closest friend. "You see," he continued after an impressive pause, "I got an idea you an' me could split that dough, with nobody the wiser, Dutch There ain't any sense kiddin' ourselves; this booze racket can't go on forever"

Slenk hitched his chair close and leaned his elbows on the desk "You know me, Paddy. I'll go through on anythin' that shows the chances even."

"I know that. That's why I figgered you in, Dutch. If there's one thing I'm known fer, it's stickin' to my friends an' givin' 'em a break," Flenger went on with an air of conscientious self-appreciation.

"Sure. You've proved that, old man," Dutch nodded

"An' when I pick a feller fer a pal," Paddy explained, "I forget there ever was a word like 'quit.' I figger you're the same."

"Right to the last card, Paddy."

"We understand each other. Now, this Swinnerton. I've seen it comin' fer weeks, Dutch. He's plannin' to give us the run-around!" Flenger spoke carefully, that due importance might be attached to his words. Slenk rose and paced the room, his lips puffing viciously at his cigarette.

Finally he said: "You got the low-down on that end of it, Paddy. I don't know your deal with the alderman. But if he crosses you he'd cross me. I'm playin' the game with you right from soup to nuts. You don't need to beat aroun' the bush with little Dutchie. Dish the dirt!"

"Well, there ain't much he can do," Flenger shrugged. "I've got him goin' an' comin'. But I don't like playin' that way. It was the same with Dopey."

"Dish the dirt," Slenk snapped impatiently. "Where do we go from here, Paddy?"

"Swinnerton is yellow as sand," Flenger said. "He's always dodgin' his shadow. So I figgered the safest thing fer me to do, in order to protect you boys, was git that outfit o' buildin's he owns. I put the scare into him. I got him to form a phony corporation with me an' transfer the whole works to the corporation."

Slenk grinned appreciatively. There was a light of understanding in the gesture. "Go on," he sighed. "It just shows what a start is given a guy that is born with brains."

"You begin to see the angles," Flenger nodded. "I'll have things sewed up in a short time. Then I'll look to you to help me."

"How, Paddy?"

Flenger puffed slowly at his cigar. There was a theatrical thoughtfulness about his manner.

"First," he explained, "you'll pick a good, big real-estate operator. From him we'll git an appraisal o' the land an' buildin's. Then, after the transfer is made, you can go back to him, have him slap a heavy mortgage on the works, which we'll git, then sell him our equity fer plenty less than his own appraisal."

"But Swinnerton ——" Dutch gasped, his mind not quite able to keep apace with so simple and yet so daring a plan.

"I'll handle Swinnerton!" Flenger promised viciously. "I told you he was yellow as sand. When we're ready I'll fix up a little rain on the buildin's, that's all. Just mention law or jail to the alderman an' he don't dare make a move!"

Slenk was again puffing. He thought matters over at some length. "We don't want to do anythin' that'll kill the booze makin'," he avowed after a long silence. "Even takin' a hundred grand apiece, Paddy, we'd lose money in the long run."

"We could go right on makin' booze," Flenger promised uneasily. "That's the only reason I'm talkin' about this thing, Dutch. I'm afraid Swinnerton'll give us the run-around."

"Count me in," Slenk grunted. "I'll play along with you."

"What a sucker you'd be not to!" Paddy snapped. "The corporation papers'll be passed within ten days, Dutch. You'll have to sign a phony name to 'em. I'll give you the office when I want you. They're makin' a title search on the property now. It'll be easy enough. All Swinnerton expects is a little stock. We can have some extra certificates printed fer him, if it comes to that."

Slenk snapped his cigarette across the room regardless of where it might land. "Paddy," he asked impressively, "why is a guy smart enough to get himself alderman, dumb enough to start crossin' his pals just when the goin' is good? Ain't this bird satisfied with his end?"

"Yes. I been slippin' him twenty grand a month, Dutch. And that's net. That's the way I play with pals—open an' above board. But he wants it all. Can't stand fer you gettin' a cut, or me, or the others. He hates to pay for protection. The more a man gits in this world, the more he goes after!"

"I don't mind trippin' up a bird like that," Slenk sneered. "Lemme know when you want me, an' what you want."

"That's settled. Between us, we won't lose nothin' on the deal, boy!" Flenger promised. He waited a moment, then said casually: "By the way, do you know a guy named Zuroto?"

Slenk raised his eyebrows. "Sure. Don't you?"

"I know him, that's all," Flenger shrugged. "What's his racket?"

"He's a wop," Slenk explained. "He's been makin' wine an' sellin' it to his friends. Nothin' big."

"Why didn't you tip me off?"

"I thought everybody knew it! He ain't cuttin' in on us any. We ain't got any o' that junk to peddle."

"He ain't as small as you think," Flenger complained. "I got the tip-off that he's makin' a million bucks."

"Mebbe so. But I don't believe it," Dutch scorned. "Zuroto never tried to play big. In fact, he went to Jimmie Dausto an' asked him to sell a bit of his stuff for him. You know, Jimmie's got the wop trade an' a little wine helped along his racket. It made the line complete, boss, an' the boys didn't have to go outside to find the stuff their customers wanted."

Flenger was again at the breaking point. To think that Zuroto had not only worked into the confidences of his organization but had actually used that organization to forward his own aims was almost more than the police officer could stand.

More and more clearly he could see the futility of attempting to go on. More and more earnestly he schemed for a quick grab and flight. With Zuroto and his cool-voiced aides watching him with cocked guns, Paddy grew afraid. He felt for a cigar and protected his face with his hands while lighting it. Dutch must never suspect what was in his mind.

"Yeah," he managed to drawl after a time. "I see your point. I was only askin' because I just got a tip-off that somebody wanted to put the finger on Zuroto."

"The Federal mob?" Dutch asked. "I wouldn't believe that. Honest, I really think that wop has got himself a tie-up. He says himself that nobody'll bother 'im. He's payin' the local cops plenty."

"All right. Keep everythin' under your hat on that other thing an' we'll clean up together. But if you happen to see this Zuroto, tip him off to walk light for a few days. There's a rap down at headquarters against him an' we got to make a stall. Tell him I'll see him through if he's a friend o' yours."

Slenk left the station with wrinkles on his own forehead. It was one thing to have Flenger plan to cheat Swinnerton of his buildings—just one thing. But they had talked about more than one. Slenk had a feeling that the casual reference to Zuroto was the thing in which Flenger was actually most interested. If not, why call him over so suddenly to talk over a deal that could not be completed in less than ten days? Why worry about tapped telephone wires? No. Flenger was off on a track that Slenk did not clearly see. That worried Slenk.

It seemed a natural chronological sequence that his mind should turn to the murder of Hiller. In other words, if Flenger was worried about something it probably would be the murder, because anything else could be fixed. Now, with Flenger worrying about the murder, it followed that there must be something to worry about. With equal naturalness Slenk saw that the captain, in case of trouble, would first protect himself. In the very nature of things, he would see to it that Mitchell and himself paid the price for the Hiller killing! Where did Zuroto fit in that scheme?

(Continued on Page 107)

CURTIS offers for 1929 AUTHENTIC REPRODUCTIONS *of the most beautiful woodwork designs from historic America*

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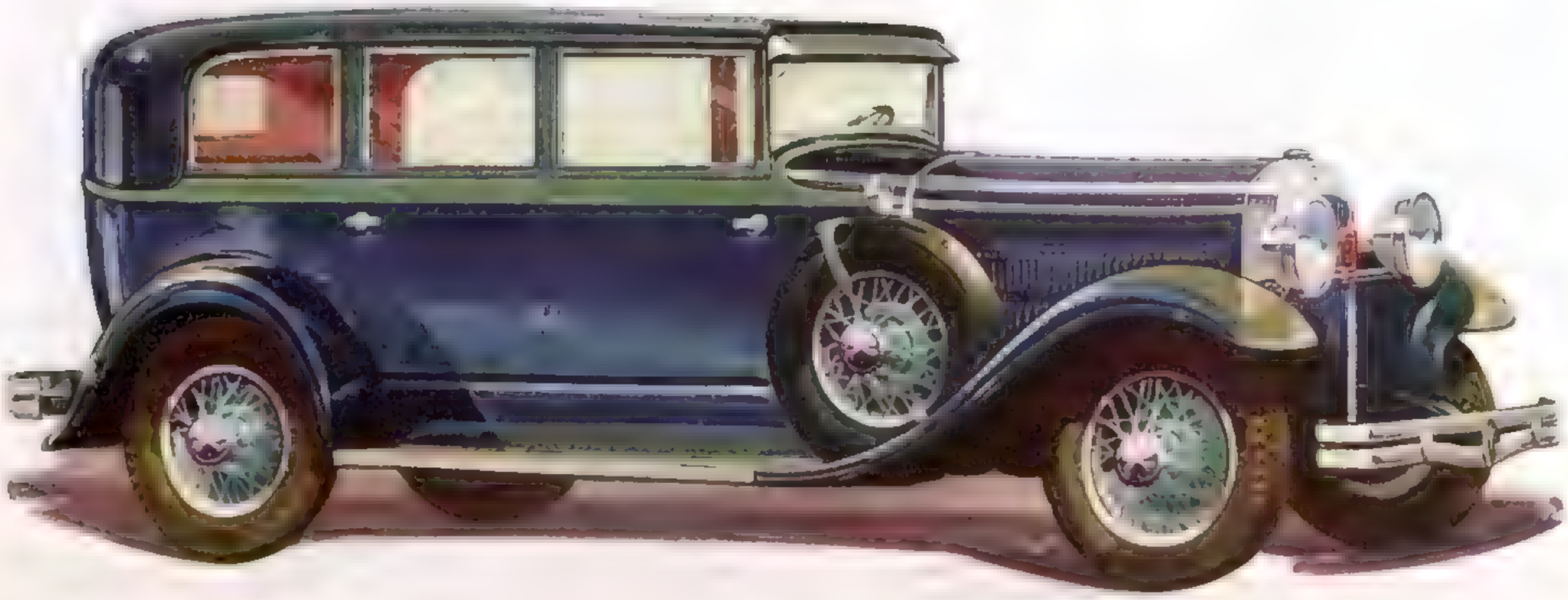

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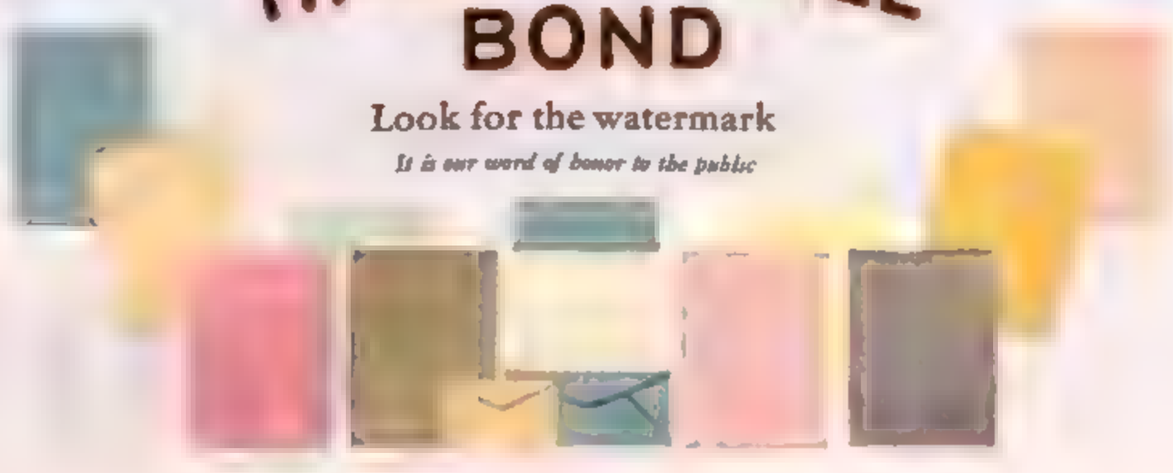

(Continued from Page 102)

With all the haste and determination of a man who fights for his very life, Slenk decided to find out for himself just where Flenger was headed and just what his own status might be in case the captain failed him. It seemed to him that there was but one course open to him—that was to see Zuroto. He knew the man; was on pleasant terms with him; had, in fact, done him two or three slight favors. Certainly, he reasoned, there could come no harm from a talk with the foreigner.

Dutch, an American, assuredly was the master physically and mentally of any wop who scarcely spoke English. Zuroto was dumb. Dutch would kid him along, learn all he knew and impart nothing. So he went to Zuroto's place of business.

It was not a pretentious establishment. There was a restaurant on the ground floor front. Back of the restaurant was the kitchen. Dutch had never given a thought to what might have been in the cellar or on the second floor. It was generally believed, he understood, that Zuroto lived above the restaurant.

He found the foreigner calmly surveying the business of the place. The dinner hour had passed, but there were a dozen people still dallying over their food or the red wine which Zuroto openly served. He greeted Slenk quite calmly.

"Hello, Zuroto," Dutch grinned. "What's the matter? Business a little bad, is it?" He glanced around the room.

"Not bad; not good. Mebbe after theayter ——"

"You do a lot of business with that Dago red o' yours, eh?" Slenk grinned tolerantly.

"Pretty good. Not like you." Zuroto smiled at the comparison he made. It was thus rendered clear that he did not class himself with such as Slenk. He did not invite the other to seat himself at the table, but when Dutch dropped into a chair he promptly hailed a waiter and ordered a bottle of his wine. They drank together.

"It's darn good stuff," Dutch admitted. "Nice an' smooth." Zuroto nodded. "The reason I dropped in," Slenk explained, leaning closer across the small table, "is to ease you a tip."

The black eyes of the foreigner shifted that their gaze might remain steadily upon those of Slenk. His brows raised slightly, but he did not speak.

"Yeah, Zuroto," Slenk went along magnanimously, "you're a pretty decent guy an' I know you're friendly with Jimmie Dausto. So I come to steer you."

The jet eyes remained steadfast, but the proprietor of the restaurant still did not speak. He merely waited. Slenk had tried to speak provocatively and he was vaguely disturbed by the lack of response. Zuroto seemed not in the least curious.

"Flenger is a pretty fair friend o' mine," he said. At the mention of the captain's name he was watching Zuroto narrowly. He was certain that a light flared in the black eyes. Still the man did not answer. Dutch went on: "There's a rap against you at police headquarters an' Paddy sent you word to walk a little light fer a few days."

"Flenger nice fren'—nice fren'. Mebbe so," Zuroto said casually.

"He's a good guy," Dutch allowed. "You know him pretty well, eh?"

"Mebbe yes; mebbe no."

"The least you could do, Zuroto," Slenk complained, "is be decent to a guy that goes to all this trouble just to tip you off! You'd think you was testifyin'!"

Zuroto shrugged. "Not speak too good," he said. "Sometimes mean one thing, say another. Bad."

"I'd keep outa lots o' trouble myself if I couldn't speak English!" Slenk grinned. "But you can talk to me; I ain't one to misunderstand, Zuroto."

"Me, I got nothin' to say," Zuroto shrugged.

That rather angered Slenk. He was finding in this man a quality of ominous mystery. What Flenger had said led him to the belief that Zuroto was a lot bigger than he had imagined. Because Zuroto himself said nothing, Slenk was readier to accept Flenger's appraisal.

"You ain't so dumb," he snapped. "It might pay you to play along a bit with a guy like me."

"Flenger, he say tell me that too?" Zuroto sneered.

"Supposin' he did. What then?" Slenk demanded, eager to seize upon any chance to make the man talk.

"Same t'ing," the foreigner grunted.

Slenk leaned across the table and spoke directly into Zuroto's face: "You an' me ain't in any sweet spot, Zuroto," he pointed out, "if a guy like Flenger wants to take a shot at us!"

"Shot?" Zuroto purred. "Why he shoot us?"

"I don't mean with a gun," Slenk growled impatiently. "You know what I mean."

"Just like I say," Zuroto grunted unhappily. "I not know what you mean. All I know is what you say."

"You're tryin' to kid me!" Dutch snapped savagely. "Think you can run me ragged? Where do you git that stuff? Who're you to high-hat me? I'll have your joint shut up like a black eye if you ——"

Zuroto's jet eyes flamed. His lips, surrounded as they were by shiny, black whiskers that the skin could not conceal, set in a nasty line. He leaned even closer. There was no hesitancy in his words when he spoke this time:

"You couldn't close a barn door with a crew of laborers!" He twisted his head and spit across the floor. "When you come to my joint to pump me, you sap, bring a lawyer!"

Slenk straightened in amazement. He was speechless. His lips moved. He wiped the end of his nose with the knuckle of his forefinger. Zuroto's eyes did not move. The set of his lips shifted from the straight line into a scornful sneer.

"What's the big idea?" Slenk managed at last.

"That's what I want to know," Zuroto insisted. "I talk with Flenger today an' tell him where he heads in. Then you come around and try to run the wise-guy racket on me. Was I born yesterday? Do I look that dumb? Don't kid yourself, Slenk!" He laughed shortly again, sneered. "Mebbe yes; mebbe no," he taunted. "Me not speak too good English."

Slenk gasped. There was that in the words of Zuroto which fanned thoroughly into flames the suspicions he had come to verify. His hand shot across the table and grasped the foreigner's arm. The grip was firm, excited.

"What's that crack about you talkin' with Flenger today?" he rasped.

"I suppose he never told you that, eh?"

"I'll say he didn't! He never sent me here, neither. I guess if he knew we was havin' a talk right now, he'd do some fast thinkin' fer himself."

Zuroto rose from the table and stood over Slenk. He peered steadily downward with his black eyes. "Yes?" he asked after a moment. "There's some reason, is there, why you and I should not talk?"

"I ain't sure, Zuroto," Slenk complained. "Honest I ain't. But I got an idea there's a coupla reasons why Flenger wouldn't want us to git together."

"Give me just one of them," Zuroto suggested.

"That's it, Zuroto. I can't," Dutch admitted. "I just know he asked me if I knew you, then tried to switch away from the question by tellin' me that I better tip you off if I happened to see you."

Zuroto was thinking. Ultimately he glanced sharply about the restaurant. None had noticed them. Only one man, seated in a corner toying with a glass of the red wine, watched him. To that man Zuroto suddenly nodded. The man was Poppolipis. At the nod he rose and sauntered toward them.

"Slenk," Zuroto said as the young man approached, "you're scared to death. Your neck is stuffed full of your own heart right now! Right?"

"Not exactly. I'd just like to see where I stand. . . . How big are you?" Dutch asked frankly.

"So big," Zuroto said calmly, "that just with a flip of my hand I can burn you in the electric chair."

Slenk, pale as death, leaped to his feet. His lips were parted and his breath whistled across them. Before he could speak Zuroto warned him to silence with a gesture.

"Don't advertise," he said. "You asked me a question. I answered it. I guess you know pretty well that Marty Mitchell and Flenger himself would take that little ride with you too!"

"I'll say they will!" Slenk snarled. "I had a hunch that was his game. So he's sendin' me up fer the big murder rap, eh? Sendin' me to duck the rap himself. That's a pal, ain't it? See how far he gits with it, the dirty rat!"

He put out his arm to push Zuroto aside. The foreigner was smiling genuinely. His black eyes danced. With one hand he detained the enraged Slenk.

"Quiet," he warned. "You talk too fast. Flenger is not crossing you. I'm only telling you what I happen to know."

"How'd you know?" Slenk demanded, his face still dead white and his lips, ashen of color, trembling with fear. "It's a cinch Marty never squawked. He ain't that kind. It had to be Flenger."

"Nobody squawked," Zuroto said quietly. "I saw it all! I am the man that knocked over those trucks. I'm the man that took Baldy's three hundred dollars. You can have that back any time."

Once again his eyes and his lips were laughing.

"Come," he said after a moment. "We can have a good talk, Slenk. You are in a job bigger than the brains you've got to handle it with. Sooner or later Flenger will trip you up. I'll fix that. Come with me."

With Zuroto on one side and Poppolipis on the other, Slenk walked toward the rear of the restaurant, through the kitchen, and so to a flight of stairs leading upward.

The second floor surprised him. At least a dozen men were there. They were young men, mostly with the swarthy skin of the foreigner. But they were a happy lot; well dressed, sparkling with jewelry and very, very sure of themselves. Slenk took a backward step when he discovered that one of them was Jimmie Dausto. He took another backward step when a young lady appeared in the room. It was the girl from Dover Street. She laughed hardly at him; hooked her hand through Jimmie Dausto's arm.

"You begin to see," Zuroto said steadily. "Come, we will talk between ourselves."

He led the way into a separate room. A waiter clad in a white coat served them drinks.

"I do pretty well, eh?" Zuroto laughed, his palms extended upward. Slenk was too surprised to speak. "Yes, pretty well," the man continued. "Mebbe I do better if you have the sense to tell me the real low-down on this Flenger. Why not? You see Dausto. There is left only three of you—Baer, Mitchell and yourself. What are you gonna do against me? You see the kind of an organization I got. I'm a lot bigger than Flenger. I've seen months when our organization peddled two hundred thousand dollars' worth of booze. We ain't greedy either. The booze don't cost us much of anything.

"In the first place if I get a gross profit of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a month I'm willing enough to pass out fifty to seventy-five grand for protection. Why not? Stop and figure it. The more the boys get, the better the protection is, ain't it? Any of my runners are as safe as a minister in church when they lug their booze through the streets. Why, the cops would keep 'em from being pinched!" He grinned slyly. "They know as well as I do that if protection don't work I won't pay. And it goes even farther than that. It means that the cops won't let in the outsiders who are not paying them. I can easy enough afford to pay fifty or seventy-five grand a month for that kind of protection, and believe you me, Flenger and that bunch could butt their brains out trying to knock it down.

"It's just as well you dropped in to see me, Dutch, because inside the next month my boys would have hijacked every truck that came out of Swinnerton's places. And them that don't like it could say it with machine guns. If Flenger opened his mouth I'd have shown both him and Swinnerton up as head of the rum ring, and how long would you have been able to hold on to any of your runners if they knew the head of the whole thing was in a jam?" He laughed scornfully. "You know yourself how long you'd be able to hold them," he sneered

"What's the lay?" Slenk stuttered. "I don't git the idea. Where do I fit?"

"It's simple enough! I'm already running in more liquor than you can make. It's coming to a show-down between Flenger and me. What chance has he got? He bumped Dopey Hiller! Very good."

Zuroto planked both palms down on the back of a chair. His black eyes almost disappeared between narrowed lids and his voice assumed an edge that was knifelike. He stared directly into Slenk's eyes.

"I'll bump him!" he said. "If he's fool enough to think that six men can run the liquor racket in this town —— Well, he's too dumb to live anyway!"

He paused that his words might be fully considered. Slenk wet his lips and rubbed the tip of his nose with his knuckle again. He was groping for words. All this had come too suddenly to be grasped.

Zuroto went on: "Either I let the law bump him, which helps me just that much, or I whisper to one of the boys. You know how easy such things are, Dutch. You did it to Dopey!" Again he paused. Again Slenk was unable to find words. "The trouble with the law is," Zuroto said easily, "it takes both you and Marty along with Flenger! If you were sensible all that could be avoided."

Slenk was trembling. He was a man toppled from the heights of security, suddenly and completely, into the clutch of complete disaster. Somewhere, somehow, everything had gone wrong. This black-eyed foreigner, standing so implacably before him, held in his swarthy palm the very life of Dutch Slenk. To such as Dutch decisions are of the moment. He weighed only the fundamental facts. They were quite simple. Zuroto was in control. Flenger and himself faced extermination at the hands of the law.

"You win," he said throatily. "How you got the inside on all this stuff, I don't know. It must have been Dopey. Or Jimmie Dausto."

"What matter who or what?" Zuroto queried.

"You win again. I wonder what game Flenger was tryin' to run on me."

"He is too smart for you. Sooner or later you would take the rap and Flenger would take the dough. If you have the sense to see that ——"

"What's your proposition?" Dutch rasped through a dry throat.

"Things would be about the same," Zuroto shrugged. "Your cut would be smaller because more men are in. But that had to come. Even if you had not bumped Dopey, we would have run you out of town in a few months. We are just beginning to work right."

"But Flenger won't quit to you," Dutch insisted. "He's got connections."

"Swinnerton!" Zuroto scoffed. "An egg with the white drained away! In two months I will have his breweries out of his hands."

Slenk reached for a chair and pulled it under him. When he sat down it was more of a fall, as though his knees had suddenly turned to butter. Zuroto was smiling over him.

"Well, have I got the low-down or am I bluffing?" he asked complacently.

(Continued on Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 107)

"What a low-down!" Slenk admitted. "There ain't a thing fer me to do but kick your way, Zuroto. In fack, you're decent to gimme a break!"

"Live and let live—that's my policy," Zuroto answered. "You will see for yourself how much chance you'd have of crossing me and getting away with it. The man who tries that, Slenk, digs a deep grave for himself, and digs it quick."

Dutch nodded. "I ain't a crosser," he avowed. "I didn't even cross Flenger. I never suspected nothin' wrong until he began tellin' me about splittin' up Swinnerton's breweries with me. Then I seen he was scared. 'This racket can't last forever,' he said to me. I knew he was scared. Then he rapped to me about you. Just asked if I knew you. That set me to thinkin'."

"What about the breweries, Dutch?" Zuroto demanded.

Because Slenk was absolutely cornered, because Zuroto had so clearly demonstrated his complete control over the matters in hand, Dutch played the game of the crook. He told everything; disclosed, with all the detail he knew, the scheme which Flenger had told him in connection with the land and buildings owned by Swinnerton.

Zuroto laughed gently. He was delighted. He glanced at his watch and pursed his lips. It was still short of ten o'clock.

"Swinnerton," Zuroto smiled softly, "would be made very glad to hear about his friend, eh?"

"I don't know Swinnerton very well," Slenk began.

"Of small account," Zuroto snapped. "Before morning you will know him better. . . . I play always safe, Dutch. To be sure you play right with me, I will fix it so you cannot longer play right with Flenger!"

"What a sap I'd be to cross you!" Slenk gasped. "You got the stuff to pack me on ice forever."

"We will call this man Swinnerton on the telephone," Zuroto explained, with a gesture that silenced Slenk. "You will talk with him. . . . Have no fear, he will listen. You will tell him to come here at once. You will just suggest that Flenger is involved, that the good captain is planning to do certain things Swinnerton will not like. He will come here. Poppolipis will do the rest of the talking. We will go a long way."

"Show me the telephone," Slenk agreed. "Believe me, Zuroto, what I learned from you is plenty! I'll play along."

The conversation with Swinnerton was one which brought exactly the results Zuroto prophesied. Slenk did his talking with the proprietor of the restaurant on one side and Poppolipis on the other.

"Hello, alderman," he said. "Did I wake you up?"

"I'm sick," Swinnerton answered. "I been in bed all day. I can't talk to people."

"You'll be a sight sicker if you don't talk to me," Dutch swore. "You know me an' you know my racket. I know you ain't supposed to, but you do. I ain't supposed to know about you an' Paddy, either. But I do! Now git this straight: You dress an' grab a cab, see? Come down here to Zuroto's on the hot foot."

"You go to the devil!" Swinnerton whined, his voice strained and wavering. "I don't know what you're talkin' about."

"I'll give you an idea," Dutch said, as the two men beside him nodded approval. "I'm talkin' about that new corporation that's buyin' your breweries. I'm mentionin' the passin' o' a gentleman named Hiller. I'm tippin' you off that Paddy Flenger is slippin' the double-o on you."

There was something like a moan from the other end of the line. Then Swinnerton gasped: "Where are you, Slenk? Where's that place?"

"Zuroto's. You know where it is. See that you hustle, Swinnerton, before the blow-off comes."

"If he tries to get to Flenger first," Zuroto was whispering, "he's bumped. Tell him that." Slenk did.

"I'll be there as quick as I can," Swinnerton groaned. "I knew it would come to this. I'll hustle right down, Dutch. For any amount of money, Slenk, see that my name is kept out of this."

Slenk hung up the receiver and glanced upward at Zuroto. The foreigner was smiling in contentment. Poppolipis turned away. He was whistling softly.

XI

ZUROTO awaited, with a greater patience than Slenk, the arrival of Swinnerton. Dutch paced the room. Finally he went into the bigger room where the others were gathered. There he found Dausto. Jimmie was still with the girl. He grinned at Slenk.

"It was the only thing to do, Dutch," he said without prompting. "The handwritin' on the wall is as plain as soot on snow."

Slenk scowled. "Why not tip a guy off, Jimmie? You knew I was on the up an' up with you!"

"I don't know anybody's on the up an' up with me," Jimmie protested. "Take a look around you. That slick-lookin' guy over there with the oil in his hair passed out better'n twenty thousand bucks this week to cops alone. That's about all he does. Zuroto figures out the percentages an' slips the copper's cut into a plain envelope. That little guinea over there goes around, sits in the police station, has a drink, a smoke an' a little gab. Then he leaves the envelope with the guy it's intended for. He does the same thing with the Federal mob. He has reg'lar rounds that he makes meetin' the boys on street corners, in cigar stores an' drug stores, an' if the coppers are smart an' careful, sometimes in lawyers' offices."

He warmed to his subject as though in defense of his own secrecy. "See that little mug over there drinkin' Dago red? That guy's name is Capolicki. His idea of an evenin's pleasure is takin' a machine gun apart. The only pill he knows is a bullet. He's ridin' Zuroto's trucks now with the puff box laid across both knees. An' he gets sore when nobody tries to hijack him. A nice little playful guy he is! When he ain't ridin' trucks he's collectin'. He's always got a rod on him an' all the speakeasies know it. That little guy handles a hundred grand a month! Look at his eyes," he exclaimed. "See them pupils? They're like pin points. That guy eats so much snow he'd sweat in an ice box. He's tough, understand? Tough as they come. But listen a minute."

Dausto leaned closer. "Every time Zuroto winks one o' them black eyes o' his, Capolicki goes into a tail spin. Zuroto's got 'em all buffaloed. The only chance you got with him is to do your job, an' do it right, an' the rest of the time keep yer yap shut. Fat chance of goin' aroun' tippin' people off in this racket!" he sneered in conclusion. "It'd be like askin' fer a load o' lead between the ribs! Every man fer himself in this game. . . . You know the kid here, doncha? Dopey's old moll? She's my frail now."

The words were uttered as a warning for Dutch, or any of the others present, that Jimmie would look with violent disfavor upon any attempt to disrupt this new alliance.

Slenk shrugged.

"That's all right with me," he nodded. "I never fell fer frails much. Mebbe because they never fell fer me."

"You had a ripe talk with the boss, huh?" Dausto asked, his head nodding in the direction of Zuroto.

"All set," Slenk answered. Then, with something akin to a shudder: "An' just in time too!"

"What's on the boards right now?" Dausto asked, his arm slipping more firmly about the girl.

"See Zuroto," Slenk suggested. "We're goin' to throw a little party in a minute. I guess if he wants you he'll call you."

Such is allegiance in the world of thievery. Sudden, transitory, fickle. Dausto grinned.

Swinnerton's arrival was typical of the man. He reached the place in a taxicab and remained seated outside the door while he sent a waiter to tell Zuroto that he was there and waiting.

"Tell him," the alderman ordered, "that we can talk better here in the cab. He'll understand."

The message never even reached Zuroto. It was Poppolipis who received and answered it. He smiled cynically when it was delivered.

"Go back," he said to the grinning waiter, "and tell Mr. Swinnerton that Mr. Zuroto is waiting for him up here. And tell him to come fast, and come alone. We are impatient."

Shortly the alderman, led by the waiter, made his appearance. Many in the room smiled. His face, with the multiple chins and the popping eyes, was ludicrous in the extreme. He had neglected his massage and the skin of his features was flabby and puffy. Pores had suddenly appeared about his nose. His lips seemed to have weakened and fallen away from his teeth. He said something as he entered, but none understood it. Poppolipis took him by the arm and smilingly led him into the room where Slenk and Zuroto waited.

"You!" Swinnerton railed when he saw Slenk. "What the devil do you mean by such business?"

"Aw, shut up!" Slenk growled. "Honest, Swinnerton, some day somebody's goin' to fergit themselves an' crack you on the lug. If they ever do there'll be massage cream an' chins all over town!"

Swinnerton gulped and his eyes popped and bulged to the bursting point. His flabby face went a brick red which promptly faded into a dull, ashen gray. His loose lips bobbed voicelessly.

"Poppolipis has got somethin' to say to you," Slenk went on. "Open your ears an' quit tryin' to run that fool bluff. You'll listen, see? An' you'll understand too. So git set fer a jolt."

"Dutch is rough," Poppolipis said quietly. "He makes matters appear worse than they really are."

"They're bad enough," Swinnerton sputtered, "when a sick man is routed out of bed ——"

Poppolipis merely raised his palm. Swinnerton gulped and quieted.

"Time is important," the foreigner went on. "We will save it. Flenger is a double-crosser. He made Slenk a proposition to cheat you out of your breweries and your distillery. He is planning to cash in on them and run away. That would leave you holding the bag."

"Flenger! Double-cross! Holding the bag!" Swinnerton was past the point of coherent thought or expression.

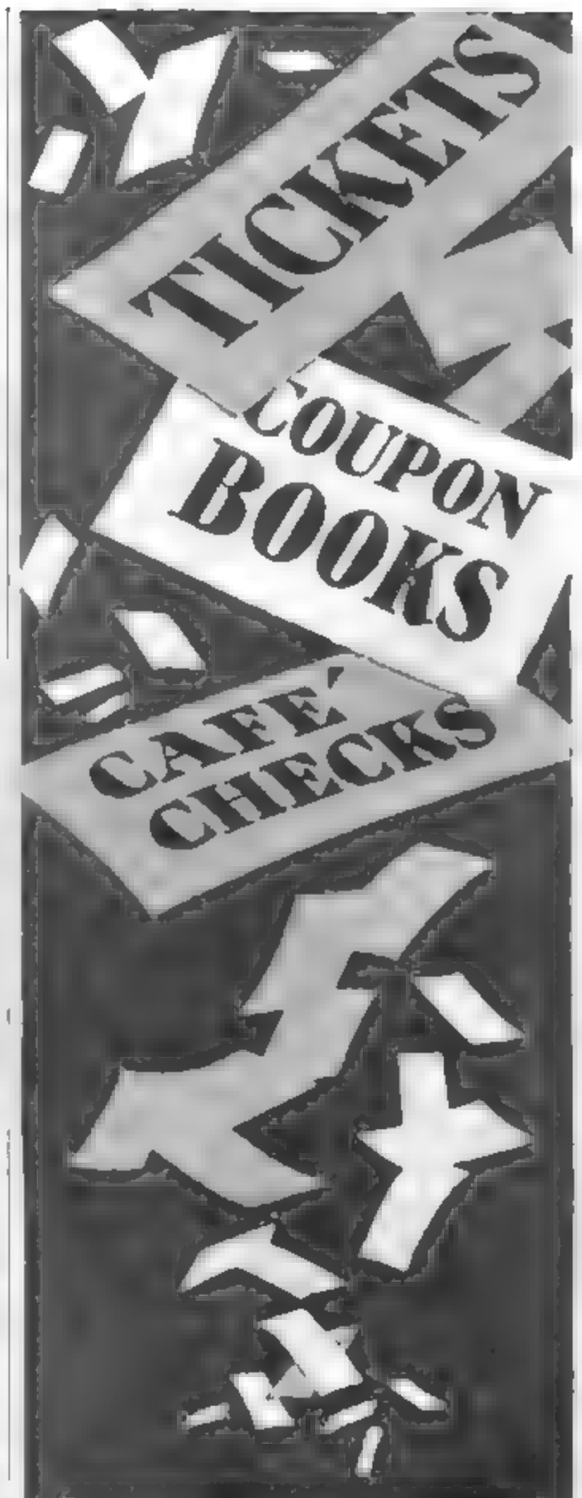
"Quiet," Poppolipis said again. "I am speaking for Mr. Zuroto, whose English is limited. You will help by listening." As Swinnerton wet his lips repeatedly the young man went on: "Flenger is doing, or planning to do, all of those things. You can see that we know a thing or two about what is happening, else how would we know of the corporation he was forming with you? I mean, Mr. Alderman, the facts can speak for themselves."

Swinnerton sank onto a chair, rested his elbows on a small table near at hand and buried his face in his hands. He was frankly speechless; terrified to the point of anything that offered an escape.

Sensing this, Poppolipis continued: "The point we make is that Flenger has you in a bad way. If you do nothing you will lose your buildings and end up, no doubt, under arrest. If you play along with Zuroto you will save your buildings and become very, very rich."

Swinnerton raised his face, and even Slenk was frightened. Age had come to the man. New lines were traced ineradicably across the pouchy features. In the great, popping eyes there was nothing of fire, of thought, of determination or virility. He was a man dead within himself.

"A drink," Zuroto said softly. "Mebbe help much. Yes, no?"



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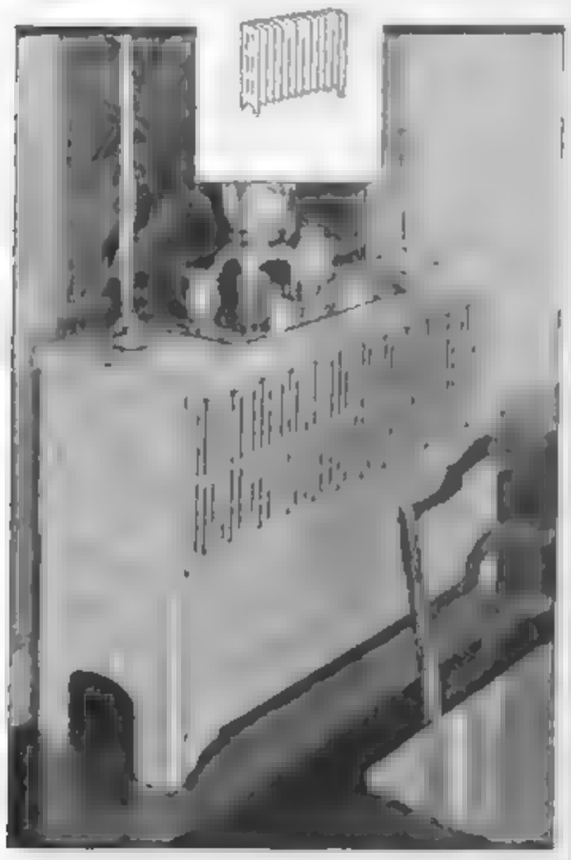

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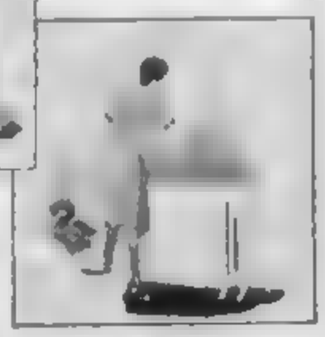

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Poppolipis clapped his palms and a waiter appeared. He gave the man an order and told him to hurry.

Swinnerton was trying to talk to them. He was inarticulate.

"A drink will help you," Poppolipis assured him. "This is a bad shock—to you, or to anyone else, a bad shock. One does not expect one's friends to lie and cheat and steal."

The waiter served the drink and Swinnerton gulped it.

"I—I ——" he stuttered. Then he collapsed. The inherent cowardice of the man overwhelmed him. His arms spread across the table and he dropped his head onto them. His stuttering, muffled tones reached them but faintly. His shoulders shook with actual sobs. Gone the dandy, the fop, the politician.

In their places were disclosed the coward, the cur, the craven. "Don't let 'em get me!" he pleaded. "I'll do whatever you say. Don't let 'em! Man alive, it's murder! Don't you understand that? They killed him! It means the chair!"

"Another drink," Zuroto suggested. "Mebbe yes; mebbe no?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE

(Continued from Page 26)

consequences. At any rate, after "the boys" left, the banker said to himself: "It's a shame to drive an ambitious young scientist down into banking. He loathes it. Why not let him have the dream of his life, as he calls it? Besides, think how much better for Eve, to put the boy clean out of reach."

He arose to follow the others down to luncheon, waiting on the broad terrace below. Then, "Tomlinson," he called, "Doctor Duke sails tomorrow from San Francisco. While I'm at lunch, telephone to his hotel and leave word for him to call me back. I want to talk to him at the earliest possible moment."

Doctor Duke was out and did not telephone until after four: "Hello, Harry. I was down at the dock overseeing the loading of the last of our supplies." Twenty tons had already been sent out from New York. "Yes, all set now to start tomorrow. Looks bad for your game in China, but I know how to get my outfit into the desert all right, even if there should be fighting in the south."

Mr. Monteagle was not prepared to announce his own change of plans over the telephone. "That's what I wanted to know," he said. "By the way, Dick, as I would have to remain in Peking anyway, I wonder if you'd care to take young Cope in my place. He can eat my share of the grub. I'd like him to have his chance out there, if agreeable to you. . . . Well, if necessary, use my name with the steamship company to secure a passage. Get word to him here this evening as soon as you have it fixed. . . . Oh, I could arrange to send him up by motor tonight in time to make the steamer tomorrow. It's only a hundred and thirty miles. . . . If he's out when you phone send him a wire. . . . Thanks."

"There now," said the influential reorganizer, and felt better. Everything was nicely arranged to the best possible advantage of all concerned. "Poor little thing! But she'll get over it. They always do. Broken hearts never stay broken."

So, having checked the matter off, he called Tomlinson and dictated an enormous sheaf of letters. A change in this man's plans always affected many other men's plans. Mr. Jones, the only person in Monteagle's confidence, outside the sacred circle of his staff, had already procured a private car for the Monteagles' return trip to New York in the morning.

XXXII

BY THE time Harrison had finished his crucial interview with Mr. Monteagle, Evelyn had left the house for a morning ride through the bridle paths over the wooded hills with some people from home who had a place out here. She lunched with them.

In the afternoon, Harrison was invited with the other house guests to watch a polo match at Del Monte. Mrs. Jones, with a knowing smile, said that Eve and her friends would join the party there.

Mr. Monteagle and his assistants stayed home and worked. After putting the official statement on the Associated Press wire, they had to send private cables to business allies in Peking, Paris, London and other interested centers. They had already notified the New York banking group. As it happened, a telegram was on the way to Harrison about this time, notifying him that he, too, could become a banker if he wanted to, but he had already started for Del Monte.

In the crowd at the polo match Harrison had the disquieting pleasure of watching Eve from a distance while she talked to other men. He was not jealous, but he had a strange sense of unreality as he looked on. She did not seem to realize that she had come near being married to him the day before. All females were odd. His former conviction that he understood this one had been shaken, it seems, upon closer acquaintance. He could never tell what she was thinking about. Yesterday she had thought that she wanted the Gobi badly enough even to marry him. Today she probably thought she didn't. Her love of the work was only skin-deep.

These well-tanned, horsy people lining the polo field were much the same type that one saw in the East, both the players and the spectators. Indeed, he recognized some of them as the same individuals, with names and careers well known in the world of amateur sport—a world to which he did not belong.

What did she find in them that was so worthy of her serene but complete absorption? How did he stand with her anyway? Had she really intended to marry him? Impossible. She merely wanted to see what he would do. And now, having found out, she seemed satisfied to let it go at that and was no longer aware of his insignificant presence.

"Look at her!" he said to himself. "Just look at her!" Beauty and magnificence surrounded by big brown athletes, frankly adoring her, men of her own sort, the kind she had been accustomed to playing with at home.

When alone with her he felt as if he were somebody, because he was cleverer than she was, and could show it. But in a crowd he always felt as if he were nobody and relapsed into depressed silence. He sat with Mrs. Jones and some friends who had motored down from San Mateo. For his defense, he wore a half-hidden smile, calculated to register amused condescension. One of the San Mateo matrons was rather impressed and said to herself, "You can see he's a judge of horseflesh." After the game, when they stopped for tea at an old adobe house in Monterey, he overheard Mrs. Jones say, "One of the Copes." So that accounted for his silent distinction of manner. New York society man.

At about this time Duke was tracking an official of the steamship company to the Bohemian Club.

When Harrison reached his room to dress for dinner he found a telegram there from his father, instructing him to communicate with John B. Donaldson on California Street, San Francisco:

POSITION FOR YOU IN OUR BRANCH OFFICE. FIFTY DOLLARS A WEEK TO START WITH, BUT A GREAT FUTURE AWAITS YOU. SEE HIM AT ONCE. URGENT.

"What a quaint idea," said Harrison, and tossed the message in the wastebasket.

The whole house party was invited to dine and dance that evening at a large resortish hotel. Two tables had been engaged in a conscientiously Spanish room. Before starting they forgathered on the broad terrace overlooking the sea. On a gayly painted table, covered with glass, standing under an ancient cypress which grew up through the tile flooring, there were cocktails.

Evelyn's room was on the ground floor, at the far corner of the terrace. Harrison saw her emerge, carrying an evening wrap over her arm.

The sight of her excited him unduly. Apparently he had formed the habit of having her around.

Procuring two glasses, he intercepted her on her way toward the noisy group. What he wanted to say was, "Oh, you're so lovely! Why did you desert me all day, dear? What did you do? What did you think? Don't you like me any more? Oh, please like me again!" He handed her one of the glasses and said, with his half-hidden smile, "Well, here's to better luck the next time we try to get married."

"He hasn't missed me once!" she said to herself, looking past him to observe some arriving guests. "I love him so, and he doesn't give a damn." She raised her glass to him, laughed and looked kind.

"Well, she still likes me anyway!" And now there was comfort in being beside her, not just excitement. He had felt the same thing that day at the yacht-club landing.

"Next time, darling, you'll have to be more romantic," she said.

Next time? Was it only banter? Had all of it been banter?

"Wait till after dinner, my dear," he remarked. "I'll be romantic then. Good food always helps romance. There's a moon tonight. Tell you what we'll do; we'll shake the crowd and come back here and have a Romeo and Juliet scene. There's the balcony."

"Unfortunately it's your balcony. Do you expect me to climb up to your casement?" Well, everything was reversed with them—always.

"Just as you say. Still, I could come down to your level if you prefer."

Neither of them thought it very funny, but they both laughed a good deal.

"Where's your father?"

"They tell me he is being interviewed. I've scarcely laid eyes on him since he read us that lecture yesterday. Come, we're getting talked about."

They joined the others. The crowd was starting now. Their host drew near. Mr. Jones was one of those persistently smiling hosts, and he always treated Evelyn with distinguished consideration. She was old man Monteagle's daughter.

"And, Mr. Harrison," he said, "would you mind driving Miss Monteagle over in the roadster?"

Harrison said he would like that. He was used to being called Mr. Harrison. Mr. Jones had no idea who "the Copes" were, but he treated this young guest with distinguished consideration too. He treated everyone under his roof, even strangers and nonentities, with distinguished consideration. Most Southerners do.

"There is something ominous in the air," Evelyn said as they aped along the winding roads of the woods after the other cars.

"It's the moon," said Harrison. It was dappling the road through the trees.

"No, it's father."

"Isn't a would-be elopement romantic enough for him? Wouldn't it bore you awfully if I became sentimental?"

"I don't know. You've never tried it. Science doesn't believe in sentiment."

"Science believes in sex, though."

"If you'll excuse me for saying so, darling, I'm rather fed up on that word."

(Continued on Page 112)

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(Continued from Page 110)

"All right, I'll call it love—if you can wait till after dinner."

"Oh, I can wait. Think how long I've waited already."

(Well, she is willing to flirt with me again, at any rate.) . . . "Look out for me this evening," he said, as they parked under some trees near the big hotel. "I'm getting desperate."

"Oh, Harrison, I'm so thrilled!"

"You may not be now, but you're going to be."

(I'm not going to let her fool with me much longer.)

Two of the best tables had been reserved for Mr. Jones. He was the kind that always has the best. The waiter, the head waiter, the captain and the steward were all most solicitous. The dinner was good, though slowly served.

There was an amateur cabaret performance by local talent. It seemed interminable, but it was interesting to observe how thoroughly the performers enjoyed it. Oh, yes, we may live three thousand miles from Broadway, but we know what goes on there. We, too, are sophisticates.

At last the dancing began, and now the audience could indulge in self-expression too.

(I don't like her to dance in this crowd. Liquor and jazz. She's too fine.) . . . "Eve, let's get out of this place."

"I could do with a little fresh air," she said.

As they were worming through the crowd by the door, "Did you hear that wise crack?" he said. "One of those young flappers—the one with the hard face. They haven't yet learned out here that depravity is no longer the thing."

"No worse than some of those at home," said Eve.

It was beautiful outdoors and the air was balmy and fragrant. They strolled out under some wonderful trees, looking at night like those in English parks. Out of the dark came a loud masculine laugh and a feminine squeal. They turned away. They wandered down toward a swimming pool. On benches near by were embracing couples who did not stop embracing.

"Necking and petting parties all over the place," said Harrison. "Let's find the car and get out of here. Look at the moon."

"The moon is at least far enough away from this world to be decent."

"Oh, you mustn't let people like that get on your nerves. They're merely trying their damnedest to revert to savagery and not succeeding very prettily. It comes too late in the evolution of civilization. Your father told me that one time when I first met him. Your father's a wise old bird. I like him."

She didn't say anything. She was silent most of the way home.

"Eve, what are we going to do about this thing?" he asked her as they approached the house.

Up on his mantelpiece a telegram from Duke waited to be opened. A stateroom had been procured—everything lovely.

"What thing? What are you talking about?"

"Why, you know—the plan we spoke of. Let's see, what was it? Oh, yes, we spoke of getting married. Have you forgotten?"

"No," she said, "I've been thinking about it."

They had reached the garage. He helped her out. They crossed the patio and went through the living room, out upon the terrace.

The moon was higher now. So was the tide. Heavy seas were breaking on the rocks below. The spray gleamed white. They were alone. The house seemed deserted

"A swell scene for romance, all right," he said. "Perilous cliffs and everything. Shall I make love to you now?"

"Please don't be so funny. Somehow those awful people over there tonight—perhaps it did get on my nerves." She seemed cold and aloof in the moonlight.

"You talk as if you'd never seen that sort of thing before."

She felt as if she never would again—with the same eyes. "I'm going to take a bath and go to bed. Good night. I'm so tired." Both her voice and her body seemed to sag.

He stopped her. "Wait a minute." He was wild to take her in his arms and hold her close, to *make* her melt. He had been wanting her so terribly all evening, all day, all the time—ever since the afternoon he came into her office and thought she was a pretty typist one might pick up. That was the sort of fellow he was. Those giggling, dancing, drunken people at the hotel he admired her disgust for them, but he was just as bad as any of them. His heart began to thump. He had a mad impulse to seize her, lift her up and run with her to the end of the terrace. He was strong enough. He had proved that.

"Eve," he said, swallowing hard, "you don't seem to realize the seriousness of our situation. Your father says he's going to prevent our getting married."

"Yes, I know."

"So what are we going to do? We can't get to the Gobi unless we're married, and we can't marry unless we're in love. What a funny business man! I always thought they said, 'All very pretty and romantic, but this is a practical world.' Couldn't you just pretend to be in love with me, Eve? It means everything to us both—our whole future is at stake. What do you say?"

She was looking out at the wake of the moon. "What I have always liked and admired in you, Harrison, is your honesty. I couldn't stand you as a liar."

"But I do want to marry you. I'm honest about that. You can't stand me; that's the trouble."

"Yes," she said, after a pause, "I can't stand you—and I won't any longer. I'm glad we couldn't go through with it yesterday. It would have been rotten. . . . Good night. See you in the morning."

She turned and hurried away toward her room. She was crying. It would never do for him to know that.

He pursued her to the door. "But, Eve, listen!"

She wouldn't listen. She shut the door. She almost slammed it.

"Well, that was hardly necessary," he said to himself—and turning, faced her father.

XXXIII

MR. MONTEAGLE'S shoulders looked enormous in the moonlight and he seemed to tower above Harrison higher than ever. The young scientist was suddenly and unaccountably frightened. He did not believe in being afraid of anybody. "What have I done?" Nothing! But Eve's word, "ominous," came to him. He felt fear of the big fellow's dynamic strength, his power over everyone's destiny around him.

"You and Eve must have left the party early. I don't like it." It was the second time in two days that his daughter had slighted her amiable host's efforts to entertain her. And on each occasion she had disappeared with this boy. Such things caused comment.

"Well, you see," said Harrison, trying to seem calm and casual, "we had some things to talk over."

"Yes, you talk a great deal. I think you two have talked about enough." He glanced toward his daughter's door. One never could tell what a girl in love would do. It was high time to put an end to this one-sided romance. He would do it as painlessly as possible and get back to his work. "Have you received a wire from Duke?"

"From Duke? No, sir. I haven't been in my room since I dressed for dinner."

"He tried to get you by long-distance. I talked to him. . . . Well, it's all fixed. You can go to the Gobi."

"Really? Do you mean it? I can't tell you how grateful I am, Mr. Monteagle."

"Never mind all that. The steamer sails tomorrow. I've arranged to send you up by motor tonight—as soon as any chauffeurs come back from the party. That will give you plenty of time to pack."

The noted organizer was more incisive and businesslike than was his custom when talking to Harrison. Again the ominous feeling. It was almost panic. He did not understand why.

"But, Mr. Monteagle, I thought the plan was for me to sail on the yacht with you and Eve." Harrison felt himself flushing. He had a sense of pushing in where he was not wanted. He wished he hadn't said that.

"That was the plan, but Eve and I aren't going to the Orient at all. We return to New York tomorrow morning."

The blood left the boy's cheeks as suddenly as it had come. If it had been daylight Mr. Monteagle would have seen a pale young scientist. He had not fully felt it yet with his conscious mind, but his unconscious had received a blow.

"Eve didn't mention this to me."

"Eve knows nothing about it yet. The morning papers will make it clear to you. My business trip has been postponed indefinitely. But the expedition can get into Mongolia by going around the other way."

"But, Mr. Monteagle ——"

"I'm sorry, but I haven't time to go into the matter now. Read the morning papers. This change of plans means work for me tonight. I'll see you before you leave." Mr. Monteagle turned away as if it were all nicely settled. A busy business man, putting through a deal. Quick decisions, final actions, and then the next item on his crowded calendar.

Harrison looked down the terrace toward Evelyn's room. It was brightly lighted. He started in that direction. Mr. Monteagle turned back.

"I think you'd better get busy with your packing, Harrison."

"Yes. I just want to speak to Eve a minute, if she's still up."

He seemed to hear himself speaking, see himself moving.

"I'd rather you wouldn't see my daughter again, if you don't mind."

Hot and cold feelings went up and down the spine of the scientist. Was he being kicked out? "Can't I even say good-by to her?" He felt puny, cowering, like a puppy when punished.

"I'd rather you wouldn't."

(Yes, I'm being kicked out.) . . . "Oh, very well. I'll go up and pack. See you later." He was not going to let Mr. Monteagle know how he felt. (I'm no coward.)

In a daze, he started slowly up the outside stairs to the balcony. "What have I done to make him so sore? I've been absolutely on the level from the first." He turned to look back. Mr. Monteagle was tapping at Evelyn's door.

xxxiv

IN HIS room he found the telegram from Duke:

WANT YOU AS MY PERSONAL ASSISTANT ON EXPEDITION. HOLDING STATEROOM IN YOUR NAME. CONSULT MONTEAGLE.

Harrison stared at it. This was the dream of his life and he did not recognize it.

He was still in a daze as he began his packing, performing the task automatically. It wouldn't take long. He had brought only a steamer-size wardrobe trunk and a hand bag. His outfit for the Gobi, in a larger trunk, had gone from the train directly to the steamer. He caught himself saying, "Why am I doing this? What has happened?" He still did not know what had hit him. Too many things had come in too quickly to be comprehended. (And then she said "I can't stand you" and ran away from me. Well, I thought so all along. What do I care? I'm getting what I wanted. But where are your evening clothes? Not in the closet. Ass! You're wearing them.)

He began to laugh at himself as he changed his clothes. (What would Duke think if you turned up at the steamer tomorrow in a dinner coat?)

(Why, of course! You're going to the Gobi. You never really wanted to be married anyway. Certainly not. You'd hate it. You know you would. Maybe you have a complex. Look at your parents. And they're considered a happily married pair. Happy? Horrible! Don't bother to take out the studs. Put the shirt on top and poke the socks in the corner.)

The trunk was packed and he closed it. He tossed his toilet case into the traveling bag and snapped the lock. He was all ready to set forth after the dream of his life. Nothing to do but wait—wait for hours perhaps.

The rest of party were going later to some gambling place or other to play roulette.

"Are you fond of roulette, Miss Monteagle?"

"I never tried it."

(And then the way they looked. Very amusing. A prominent New York society girl, and no more sophisticated than that. I love her when she says those independent things—so serene, unostentatious, almost naïve. Real people are always naïve. The old man is. . . . Well, she can afford to be independent. She has everything. I have nothing. But I am independent, all the same. Nobody can make me conform. She admires my honesty—she said so. I love the lilt in her voice in the lower register when she says "Darling.")

He slipped on his ulster and stepped out on the balcony. There was no wind, but somewhere out toward China there must have been a gale recently. The surf was pounding the rocks harder than ever now. The moon was still there, as if waiting for something. Such a blasé-looking moon. "This time tomorrow I'll be on the steamer, away out there some place, and going farther and farther away every second." His heart leaped toward his throat. He was not to see her again. Perhaps he never would. For the first time he took that idea all the way in. Oh, well, it's all in a lifetime. He lit a cigarette.

"I am being thrown out—that's what it amounts to." Again the flush of shame. "He had no right to talk to me that way—arrogant old moneybags. I was spineless to let him get away with it.

"Well, it's all over now. We had a good time together while it lasted. This is what I get for doing right. When will I ever learn to do wrong? It never pays to be honest. All we had to do was lie—tell each other in the good old-fashioned way that we were in love, whatever that may mean, and then we could have gone to the Gobi together. But that's all right. I'm going anyway. That's what I want.

"All I had to say was, 'My dearest wish is her happiness.' Rot! 'Devote my life to making myself worthy.' What nonsense! 'Sacrifice all for love and the world well lost.' I'm not such a fool. Neither is she. Perhaps the old man did the stern-parent act with her—'cut you off with a shilling if you marry Harrison.' Why, of course! That explains it all.

"Well, he couldn't make her lie anyway—not that girl. She's too fine and real to lie, even to get to the Gobi. We don't belong to a lying generation—nor a lying profession. I admire her all the more for it.

"Oh, well, I've been tangled up in this spider web too long already. Only make more trouble for all concerned. She didn't mean to play hell with me. She's too good a friend of mine for that, but I'm glad it's over. I couldn't have stood much more of this sort of thing. Women are always messing up men's lives. Everyone says I have a future. . . . Gosh! I'll bet I forgot my toothbrush."

He went inside and found that he had packed his toothbrush. He did not want to look at the moon any more. He threw himself down on a chaise-longue.

"I wonder if she believes in this love stuff. Maybe she expected me to say, 'I love you,' first, to save her face—a ceremony, like saying grace before meat. Old-fashioned girls used to say, 'Are you sure you'll marry me?' Nowadays, 'Are you sure you love me?' I'm too honest—that's the trouble with me. There's nothing spiritual about me—all material. I'm a scientist.

"No stropping-no honing-and Oh! What a shave!!

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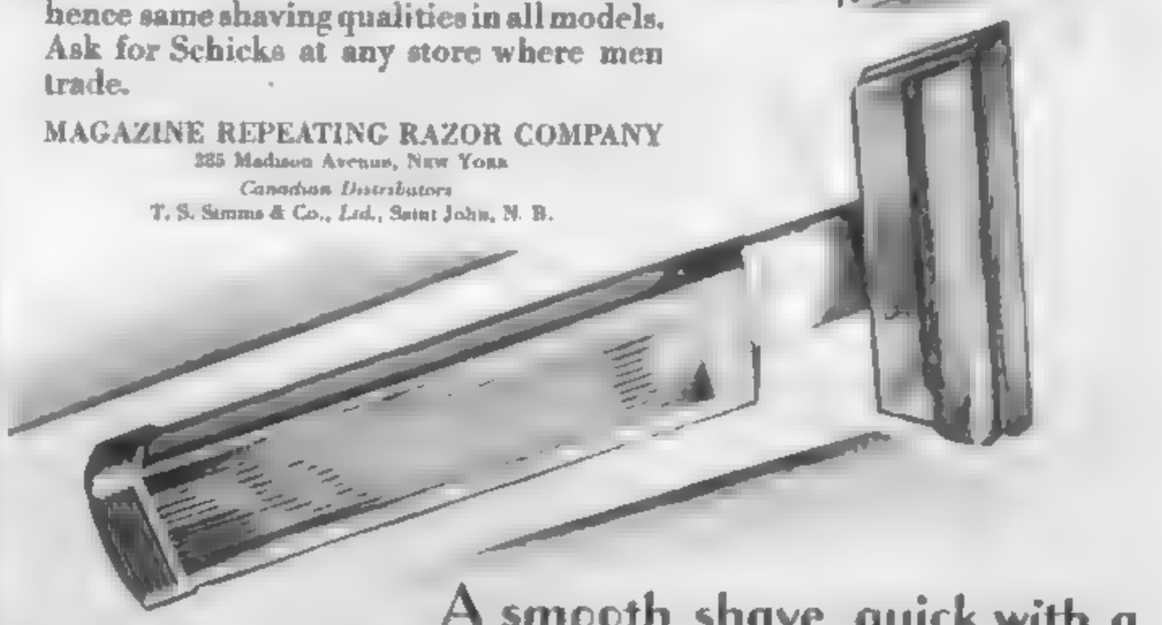

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"Gosh, listen to those waves trying to get in to the land! The rocks stop them. They hate the rocks. . . . Prevent our marrying? If she could only stand me, he couldn't prevent it. 'Love' is the word, only I can't say such words. Make me feel like a fool. Doesn't suit my style. I'm a runt. I said it once, that first night there, with Cecil and Peggy behind the hedge, laughing at me. I don't suppose I'll ever get over that. I can't understand this love stuff the old man talked about. I've got to understand. I've got to understand everything. That's what I'm for. I'm a scientist. All I know is that I like her more than anybody in all the world and —— Oh, well, it's too late now. Shut up."

He rose from the chaise-longue and began pacing up and down the room. Waiting was such nervous work. The house was quiet. Still no sign of the party returning. They were likely to play roulette till dawn.

"Mr. Monteagle said he would see me before I left, but he can't work all night. He's probably gone to bed. I don't care what he says, I'm going to see her before I skip out. I've got to. . . . No, I won't. What good would it do? What's the use of tantalizing yourself? Make up your mind to a thing and stick to it. They're taking an early train in the morning. She didn't know that when she left me. She said, 'See you in the morning.' I'll bet she and her maid are packing now. She has so many things to pack. I might go down there and find out. What would I say to her? Why, I'd say good-by. She wouldn't like me to leave without even saying good-by. Chances are, we'll never meet again. I can't go clear out to China without seeing her just once more—I simply can't—I won't."

He stepped out upon the balcony. Silhouetted against the moonlit water stood Evelyn. Without any words or even any hesitation, she darted into his arms like a homing dove and he enfolded her in man fashion.

xxxv

IT HAD all happened in silence and with the suddenness of instinctive reactions. He did not know how or why, only that she had come to him and now was against his heart, and wanted to be there.

Still in silence, she clung to him, quivering as if in fright. His lips encountered salt. "Why, you're crying!" he whispered, awed by that knowledge. He had never known her to cry before.

She did not answer or return his kisses, but fresh tears came now, and she began sobbing and shaking in his arms like a child. He was appalled by it. "Don't! Oh, please don't cry!" He still did not understand, but this much came through his confusion: Something had terrified her and she had flown for comfort and protection—to him! That was all that mattered for the moment. He had thought that no woman could ever feel that way toward him. And now, of all the women in the world, it was Eve! He was stirred to the depths. He was carried up and out of himself at last.

"There, there," he said, patting her shoulder. "It's all right now. I won't let anything hurt you." His passion had become all tenderness. He wanted, for the moment, just to be kind to her. It was the first time he had ever felt anything like this, so different from his feelings in the garden. He was no longer insignificant. She needed him and he wanted to fight for her. He was tremendous, a god, with magical powers to work wonders. Better yet, he was a man with a woman in his arms to defend and care for. This was magic, too, and it was working wonders in him.

She was trying to say something now, but it was so pitifully difficult. Words came at intervals between the convulsive sobs: "He's going to take me away from you. I'll never see you again. I can't stand it. You mustn't let him. I'll die."

She raised her head and gazed at him. No reticence, no maidenly modesty, but such sweet distress in her glistening eyes, utterly forlorn and utterly dependent upon him, and too intent upon the impending tragedy of separation to be conscious of the beauty of her appeal, or even of the tears that were trickling down. She was at his mercy.

"Eve," he said, "Eve ——" But he had to swallow and begin again. "Why, Eve, you love me!" A scientist's epoch-making discovery, a world-shaking announcement. He drew her to him and held her fast, and his voice came out rich and strong and confident. "Why, do you think anyone can ever take you away from me now?" This was a Harrison she had never known before. All that had held him back was gone, flooded out by her tears, and never to return. "Oh, Eve, I love you so!" He no longer feared that word. He liked saying it. He said it again, and uttered incoherent murmurings with the lips that had always sneered at such things.

"Oh, are you sure? Are you sure?" The immemorial question. The immemorial answer. No more tears.

Down on the rocks below, great billows were breaking in slow rhythm. Spray leaped up, gleamed white in the moonlight and sank out of sight in the dark. He felt the swell and heave of such an enormous sigh. Her head rested on his shoulder as if it belonged there, and it did. It would stay there now.

"Oh, it's just sweet to love and be loved by you."

"Why, you're shivering!" He said it as if she were dying. He threw off his ulster.

"No—oh, no, it isn't the cold that makes me shake—it's you."

He heard what she said, but could not answer it. He placed the coat around her shoulders.

"You mustn't," she said; "you'll take cold."

Each tried to put it around the other. They both laughed. It was the first time they had laughed since the beginning of the new epoch. It was quite different, laughing together now. Everything was.

"There's enough for us both," he said. "It's miles too big for me." He held it up and took her in, bringing it around their shoulders. "I bought it ready-made, to wear on the steamer." That was highly amusing too. They looked at each other with new eyes. They laughed and had to look away again. They could not understand this miracle.

"It's nice and warm in here with you," she said. Then laughter went from her. "Darling, darling," she said, "father won't change now. Once he's made a decision, he's a rock. He has it all fixed so that I can't possibly go."

"Yes. It doesn't matter."

She shook her head. "We've got to face the future."

They sat down together on a bench and faced the moon.

"Listen to the sea pounding against the shore," she said. "It must be high tide now."

"I can't hear anything but the beating of your heart, Eve. I thought it was mine."

"It is—now."

"I can't quite believe it yet. Give me time."

"Your voice trembles so, darling. I love it."

"Listen! They're coming home from the party."

"The party? Oh, yes."

"Someone's moving in the hall."

"I don't care. Nothing matters now."

Mr. Monteagle's voice came out to them: "Where are you, Harrison? Your car is ready."

Instinctively they sprang to their feet, the overcoat still around them both. Mr. Monteagle heard the movement and stepped out upon the balcony. He stopped short. So did they. The two stood there as one.

"What's this? What does this mean?" Mr. Monteagle took a step toward the young couple.

They did not cower or retreat. They took a step toward him. The overcoat slipped off their shoulders, but they still stood as one, the man's arm around the girl's waist and their hands clasped. They looked not in the least guilty or even embarrassed. On the contrary, they were regarding him as an intruder who must, nevertheless, be put at ease. They said nothing, but they returned his gaze.

"Look here, Harrison," said Mr. Monteagle. "This won't do—it won't do at all! Eve, don't you realize where you are? Don't you know what time of night it is?"

Neither of them made answer. They did not seem interested in him.

"Eve, go to your room. Harrison, your car is out in front."

With quiet confidence, but with manifest consideration for the intruder, the small young man replied, "Eve is not going to her room, Mr. Monteagle." He tightened his grip on the girl. "Now then," he added, with great dignity and some condescension, "I have something to say to you."

"I've heard all I want from you. I told you you were not to see my daughter again."

"So you did," said Harrison amicably. "And a perfectly natural mistake on your part too—at the time. But you have nothing to say about it now, Mr. Monteagle—nothing whatever."

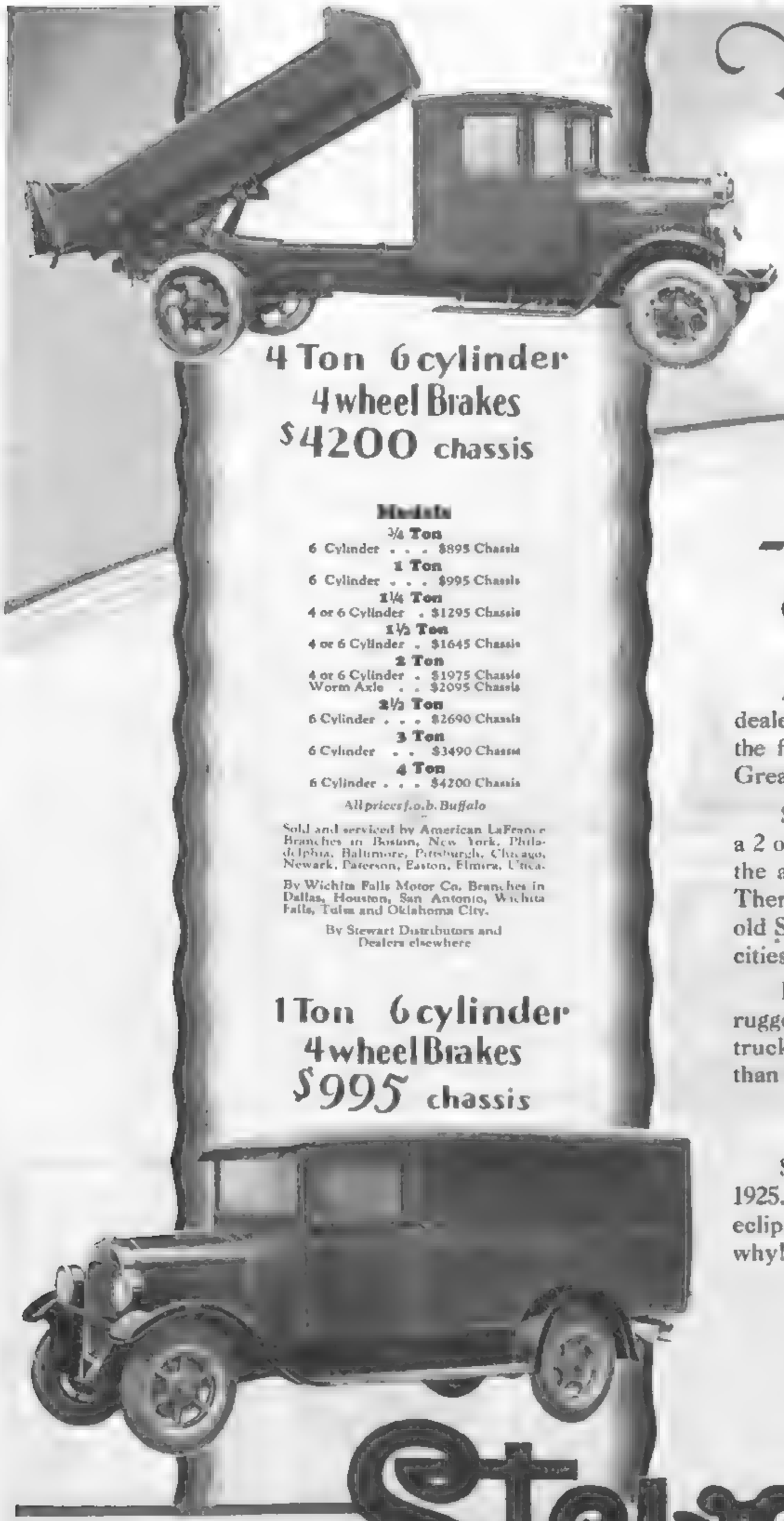
"Besides, Hal," interjected Eve, smiling, "he didn't come to see me. That's why I came to see him."

The worn-out man of business had an exasperating sense of their talking in a different language, standing on a different plane from his. He turned upon his daughter angrily.

"Yes, and that's just the trouble. You have pursued this boy from the start. That's why he did not care for you and never can. You have cheapened yourself, running after him, throwing yourself at his

(Continued on Page 118)

The Island of Oahu, Hawaii, as Viewed From the Sea at Low Tide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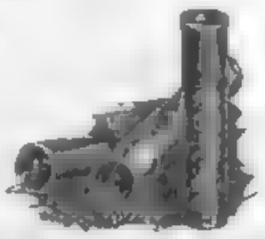

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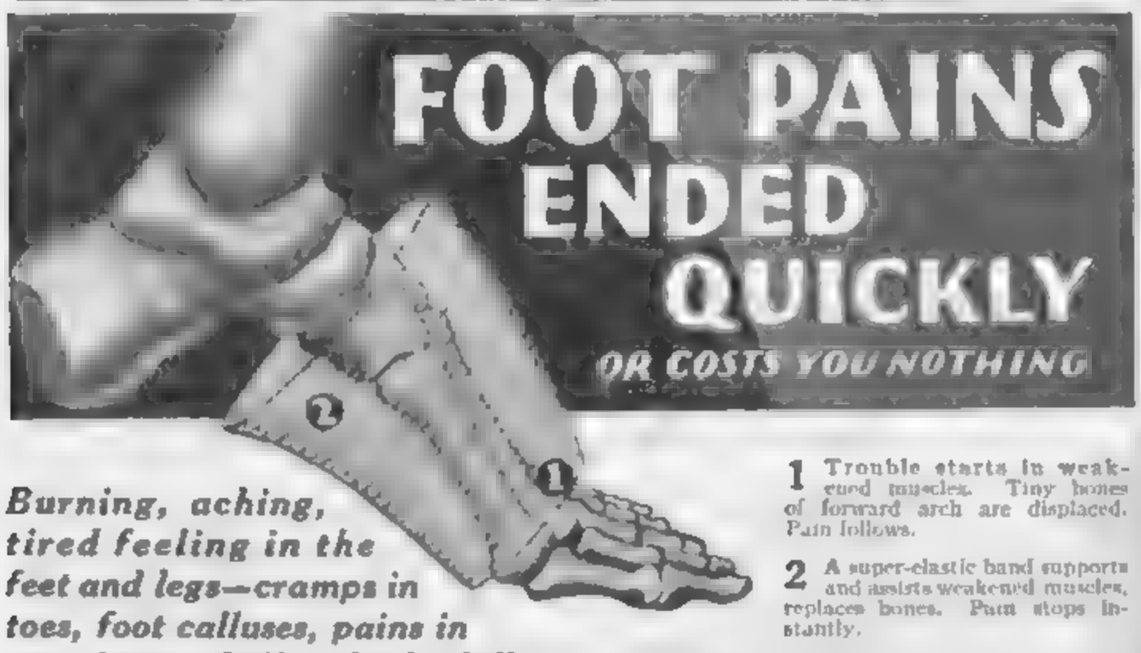

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(Continued from Page 114)

head. And now—why, he can't even respect you now!"

Harrison suddenly let go of the girl and rushed toward her father, as if he meant to strike him—a bantam attacking an eagle. "How dare you?" he said. "How dare you? If you weren't her father ——" Harrison stood on tiptoe to make his threat more impressive. "Retract every word you said to her and apologize, or take the consequences. Apologize, I say, and do it quick!"

The transformation was so complete, the onslaught so sudden, that Mr. Monteagle had actually retreated a step, and now stood there in the moonlight, blinking down upon the boy in bewilderment. It was as if he did not recognize the young scientist, and was asking "Who is this?" But there was no way to answer such absurdity without being absurd himself, so he merely shrugged his shoulders and stepped across to Eve as if nothing had occurred at all.

"Perhaps, my dear," he said in a low voice, "it would be just as well to go to bed now. We're all of us tired and a bit overwrought. You're making an early start in the morning." He reached out to take his daughter's arm. Harrison darted in between them.

"Don't you touch that girl!" he cried, more maddened than ever by being ignored. He pulled Eve out of her father's reach. "You're not fit to touch her. No man is." But he did so himself. He put a possessive arm around her. "She's mine now—all mine, and you can't talk to her that way. I won't allow it. You don't deserve such a daughter. Why, this girl is real, she's honest. Why, Eve is the loveliest, bravest, truest woman in the world, and you don't appreciate her! You never did. You're incapable of it." He paused, but only for breath. "You big cowardly bully, attacking this poor little kid when helpless to defend herself! But she has me to take care of her now, and she knows it. That's why she came to me."

Was the boy intoxicated?

Certainly—the most divine form of intoxication known to mortals. His sense of the ridiculous had gone with his sense of inferiority. He was enormous now, omnipotent, unconquerable, glorious. He held her to his side with one arm while he waved the other, defying the whole world, eager now to fight for the woman he loved.

"Oh, I'm not claiming to be good enough for her," he went on, in a lower, more solemn tone. "No man is, or ever could be. But she's willing to let me try to be, and if you don't like it you know where you can go."

In all the mighty Monteagle's many experiences with the world's various potentates, he had never before been so insulted, and he enjoyed it so much that he had to turn his back for fear the young people would read his face.

"That's the way to talk!" he said to himself. "Hit me again!" But there was still an acid test to be made, and he was wondering how to work it.

Harrison gave him his opportunity. "Very well," said the boy, glaring magnificently, "I've given you a chance to square yourself with your daughter. But if you're not man enough —— Eve, there's a car waiting out in front. How long will it take you to get ready?"

Before Eve could reply her father said, "Wait a minute! Do you think I can't prevent her going to the Gobi with you?"

"We're not going to the Gobi. We're going to San Francisco, though. I've got a job in a bank there."

This was all news to Evelyn. "But, darling ——" she began.

He interrupted: "Oh, I know it's only fifty dollars a week to start with, but just you wait! Inside of ten years, I'll bet I can put him out of Wall Street if I want to."

(Good! Good! This is great.) . . . "Harrison," said Mr. Monteagle, controlling his features, "think a minute—think what you're doing before too late. You wouldn't sacrifice the chance of a lifetime, your work in the world, your freedom and independence—all for a little thing like the biological urge with a smear of sentimentality over it!"

The unscientific scientist waved him aside. "What do you know about it? You think this is the usual thing? I tell you nothing like this ever happened before to any two people in this world!"

The girl had been trying to speak. She had a chance at last: "Darling—darling—your work, your career!"

Again the new Harrison spoke in the new voice, rich and strong, masterful and sure. "Why, do you think I'd let a little thing like an expedition to the Gobi come between you and me!" He regained possession of her, the completed lover. "Not for all the science in the world!" He turned with triumphant disdain upon the poor old powerless banker. "You can prevent her going to the Gobi, but you can't prevent her marrying me now—nothing can!"

(Yes sir! That boy's all right.) . . . "I see," said Mr. Monteagle. "That's all I wanted to find out."

Then he went down and dismissed the car.

(THE END)

***The Throwback.* "I Don't Know What We've Ever Done That This Tragedy Should Happen to Us, James; Our Daughter is a Lady!"**

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

(Continued from Page 22)

Hoover wore a Republican label and Smith wore a Democratic label. Both were nominated by national conventions of these existing parties, but the election was in no sense a party election, no matter how much credit the Republican Party may take for the Hoover triumph or how much distress the Democratic Party may feel over the defeat of Smith. It was a people's election, and the division of the people was not along Democratic and Republican lines, and was along Hoover and Smith lines. Therefore, as there seems to be no possibility of the erection in this country of two parties—one a conservative party and the other a liberal party—that shall adequately, logically, progressively and truly represent the real political and economic sentiment of the country, it may be that all is as well as the circumstances will permit.

So long as we are to have presidential elections every four years we must have machinery to make nominations officially and to provide for election expression. The present Republican and Democratic parties provide that machinery. They are usable mediums until new ones are available. Looking at them in that light, with nothing better offering at present, they can be tolerated, but any idea that Republican leaders or Democratic leaders may have that they are essential is mistaken. We are beyond the days, in this country, when we vote for a candidate because that candidate is a Republican or is a Democrat. Republicanism means nothing to most of us, nor does Democracy mean anything. Instead of going anywhere from here, politically, we shall stay right where we are, so far as the machinery of our politics is concerned.

That is the technical, the professionally political side of it. The logical side of it, as I have often pointed out in these pages, is a realignment of our politics into radical and conservative divisions, representation and operative policies. But politically we, as a people, have ceased to be technical and never have been logical. The great and cheering thing about all this welter of mixed motives, curious affiliations and extraordinary trends has escaped most of the commentators on the results.

Party Lines Begin to Break

There seems to be forming in this country, slowly but persistently, a party that, regardless of the precepts, tenets, traditions and machinery of the old parties, operates on an American basis and with an American viewpoint. In the early years of our new American period, which began after the Civil War, men voted the Republican ticket because they were Republicans, from environment, mostly, and because they came from Republican stock.

It was the same with the Democrats. There was little splitting of tickets and there were few bolts. They had the Mugwump demonstration in the 80's, but that was soon over, and there were various sporadic disturbances, such as Greenbackism; but in the main, if a man was a Republican he was Republican always, and if he was a Democrat he stood rigidly and inflexibly in his faith.

Bryan and his free silver caused the first great breaking of party lines, and since then allegiances have been less unpliant. There has been a slackening of party discipline and a loosening of party ties. There has been a slowly growing feeling among the people that the best governmental results can be obtained if governmental power is centered in the best man offered, rather than in the best partisan. This sentiment has been subject to various circumstances and conditions. Outside influences have swept in and dominated elections, as taxation and war disgust did in 1920, for example; but all in all, observers of political trends who have sufficient background to understand and interpret the political temper of the people have noted this tendency among the voters—the tendency to vote as Americans rather than as partisans.

This was abundantly demonstrated in the election of last November. All other matters aside, such as prohibition, religion and what not, giving Governor Smith every possible credit for his ability and his courage and his experience, there is no doubt that a great majority of the American people realized the imperative necessity, not only for themselves but for their country, for a continuance of our present prosperity. That was the great American need.

Consequently, regardless of these other offshoots and entanglements, the American people, in large majority, made their assays of the two men with precisely this point in view: Which of these men, Hoover or Smith, from education, experience, past performances and present prospects, is better fitted to be President and, as President, to maintain our prosperity at its present high level, conserve it, increase it, if possible?

As Between Two Good Americans

The answer was Hoover, and it is silly to take a partisan view of that answer and say it was a pro-Republican answer or an anti-Democratic answer. It was made by both Republicans and Democrats, by men and women who voted the Republican ticket, but did not vote it because it was the Republican ticket, and did vote it because it was the Hoover ticket. A nebulous, inchoate party was operating, just as it operated in 1924, when Coolidge was elected; a party without organization, without its own machinery, but with machinery at hand that sufficed for its purposes, no matter if it was Republican property.

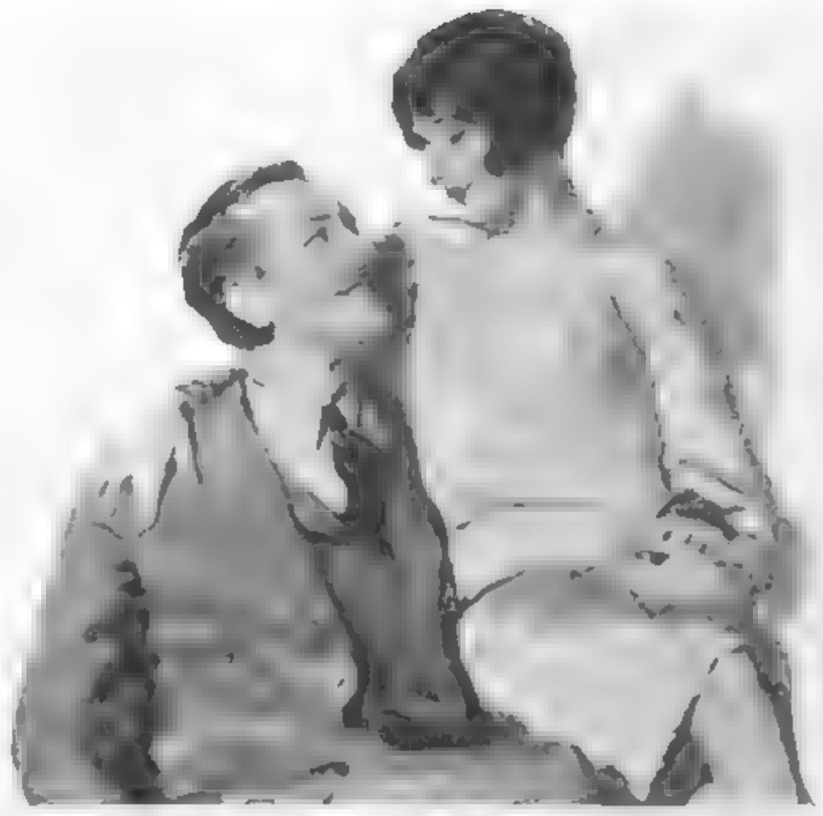
There was no national organization There were no party leaders, no state, county, city or precinct committees. There was none of the usual political mechanism. All there was to it was a determination. And that carried the day overwhelmingly.

Hoover sensed this. Having been nominated by the Republican Party, he made the polite party gesture and allowed the Republican leaders to set up their various merry-go-rounds, and confer, and send out pictures, and make estimates, and arrange for minor speeches, and tell spellbinders what to say, and all this flummery and that huggermugger.

What they did not do was write his speeches, or pledge him to anything, or dictate a single action of his. Hoover, Republican though he is, and will be, in strictly party matters, was shooting at a larger, more useful, more powerful public sentiment than is comprehended in the term "Republicanism," and he hit it, not only because his aim was good but because back of that aim there was a record and a conviction and an experience that inspired and directed his shots.

Al Smith is a good American. He has made New York State an excellent governor. But what happened to him, laying aside various eruptive features of his history and campaign, was that the American people, coldly and critically making the comparison between him and Hoover, on the basis of what would be best for the country and, therefore, best for themselves, decided that Hoover would attain the best results for the country and its people during the coming four years, and therefore elected Hoover. That is the basic fact of the last election, the fundamental truth.

John W. Davis also is a good American, and a man of ability, character and standing. Fundamentally the same forces operated against him that operated against Smith. The people concluded that Coolidge, as President, would do better by the country, and they elected Coolidge in 1924 for the same basal reasons that prevailed in the 1928 election. As between two good Americans, they chose Coolidge in 1924. As between two good Americans, they chose Hoover in 1928.



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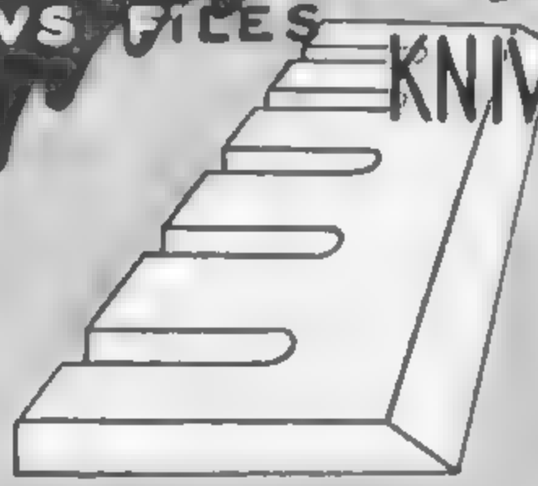

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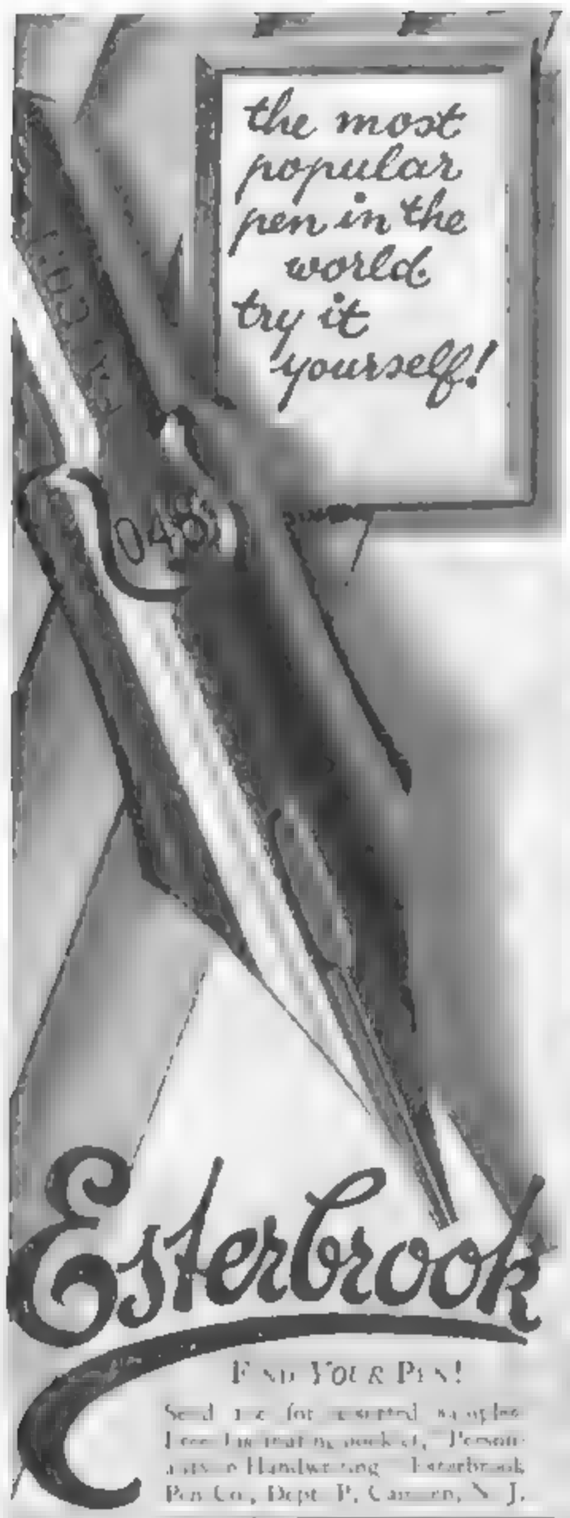

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This Hoover demonstration, complicated though it was with extraordinary and controversial adjuncts, presages the political readjustment that surely is coming in this country. There is no surer thing than that the Republican Party and the Democratic Party lag, superfluous, on the stage of our political necessities. They are shopworn, discredited, dismal survivals of an era that is past. They hang on because there has been no concerted effort to remake or supplant them. They probably will hang on for a considerable time for the same reason. Between elections our people are too busy to fuss with the reconstruction of political parties, and leave the minor politics to the politicians. That, of course, is deplorable, but also, what with the temper, occupations and affairs of the American people, it seems inevitable.

However, even with these two decrepit and obsolete parties remaining, this election has shown conclusively that it is no great task for the American people to build a new party of their own that will operate at any given time and for any given purpose. It is not a party in the sense of organization, funds, officials, policies and what not. It has no headquarters and holds no meetings. Its platform is a determination to do what is best for America, and it has no partisan bounds.

We hear from pulpit, platform, press and radio that the old spirit of real Americanism is dying, that we have become a nation of materialists, without ideals, convictions, principle or any other symbol of success and progress than money.

We hear that from a multitude of sources and in a multitude of voices wailing over this sad state of affairs. Then along comes a chance for demonstration, and the American people rise up and give those bewailers an object lesson in how mistaken they are. That is what the American people did on the sixth of last November. And that is the hope and the only promise of our national politics.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

(Continued from Page 7)

hat and followed into a weird, cavelike world with a distant roof. He stepped over several long rolls of carpet; between two soaring pieces of scenery he glimpsed a segment of the brilliant stage, now swarming with men in overalls; and then, as he went around a stack of packing boxes, he found that he was facing the young leading lady. She stood on the threshold of a dressing room, clad in the gold dress she wore at the first curtain, and her shapely white arm was cordially extended.

"How do you do, Mr. Pendleton?" she said. "I'm sorry you had to wait."

Beyond her shoulder a maid, holding a hairbrush, stood near a dressing table.

"I know your time is precious," said Pendleton efficiently, as he released her hand, "so I'll come right to the point: I'm back again to see if I can't possibly persuade you to make up your mind to come to the prom with me."

"I've already made it up," she said. "I'd adore to go."

"That's fine!" he breathed. "I'm delighted to hear it."

Off to one side a man was passing who seemed to be calling out some mysterious warning at regular intervals.

"I've a suggestion to make," Pendleton announced. "Why don't you go in that dress you wear in the last scene? It looks fine, and you'd save the time and trouble of changing after the show."

"Oh, no," she said, smiling, "I couldn't wear that."

"Why not?" he asked in surprise.

"I'd look like an actress," she explained, humorously wrinkling her nose. "Oh, there's something I want to ask you!" There came a murmur from the maid. "All right, Ida," answered the leading lady without turning, and somewhere an orchestra began playing a familiar theme song.

"Let's have supper together after your matinée," suggested Pendleton quickly. "Then we can talk things over."

"That'll be fine," she said, withdrawing a step at another murmur from within. "Wait for me at the stage door. Can you find your way? . . . Charlie, will you show Mr. Pendleton the way out? . . . I'll change just as quickly as I can!"

She waved and vanished, and when she reappeared, an hour later, he saw that she again wore the brown fur coat and that her blue eyes were shining.

"Hello," she said chummily. "Was I long?"

She slipped her gloved hand behind his arm, and in the graying metropolitan twilight they walked along the pavements of Broadway, alive now with crowds from the matinées. They decided on a bronze-fronted restaurant where rose lights seeped through heavily curtained windows. When they were scanning the inexpensive menu Pendleton noticed that a man and a woman at a neighboring table were watching.

"Those people recognize you," he whispered. Without turning her head a single degree, the leading lady switched her eyes toward the indicated couple, then back to Pendleton.

"How do you know I'm the one they're looking at?" she asked. "Probably they remember seeing you play hockey, or perhaps they saw your picture the time you were elected captain."

He was amazed. He had never told her that he played hockey, because he had never had the opportunity to tell her. He scoffed modestly at the suggestion, but it pleased him tremendously. The couple at the next table, he felt, had most likely been staring at the leading lady and not at him. Upon reflection, however, it seemed quite possible that he himself was the one they had recognized; after all, his picture had been in three New York papers during the past year, his name had been mentioned a number of times in the sporting columns. Against his better judgment he inclined toward the leading lady's explanation; and now, looking back upon her shrewd suggestion, he found himself approving of another quality of hers. The stag line at the prom would never turn down their thumbs at this girl on the old, damning charge that she was beautiful but dumb. This girl had brains.

"There was something you were going to ask me," he reminded her.

"Perhaps you won't like it," she said doubtfully.

"I'm sure I will."

"Well, it's this," she said: "Instead of going down to the prom by train, what do you say if we fly down?"

"Fly?" he repeated slowly.

"We'll get there much quicker," she pointed out, "and it ought to be lots of fun. You see, there's a man I know—he's the publicity man for our producer now—who used to be in the aviation service. Well, he's promised to make all the arrangements for us. He has some influence at Curtiss Field, so it won't cost you and me a penny."

"Oh, that part's all right," Pendleton protested.

"I wouldn't dream of doing it if they were going to charge us for the trip," she said. "I've only been up once before, but I loved it, and I'll bet it's especially thrilling to fly at night. Remember, though," she added gravely, "if you'd rather go by train, I'm perfectly willing to go that way."

"Not on your life!" he exclaimed, the plan growing on him. "I'm delighted to get the chance to fly."

"It will be fun, don't you think?" she inquired, leaning toward him in confidential excitement. "Heavens, I hope I don't get scared at the last minute!"

She was even prettier, he discovered, off the stage than on. The lamp shade just above her shoulder diffused a soft pink light over her clear, amiable face, and perfect teeth gleamed when she frequently smiled. She was natural and she was charming. Not once did she talk about herself, but showed a stimulating interest in all his remarks. By the time the intimate supper was over he had become well acquainted with the likable human being behind the stage celebrity; and he was aware of the illogical but pleasant sensation of having known that human being for a long, long time.

"I've enjoyed every minute," she said as they shook hands by the stage door, "and now I have to go back to work."

The warm touch of her hand lingered in Pendleton's as he walked slowly down Broadway. Everything had worked out even more perfectly than he had hoped. She was coming to the prom, they were to have the additional thrill and distinction of arriving by airplane; she was charming, she was lovely; no girl could be as pleasant company as she.

And yet, walking thoughtfully through that great canyon of glittering yellow light, he gave a deep emotional sigh; for his heart, which had never before given him a moment's uneasiness, was now troubled by a strange, happy sadness, by the faintly aching joy of love.

IV

THOMAS GRIFFITH PENDLETON, following the noiseless usher down the dark aisle, kept his eyes on the stage with the emotions of the prisoner who watches, fascinated, for the approach of the official with thumbscrews and cat-o'-nine-tails. He edged past several annoyed men and shrank into his seat, his gaze remaining fearfully on the tall French windows near the wings.

He was destined, he knew, for another two hours' torment. In spite of the resolution made on leaving this theater the previous night, he had come back, for the sixth time within the past two weeks, to sit and watch and suffer.

The two lines of pink chorus girls withdrew by degrees, leaving the stage momentarily deserted. Suddenly Pendleton's heart gave a great, painful bound; for even though he knew precisely when and where she entered, it was always a fresh blow on his heart to see her beauty come through the French windows like a quick, glorious dawn.

His heart had received many such blows since that memorable Wednesday evening on which he had first taken the leading lady to supper. Twice since then they had dined together; three other times he had escorted her to the terminal whence she traveled nightly to her parents' home in the suburbs; and by now he was thoroughly and wretchedly in love.

Each meeting filled him with keener joy, each parting left him more depressed and sharply longing for the moment when he could again be in her cheering, fascinating presence.

Tonight, as usual, his more acute unhappiness began with the scene at nightfall in Gramercy Park, for at this point the handsome hero first appeared. Soon he had spoken to the leading lady, soon was wooing with the lyric written just for her:

"Right out of heaven,
Into my arms . . ."

In happier, detached days Pendleton had merely glanced at the young singing hero. Now he watched as a worried champion, from a ringside seat, watches the formidable challenger destined to be his next opponent. He wondered what kind of man the hero was offstage; he wondered if, by happy chance, he were already married, if he made much money. He wondered if he

(Continued on Page 120)

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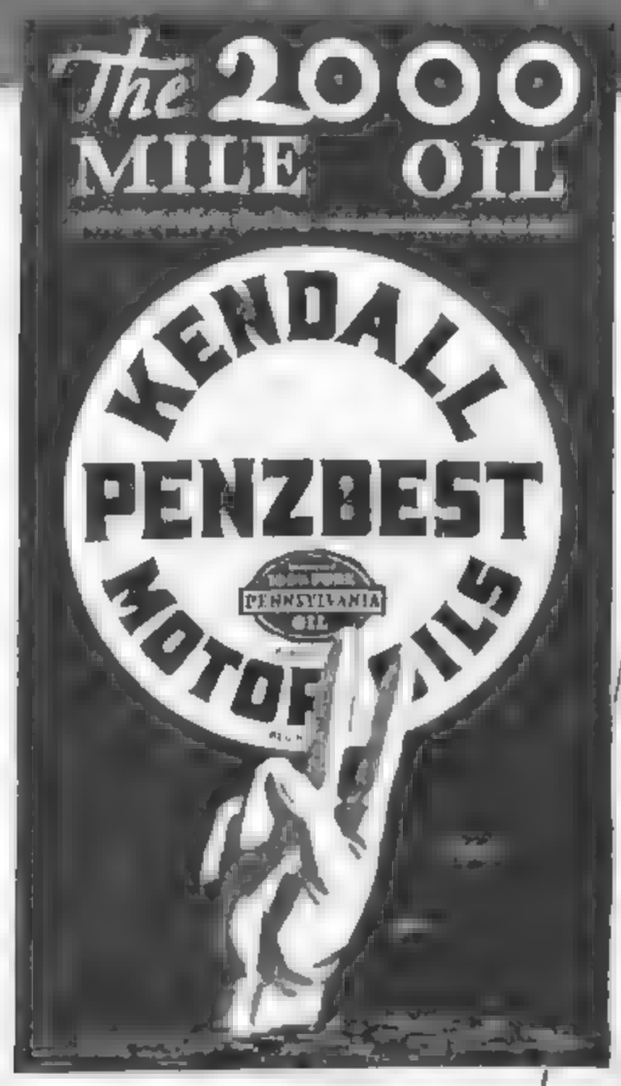

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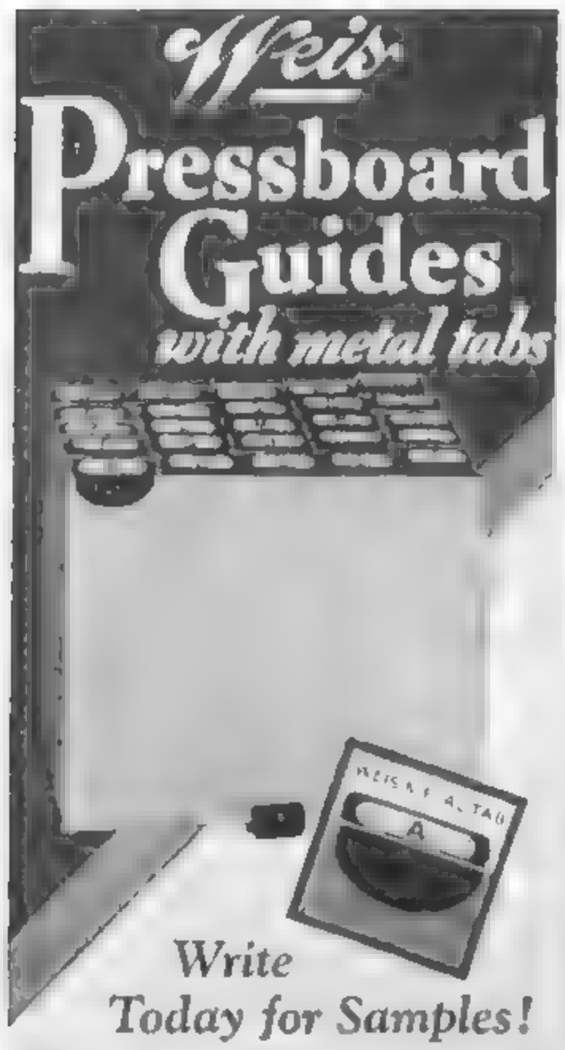

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(Continued from Page 118)

liked the leading lady. Worse, did she like him? This last possibility haunted Pendleton. Did she really like the hero, or was her shyly interested manner only make-believe? Was it possible for a girl to assume, at will, that look of tremulous happiness?

When the couple paused near the wings at the end of their song, Pendleton ducked his head and scowled at his knees. He would not look up until that kiss was safely over. By the familiar dialogue he followed the action but kept his face doggedly lowered. Some power stronger than the muscles of his neck, however, forced his head upward just in time to see the kiss. With a little-girl impulsiveness that made sentimental people throughout the audience smile tenderly, the leading lady suddenly raised her face and surrendered her lips to the ardent hero while Thomas Pendleton looked on unhappily.

During the intermission he sulked in the foyer and moodily inhaled cigarette smoke while he wrestled with a problem: Should he watch the second act or should he escape the worst heartache of all by jumping into a cab now bound for the terminal? After reversing his decision several times, he suddenly swore in contempt at his own weakness, viciously hurled his cigarette into a corner and resolved to catch the next train back to college; and a minute later, settling down in the half-darkness, he was once more miserably watching the stage.

When the blond sister, sitting at the piano on the terrace, started playing the new love song, Pendleton shifted in distress. His gaze stayed on the leading lady, his hands clutched the arms of the seat like a man waiting for the dentist's drill to go deep and touch the nerve to exquisite torture.

"Don't let her see you're jealous," the friend whispered; and to show her blithe unconcern for the song and its deceitful composer, the leading lady flowed liquidly into the dance which, for Thomas Pendleton, had changed during the past two weeks from an esthetic treat to a personal torment.

"Come, be perfect through me," her young, swaying body urged. "Forget you are misshapen, forget the defeated heartaches that haunt your mirror. Live through me and be divinely formed. Live through me and in my body see yourself as you are in your secret longings."

The silver ruffles swung aside, a piquant knee and thigh gleamed and disappeared. A more abrupt sway flung the skirt still higher, momentarily revealing the satiny white knickers. Pendleton, writhing in helpless disapproval, almost groaned aloud. His angry resentment turned against the audience. It was all right for them to watch the chorus girls kick high; those tights had been put on for the purpose of being looked at. But it was different with the leading lady. It was no fault of hers, it was quite unintentional, when those sacred white knickers showed. The men in the audience had no right to sit here and stare.

Now she was dipping and circling with unbelievable lightness and grace. Now she went into the concluding whirl that sent the skirt spinning high, her flawless body standing out in revolving silhouette for all to see. And now, more painfully than ever, a dull knife pressed slowly into Thomas Pendleton's heart.

The pain was real, as definitely localized as a toothache. He took a sharp inward breath and bent forward as if to ease the burning misery in his breast.

Suddenly he was on his feet, a sense of suffocation frightening him. Gripping his crushed hat, he prodded the knee of the man next to him.

"I can't stand it!" he muttered wildly. "Excuse me, I got to get out!"

"Then stay out this time!" growled the owner of the knee. "And look where you're—say, fella, don't push me like that!"

As the man, rising, clutched his elbow, anger spread through Pendleton's body like a flame. He glared at the man, savage hate boiling up uncontrollably in his heart. Suddenly this man had become the cause of all his distress and torment. Of its own accord his right arm drew back; with relish he foresaw his fist, backed by one hundred and eighty pounds, crashing against the man's protesting mouth.

"Now be careful, be careful!" spluttered the man in waning belligerence. "I paid for this seat and you got no right ——"

Half the people in the audience were staring; a silent usher came gliding from the deeper gloom of the rear. Hastily Pendleton smacked the clinging hand from his elbow. Perspiring in fear of public disgrace, he darted up the aisle, and when he sat in the smoking room at the terminal his thoughts were once more dealing with the love that had wrought such havoc and misery in his life.

Things, he determined, simply could not go on like this. The thought of her doing that dance every night was unbearable. Did she herself realize how much her knickers showed in that last whirl? Would she be willing to leave out that dance, or at least to change the last part of it? He resolved to broach the subject to her very soon, and his firm decision brought him a little comfort.

On the train, however, unrelieved gloom again descended upon him. He could think about nothing but the leading lady, was utterly unable to concentrate on anything else. For the past ten days he had not even made an effort to study; instead, he had adopted the ruinous policy of cutting classes rather than risk an unannounced test in which he was sure to fail. Unless something radical happened, he realized, he certainly would not graduate in June. But what could possibly happen?

There was one solution which he had thought about many times. He considered it now, a picture of unattainable splendor. In it he was through college, graduated from law school and making money as a rising young attorney. That one item of wealth was the magic answer. With a good income he could persuade her to leave the stage and marry him. Without money of his own he was helpless. And four dreary years lay between the glum present and a decent affluence at the bar. His thoughts were still describing futile circles as he crossed the sleeping, starlit campus. Ahead loomed the familiar bulk of his own dormitory. No longer was it the happy scene of many triumphs; it was a sinister jail that leeringly awaited his sure return.

Tonight he found something distinctly cell-like about the dark hall leading to the rooms he shared with Lew West. He recoiled from his own bedroom and its prospect of sleepless hours haunted by a blue-eyed face. He went into the study, snapped on the green table lamp. A yearning for human companionship guided him to the door of his closest friend.

"You awake, Lew?" he whispered, pushing West's door open. "Awake?"

Suddenly a spring creaked in the pitch dark; there was the hasty stir of a body, then a scared voice: "Who's that?"

"It's me, Lew," said Pendleton. "You awake?"

"Yes," said West with audible relief. "Snap on the light. Just get back?"

Pendleton located the single electric bulb, sat on the narrow bed and extended his package of cigarettes.

"Lew," he began solemnly, "something pretty ghastly has happened to me."

"What's wrong, Griff?" asked West quickly.

"I suppose you've noticed a change in me the last few weeks."

"Yes, I noticed you've been kind of sunk lately."

"Sunk?" repeated Pendleton, smiling sadly at the inadequacy of the word.

"Is there something you're worried about, Griff?"

"Yes," announced Pendleton, "I'm worried about Mary."

"Oh," said West uncertainly.

Because he felt that he must tell someone, Pendleton opened his heart to an extent he had never done before, not even to

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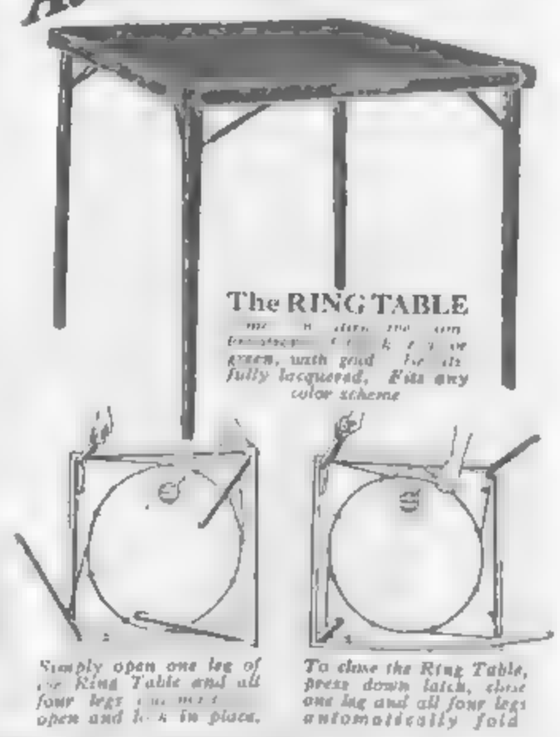

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Lew West. While describing his predicament there was for him a melancholy comfort in observing that West plainly found the tragedy appropriately magnificent.

"If only this hadn't happened till a couple of years later!" exclaimed Pendleton fretfully. "As it is now, I'll be here almost another year, then three years more at Columbia Law. And after I start practicing, it'll be at least six months before I'm making enough money to support two people."

"Won't take you that long, Griff," said West encouragingly.

"There's no good kidding myself," replied Pendleton sternly. "It'll take me six months, all right, to get really established. I might as well face that."

"Maybe you're right," West conceded.

"It's an outrage, though," Pendleton went on, "that they make us put in three full years at law school. Two years would do it. As far as that goes, if a fellow's willing to get on the books hard—and even study vacations and holidays—why should they kick if he finishes the work inside of one year?"

"Sure, getting the work done is what counts."

"I never felt so desperate in my life," said Pendleton tensely, after a pause. "I don't know what I'm going to do."

"It's too bad, Griff."

"My senior year is being ruined—think of going through senior spring feeling the way I do! I can't afford to flunk out of college and I can't study enough to stay in. Why, Lew, whenever I try to study, with Mary on my mind every minute and thinking how long it'll be before I'm my own boss, I get the darnedest smothered feeling, as if"—he drew in a sharp breath, his arms making the groping, froglike strokes of a man swimming upward through water—"as if something was really cutting off my breath."

"Wish there was some way I could help, old man."

"It's worse after each time I see her," added Pendleton, frowning at the wall. "I really ought to stop seeing her altogether—but what's the use of saying that?"

"Griff," began West hesitantly, "maybe after the prom you'll feel a lot better about it."

"Better?" said Pendleton dully. "I'll feel just that much worse."

"Well, look at that girl Dib Davis had last spring," said West eagerly. "For weeks Dib talked about nothing else, sent specials every day, couldn't wait for the house party to start. And when the weekend was over, after dancing with her Friday and Saturday night and eating every meal with her—even had to get up and take her to breakfast and chapel Sunday morning—Dib hated the sight of her. Told me he couldn't get her on the train soon enough. Said he was off women for life."

"No wonder," said Pendleton scornfully. "Did you meet the woman? I cut in twice, so I know. What did she have? Not a thing but a pretty face—though I never could stand that flashy blond type myself. And the way that woman talked! Why, she'd talk herself right out of any league in the country. She was yapping when she landed here Friday, and her mouth was still going when her train pulled out of the Junction Sunday night. No wonder Dib was off her. It was always a surprise to me he didn't shoot her."

"She was pretty bad," West agreed. "Talked about nothing but the parties she'd been to at Yale and Williams and Annapolis and Dart——"

"The more a fellow sees Mary," said Pendleton unheedingly, "the more he realizes what a wonderful girl she is. It isn't only that she's beautiful and has such a lovely figure. It's because she's so darn nice and pleasant, and so much fun to be with. Why, I'd rather spend ten minutes with Mary—just walking to the terminal, for instance, the way we did the other night—than go to the best party in the world with any other girl that ever lived."

There was a silence while Pendleton stared abstractedly at the fuming cigarette in his hand.

"It's all fixed up about flying down," he said. "Captain Hains—the publicity man of the show—and I worked out the details together."

"What kind of a fellow is he, Griff?"

"Darned nice," said Pendleton. "I thought all publicity men were loud-mouthed roughnecks. Not this guy. He's smooth."

"You scared about flying?"

"Lord, no," answered Pendleton cheerfully. "Neither is Mary. . . . You ought to see her eyes, Lew, when she's excited about something. And she's got the nicest laugh too."

A longer silence settled upon the bedroom. Far away the campus bell softly boomed, throwing two slow waves of mellow sound across the night.

"She certainly is a little queen," said Pendleton tenderly. "She's the sweetest, dearest, most adorable darling in the whole world."

The emotion in his tones made him realize more keenly than ever that this was so, and in the last few words his voice shook strangely and broke. The pain around his heart, however, had been eased. There was deep relief in merely having confided his troubles to someone else. A humble comfort crept into him, and while he lay in bed he cherished this immediate solace and refused to think about the darkening gloom of the future.

As he was leaving the dairy lunch the next morning, after a late breakfast, he stopped at a hail and waited for Murray Stone to overtake him. He liked Stone, and because this classmate was head of the press club—the student organization supplying outside newspapers with university news—Pendleton had tactfully cultivated his good will. From Stone's present manner Pendleton knew what had happened. The amateur reporter obviously had called at the university store, where the prom tickets were on sale.

At the same desk was the list bearing the names of the girls, written down by their prospective escorts, who were coming to the prom. When proudly registering the leading lady's name the morning before, Pendleton had secretly expected that Stone or one of his candidates would soon take up this trail.

"You big snake!" cried Stone admiringly as he drew nearer. "I was just in the univee store. . . . Say, have you been dodging me the last ten days?"

"Why, no." Pendleton's slight laugh implied that he instinctively shrank from representatives of the press. "I said I'd have a prom story for you, didn't I?"

"And it's hot stuff, too, Griff," said Stone enthusiastically. "How come famous women fall for you so hard?"

"Oh, there's just that indefinable something about me," Pendleton replied facetiously.

"The papers will eat it up," the space writer announced. "That reminds me, Griff: Over two weeks ago the publicity man of her show got me on the telephone."

"Captain Hains?"

"That's the fellow," said Stone. "Well, at that time he asked about you—said he knew you slightly—and I told him what hot stuff you were on the campus. Yesterday he came down here."

"He did?"

"We called around at your room, but you were out—same as the last half-dozen times I tried to get hold of you."

"Yes, I've been in New York a lot," Pendleton admitted expansively.

"Captain Hains had been over at Kingston, making arrangements for your plane to land. Then he dropped in here to see you and me. He's going to help us get a big story out of the airplane trip—with flash lights."

"Good for you, Stoney!"

"He's a nice fellow, Griff."

"He's all right," said Pendleton, who had liked Captain Hains from the first because, being married, he did not loom as a suitor for the leading lady's hand.

"He wanted to be remembered to you," Stone added. "Said he'd see you soon, anyway, at the theater."

"Yes, I'm backstage every now and then."

"This is the only thing about the prom that'll make a good story," Stone remarked. "Sending out the cut-and-dried list of girls' names for the society page doesn't amount to much."

"Tell you what you can do, Stoney," said Pendleton thoughtfully. "I'm planning to leave my car at Kingston to bring us over from the landing field. I'll lend you the car so you can make your trip over, and then you and I and Mary can ride back to the prom together."

"Fair enough!" exclaimed Stone gratefully. "That'll save hiring a jitney, and I can take a camera boy along with me. The flash lights alone on this thing are going to make us some fancy money. The press club ought to give you a rising vote of thanks, Griff. Nobody but you could've put this over."

The chairman of the prom committee murmured some insincere protests, and soon slipped away to his room, where he adjusted a soft needle on the phonograph. He relaxed in a chair close to the machine. Although the refrain, unfortunately, was sung by a tenor, he never tired of listening to the significant words:

Right out of heaven,
Into my arms;
Who else on earth could be
Half as sweet or fair to see . . .

Over and over again he played the vocal refrain during the few days preceding the prom; he no longer tried to study, had ceased even to worry about his scholastic defections. Like a drug addict, he shut his eyes against the day of reform. The hours in her company the night of the prom would be his biggest debauch of all, and after that would come blacker depression and stronger craving. It was, his conscience told him, a fool's paradise he was living in, one to be paid for ultimately in failed courses, perhaps in the forfeiture of both his A.B. and his LL.B.

But meanwhile he ignored impending tragedy, dreamily listening to the softened melody that magically called up before his closed eyes the small, luminous picture of a pretty girl who was dancing through his life with such incredible lightness, with such a heartbreaking grace.

V

FIFTY-FIVE miles away the prom was acquiring its first momentum; on a sidewalk just off Broadway the chairman of the prom committee, his dress collar gleaming above the lapels of his fashionable black overcoat, stood close to a big limousine and watched the pair of stage doors a few feet away.

Without warning, those doors swung open; the doorman, like a footman to royalty, held them wide. Out hurried a small, erect queen, a dream in a handsome white cloak with black fur at the neck. For an instant she hesitated, then hurried forward.

"Hello, Griff!" she cried softly.

"You look fine, Mary!" he exclaimed, helping her into the rear seat. "Oh, wonderful!"

Captain Hains, who had arranged for the limousine, dropped into the seat by the chauffeur. The car promptly moved forward and there followed almost an hour of nocturnal flight. They darted through honking traffic, rolled along between two rows of black iron pillars, swept through unlovely suburbs, stopped briefly at a toll gate, where Captain Hains handed the keeper money, and again sped forward along a black country road.

"The Motor Parkway, Griff," said Captain Hains. "No grade crossings and the sky's the limit."

After skimming through darkness for a quarter of an hour more, the car abruptly

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halted on a graveled space at the edge of a field. As he was jumping out, Pendleton saw a huge yellow monoplane standing fifty yards away in a flood of brilliant light. While they hurried toward the plane several men, tossing away cigarettes, came from a squatty building at their left. These proved to be lean, unprosperous-looking men with cameras. In quiet efficiency Captain Hains, who seemed to know everyone by name, posed the leading lady beside the plane. He handed her a leather helmet, which she obediently pulled on at his direction. A flash light snapped; immediately she beckoned to Pendleton with a gracious gesture that he had seen somewhere before. Captain Hains adjusted them arm in arm, like a bridal couple, and again powder boomed.

As he assisted the leading lady into the cabin, Pendleton felt a queer shiver of apprehension. To him, just then, the motionless plane seemed alive. Like a gigantic yellow dragon fly, it leered evilly over its shoulder, capable of instantly whirling into convulsive, deadly activity. The feeling passed, and he was sitting beside the leading lady on a cushioned leather seat at the rear of the small, comfortable cabin. The tone of the motor changed, the four of them were sailing through a vast dark sea.

"This Lindbergh bonnet is mussing my hair," announced the leading lady humorously. "I'm going to take it off now. It's about as necessary in here as an umbrella would be."

"It's a tradition, Mary," laughed Captain Hains from his seat by the pilot. "If you didn't wear one of those in the picture, nobody would believe you really left the ground."

Through isinglass windows the pair in the rear peeped down at the unreal lights of the earth; together they stared up at the high, white-gold moon, and Pendleton's faint breathlessness was not caused by altitude but by the nearness of the shapely auburn head, by the frequent impact of two starry blue eyes. A vibrant happiness sang in his heart. It mattered not in the least that on tomorrow depression and hopeless longing would again grip him. To him the immediate present was the only important part of all time, and he absorbed a thrilling joy from the merest contact of their shoulders, from the quick touch of her hand when she called his attention to some new marvel below.

The monoplane went into its descent and Pendleton felt a pleasant expectation. On climbing out they were confronted by a professional reporter from Trenton and by Murray Stone and his press club photographer. The leading lady was charmingly patient in posing and in answering questions about the trip; even the delay caused by some defect in the press-club powder trough did not make her less gracious. Pendleton, however, fidgeted in his eagerness to sweep on to new triumphs at the prom.

"Let's get going," he urged cheerfully, and soon his car, driven by the student cameraman, was drawing near the hundreds of other cars parked around the gymnasium. Murray Stone had been visibly enslaved by the leading lady's smile. Pendleton, with secret amusement, observed how the newspaperman listened, rapt, to her slightest remark, or gushed eager words himself. So absorbed was Stone that when Pendleton volunteered some information about the air trip, for possible newspaper use, Stone apparently did not even know that his friend had spoken.

They stopped in front of the cloistered entrance to the gymnasium, and a minute later Pendleton stood waiting in the wide trophy hall. The air around him buzzed with the talk of a hundred couples who strolled along the balconies or sat and flirted on the two long stairways. He realized that many of these couples, both strangers and people who knew him personally, were looking his way. He was further pleased by the knowledge that his tuxedo, his carnation, his entire appearance, were all appropriately flawless.

The leading lady, without her cloak now, came from the dressing room and he saw that she was more lovely than ever in her white dress and silver slippers. There was a trace of shyness in her manner and she took his arm quickly. He found something profoundly appealing in the gesture; it was as though she turned instinctively for refuge in his strength and assurance, his importance here and his friends.

"Heavens, Griff," she whispered. "I never saw so many pretty girls in my life. I'm afraid you're going to get stuck with me."

He beamed down fondly, drew her white arm farther through his. Her arrival had been foretold by the campus daily paper that morning; moreover, many people recognized her and whispered her name until it spread through the trophy room and all eyes turned in one direction. Proudly Pendleton escorted her toward the door beyond which the line of patronesses stood.

He was, just then, at the high point of his conspicuous career; in that moment, as she nervously hugged his arm, he loved her genuinely, loved her with an emotion that brought a strange, misty feeling to his eyes. In expansive pride he conducted her along the receiving line. He watched the faculty wives take her, from among a thousand girls, to their discriminating hearts; he saw the bored dean's face, at the other end of the line, brighten expectantly.

"For the past hour"—the dean, shaking hands, beamed upon the leading lady with outrageous flattery—"I've been coaxing my wife to let me go home. Now I want to stay here, but I'm afraid she's going to make me leave immediately!"

The music pulled warmly at them. Pendleton curled his arm lovingly around her waist. He drew her against his heart, and a delicious tenderness, thrilling and immeasurably sweet, suffused his entire being. They glided off, and at once all the other girls he had ever danced with became heavy, unwieldy or jumpy.

Within thirty seconds Lew West, according to their agreement, cut in and was introduced, releasing Pendleton for the male escort's first duty. Promptly he set about bringing up his friends and introducing them to his girl. Each of these became forthwith one of her devoted pursuers; each was in turn besieged by his own friends clamoring for an introduction.

During her second circuit of the huge ballroom the leading lady was dancing with five partners to the minute. Pendleton, determined that she should enjoy herself to the fullest, trailed her faithfully and constantly brought up new disciples. On the fern-decked platform, where the thirty-piece orchestra blared, Pendleton saw Captain Hains in consultation with the conductor; the captain vanished and the conductor kept a scrutinizing eye on the approaching tide of dancers. Suddenly, locating the leading lady, he swung around to his men. A different melody burst out, and when the leading lady came opposite the platform the conductor, singing through his megaphone, had progressed far enough in the lyric to sing directly at her:

"Right out of heaven,
Into my arms;
Who else on earth could be
Half as sweet . . ."

She smiled briefly and lowered her eyes when he, still singing, shook at her a fondly admonitory finger. A hundred couples noticed, some explaining to others the connection between the song and the pretty girl in white.

At the next corner Captain Hains and Murray Stone appropriated her. The captain was the quiet stage manager, and stags were plentiful and good-humored. Soon the leading lady, an appealingly girlish figure, stood posed against a background of a hundred tuxedos. A flash light boomed softly, the smoke drifted, and already she had been whirled off in the arms of the quickest partner—by far the most popular, most pursued and most discussed girl in that great tabernacle of color, rhythm and movement.

"Can she dance!"

"Where's she now, Ted—where's Mary?"

"There she goes!"

"She said I could see her backstage some time!"

"Introduce me!"

"Do you know her, Undy?"

Still busy with introductions, Pendleton watched his girl get the biggest rush ever given a belle in that historic gymnasium. This was what he had wanted, and he told himself that he was glad to see her become so quickly popular. Some strange discontent, however, troubled him. It was not that he was jealous of the men who danced with her. His annoyance lay in something else—something only half defined.

At every other prom, it was true, his girl had received an unusual share of attention; and that, he knew, had happened because the girl belonged to Thomas Griffith Pendleton, the man of many honors and numerous friends. This, he understood, did not apply to the case of the leading lady. Her popularity was her own; the prestige of her escort was obliterated by her individual fame. She would be getting this same big rush even if she had come to the prom with the university's most obscure freshman for a partner.

Her escort, Pendleton slowly realized, would always be an appendage, unimportant and overlooked, just as he was overlooked now. So, as he stood there watching the leading lady, he found no satisfaction in the fact that Pompey had achieved his heart's desire; he had, as planned, entered the streets of Rome with Cleopatra chained to his chariot wheels. The plebeians, however, were not wildly cheering Pompey in the expected admiration. They were ignoring him while they fought for a glimpse of Cleopatra, and great Pompey was very much annoyed.

"Say, Griff, introduce me!"

At his elbow Pendleton saw Stumpy Frothingham, a rotund sophomore who addressed even prominent seniors as his equals.

"Too busy," said Pendleton briskly. "I've got a whole list of fellows I promised."

"All right," said Frothingham cheerfully, still clinging to the other's elbow. "I'll stick close to you and wait for my turn."

Pendleton's vague discontent now focused into anger.

"Go on away," he said tartly. "I won't have time to introduce you."

Frothingham dropped the elbow, straightened his roly-poly figure and glared. "Say, Pendleton," he snapped sarcastically, "you better be careful. Sometime that great big heart of yours is going to come right up and choke you."

Pendleton moved away, his eyes searching for the leading lady. He saw her standing near one of the doors, where she had been stopped again by Murray Stone and Captain Hains.

"Come on, Griff," called Stone happily. "We're going to get a picture of Mary standing next to that stuffed tiger out in the trophy room."

The leading lady, surrounded by a group of eager undergraduates, smilingly beckoned; and suddenly Pendleton knew that he was not going to join the group; for now he recognized her gesture as the one he had often seen her use at curtain calls when graciously inviting the hero from the wings to share applause that was, unmistakably, hers. Pretending to misunderstand, Pendleton waved debonairly toward the group; then, to forestall any urgings, he promptly

(Continued on Page 126)

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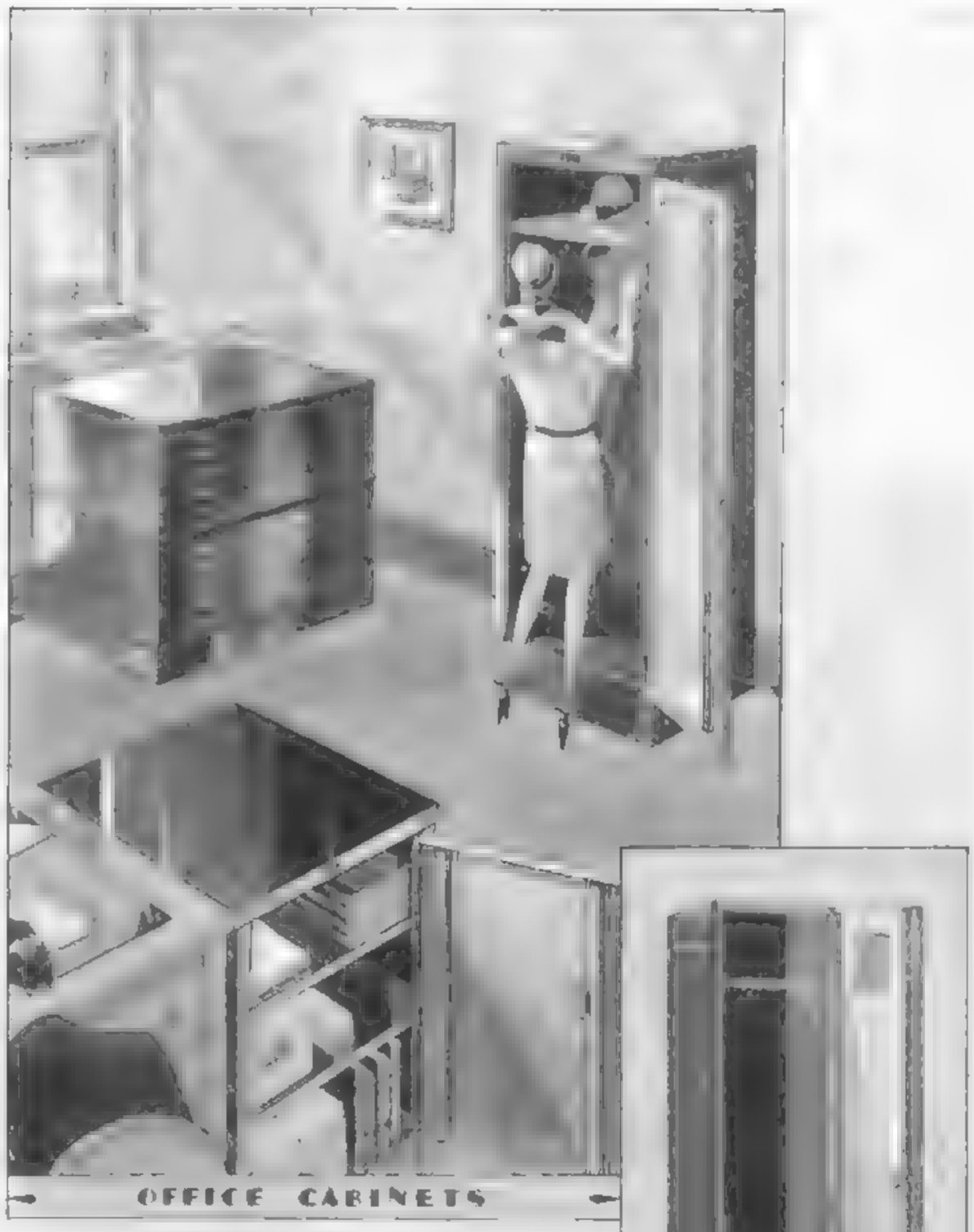

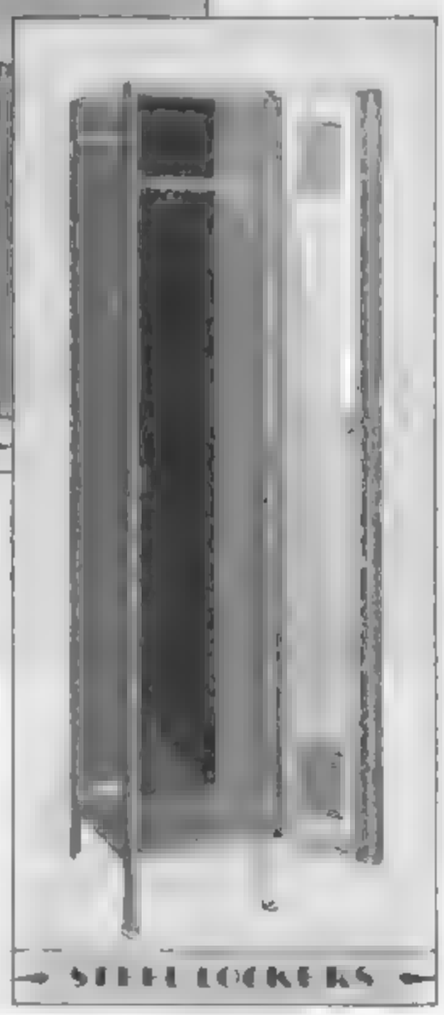

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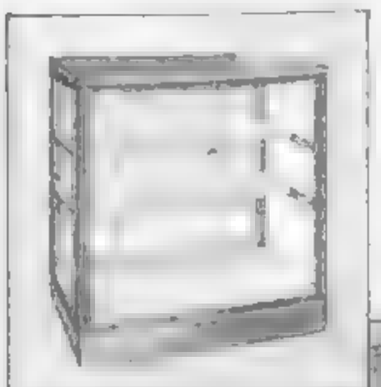

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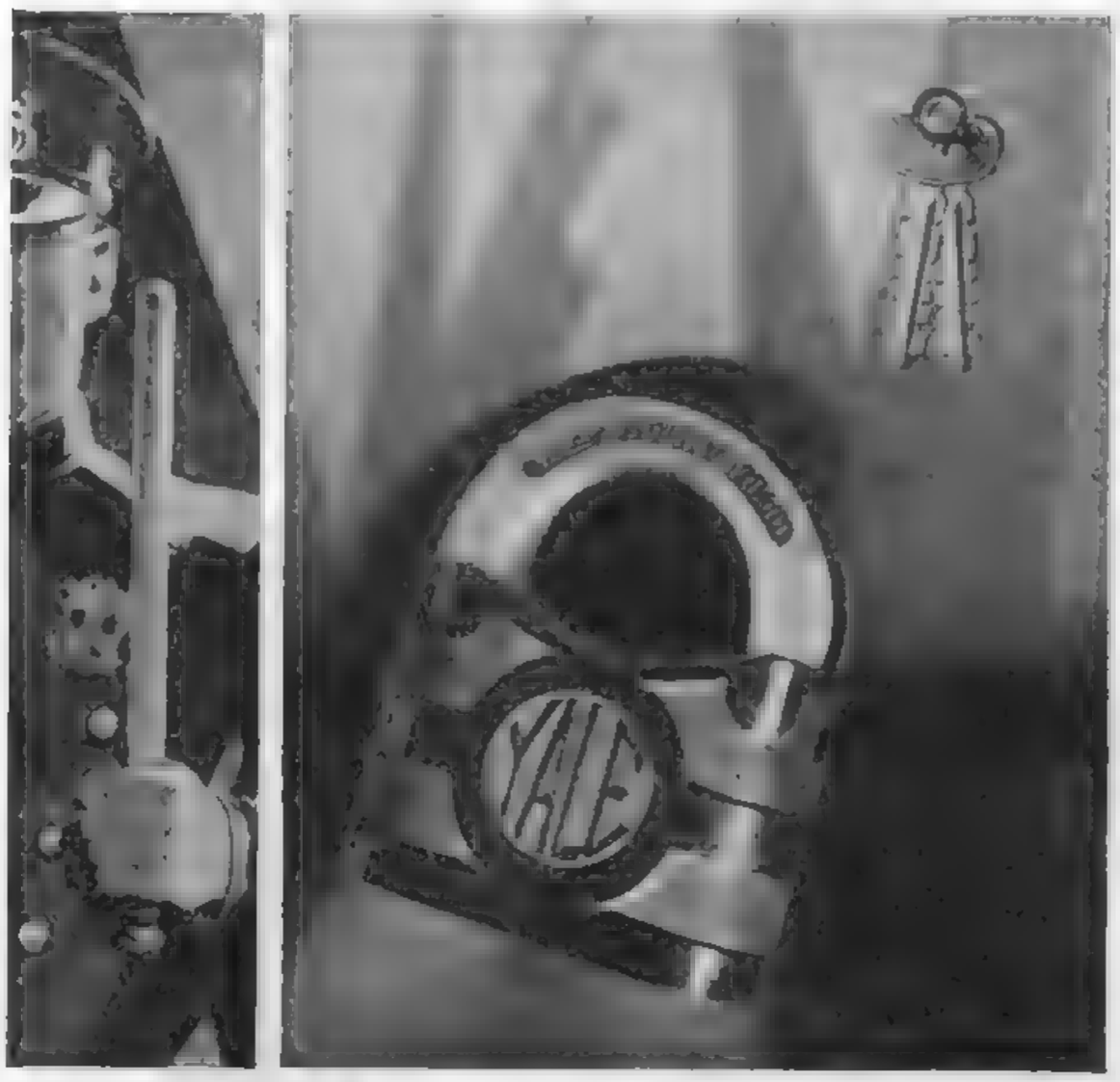

YALE Standard Lever-tumbler Padlocks are quality locks, manufactured by an organization with a background of more than sixty years' experience in producing protective locking devices of the most advanced design.

The construction of these padlocks is sturdy and strong, to resist anything but the right Yale Key. The cases and all interior parts are made of bronze, eliminating any possibility of deterioration from rust or corrosion. The shackles are made of cast bronze, and swedged to give them greater toughness. The lever-tumblers and bolts hidden away inside are responsible for the smoothness of action and the security.

Yale Standard Lever-tumbler Padlocks are made in ten sizes, ranging from the small padlock for use on jewel boxes, to the large and massive padlock suitable for use on warehouse doors, prison doors, etc.

Yale Standard Padlocks are inspected, tested, proved at every step in their manufacture, and after the final assembly they are subjected to a last thorough inspection to make sure they are right. They are masterpieces for protection.

Yale Locks and Hardware are sold by hardware dealers.

THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. CO.
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

(Continued from Page 122)

cut in on the couple that chanced to be nearest him. The girl thus accidentally honored—a stranger to him—greeted his arrival with triumphant, flattering excitement.

"Oh, I know who you are!" the girl gushed.

"You do?" Warming, he beamed expectantly. "Well, I'll give you three guesses."

"Why, you're the man that brought Mary to the prom!"

This blow rid him of all desire for dancing; and an hour later, out in the solitary darkness, he sat on a brick wall and sourly regarded the stars.

The leading lady had started back to New York. Tired but radiant, she had left the floor reluctantly. When she protested against his leaving the dance simply because she must go, he allowed himself to be persuaded; the chairman of the prom committee, he agreed, perhaps ought to stay until the end.

He had none of his old desire to see her again; the only emotion he now held for her was one of vague resentment. The whole night - the night in which he had expected to strike the high note of his career—had gone mysteriously stale and flat; and as he sat there on the brick wall he realized that he was no longer in love, and it did not occur to him to determine why.

A few yards away the blurred sounds of the prom escaped into the last moments of darkness. The affair held no attraction for him, but presently, because he was miserable unless he was being noticed, he wandered back. At first he felt alien, uneasy, but soon he realized that already they had begun to forget the leading lady; henceforth she belonged to the legends of the campus, and the adventure would take its place among the collected distinctions of the senior whose genius had made it possible.

Feeling a little better, he cut in on his old but lately neglected friend, Vivian Ayrehardt, and found that she was prettier than he had realized. She was agreeably obscure, and as usual her gratitude for his attention was touching.

"You ought to be awf'ly proud tonight," she said, worshiping him with her humble, brown eyes.

"Proud?" he asked coldly. "Why?"

"Because everybody says it's the finest senior prom that was ever given. The orchestra and the decorations and the programs—not a single thing could have been better. I know, if I were the chairman of the prom committee," she added, smiling up in timid tribute, "I'd be too proud of my success to act as modest about it as you are."

Far above there was a noiseless click of unseen machinery; a cosmic spotlight shifted, wavered, then settled unerringly upon the star; and Thomas Griffith Pendleton was once more living in a universe where there was a familiar and proper relationship between merit and resulting fame.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada) Foreign prices quoted on request.

This food without fibre
These gums without work!

Soft foods have hurt our gums by robbing them of work and stimulation—but Ipana and massage will bring them back to sound and sturdy health

JUST steal a glance, to the left or right, next time you sit down to dinner! Delicious this modern food may be...but how much chewing does it need? How much stimulation does it give to your gums?

Day after day you eat the soft fare of civilization. Your gums are robbed of their needed work and exercise. Is it any wonder that they become soft and tender ...that they bleed easily ... that "pink tooth brush" comes, with its warning of worse trouble ahead?

How Ipana and massage defeat "pink tooth brush"

Fortunately, dentists have found a way to check the alarming spread of gum troubles. Massage the gums, they say, twice daily. For massage stirs the circulation of blood within the gum walls, sweeping away impurities, toning the tiny cells and building the tissues back to firm and hardy health.

And even better than massage alone is massage with Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana has a special ingredient —ziratol—a hemostatic and antiseptic widely used in the practice of dentistry. Its presence gives Ipana the power to tone and invigorate the depleted tissues, restoring the gums to their normal firmness of texture.

There's nothing difficult or complicated about it. After you clean your teeth with Ipana, simply squeeze out some more of this delicious dentifrice and brush your gums with it gently. If at first your gums are tender to the brush, rub them with Ipana on your fingertips. This gentle frictionizing makes your gums firm, rosy—more resistant to disease and infection—better guardians of the health and beauty of your teeth.

© 1929

Make a full month's test of Ipana

The coupon offers you a ten-day trial tube of Ipana. Ten days will amply demonstrate Ipana's superb cleaning power, its delicious taste. But it can only start the work of restoring gums to health. So get a full-size tube of Ipana—enough for 100 brushings.

Clean your teeth, massage your gums, with Ipana, twice a day, for one full month, and learn the double joy of sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums.

★ ★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P19
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

The test tubes of Science
set the washing formulas

Alice Gartley found in her interesting trip into Launderland that the soap mixture is carefully measured and adapted to the fabric being washed ● The *rainsoft* water, too, must be at an exact temperature for each process. There usually are three suds-baths with from nine to twelve complete changes of filtered, rainsoft water. The exacting standards of the modern laundry are constantly checked with data furnished by the Laundryowners National Association, maintaining a Research Fellowship at Mellon Institute and a proving station at the American Institute of Laundering. Laundry-washed clothes really *are* cleaner.

Go with Alice into Launderland

This delightful journey booklet may be had from any modern laundry displaying on its trucks this picture of Alice in Launderland. A telephone call will bring your copy.

A Service for Every Family Budget

WHETHER you supervise the laundress at home, or send clothes out to questionable quarters, you will find that modern laundries offer freedom from work and worry at a variety of services to meet every family need. All-round work, partially-ironed work, and a plan which returns clothes damp for ironing are a few individualized services available at laundries today

© 1929, L. N. A.

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

Company Coming?

Cream of Tomato Soup
Veal and Sweet Potatoes baked in Pet Milk, garnished with Stuffed Red Peppers
Creamed Carrots in Spinach Border
Lettuce with Russian Dressing *Corn Sticks*
Pineapple Mousse
Spice Cake with Caramel Frosting
Coffee and Candies

The dinner isn't a task when you know that every dish will be a source of pride to you—a real treat for your guests.

In every item on the menu, the use of Pet Milk assures extraordinary quality. To the soup—without added butter—it gives distinctively rich flavor. The veal and sweet potatoes baked in Pet Milk have tenderness and fine flavor that nothing else will give. The creamed vegetables are richer and better. The frosting and the candy have the melt-in-your-mouth texture.

The certainty of getting these exceptional results is due to the sure quality of the milk. More than twice as rich as ordinary milk, every drop in every can is uniform in this extra richness—every drop uniformly fresh and sweet.

Used in place of cream—whipped as in the mousse—or wherever you'd use cream—Pet Milk costs less than half as much as cream. Diluted to suit the milk use, it costs less than ordinary milk. Fresh and sweet on your pantry shelf, it is equal to every need you have for cream or milk.

PET MILK COMPANY
1421 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Let us send you our free booklets. They contain the recipes for the menu. They will demonstrate the extraordinary quality of Pet Milk dishes. You'll like its convenience and economy.

made with PET MILK

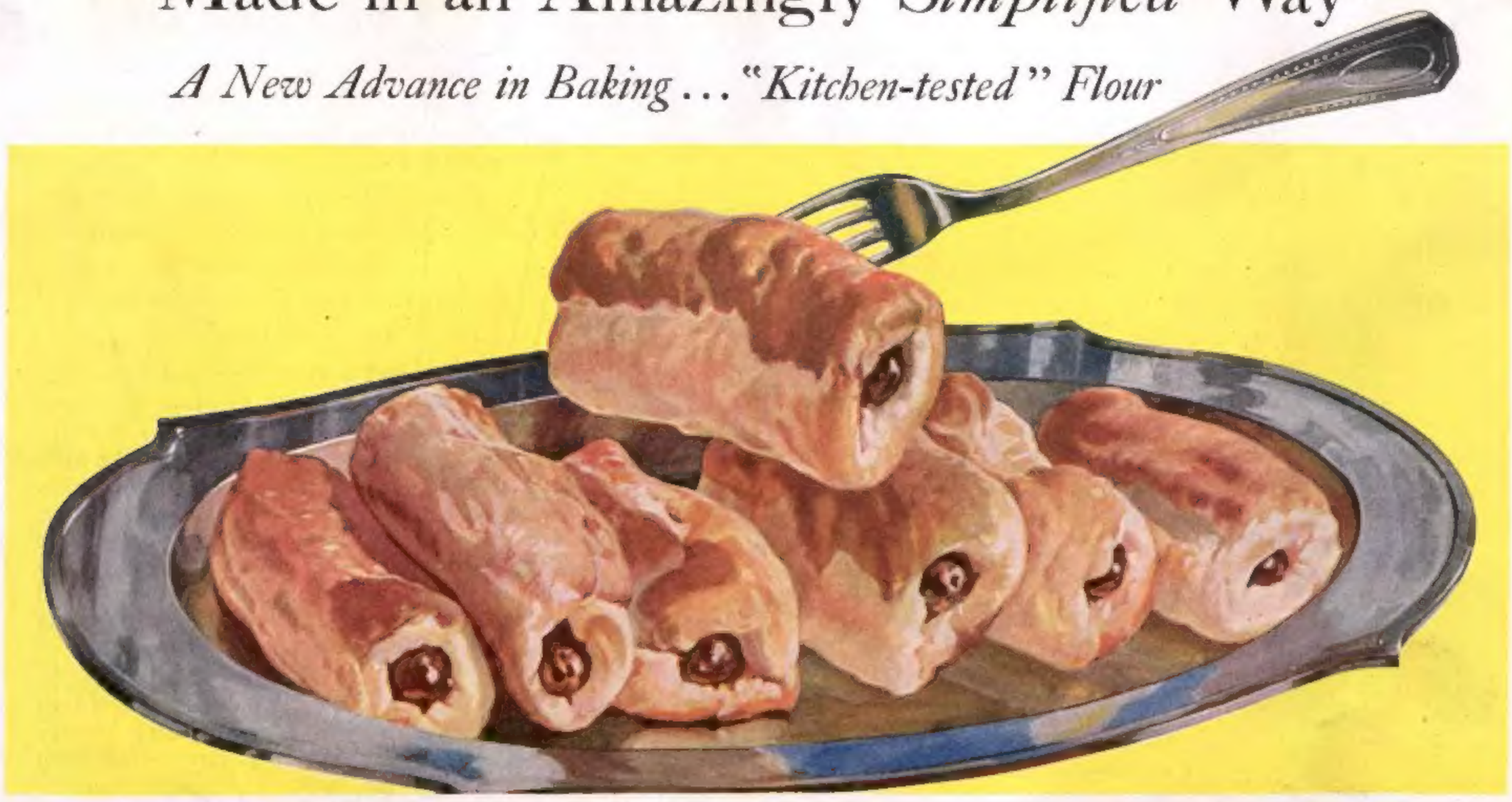
PET MILK
UNSWEETENED EVAPORATED
MILK
NET WEIGHT 1 POUND

M. C. KAISER

These Are "Pigs in Blankets"

Made in an Amazingly *Simplified* Way

A New Advance in Baking ... "Kitchen-tested" Flour



Mixing Time: This Simplified Recipe—6 minutes ... Tested Results: 315 Successful Results in 316 Women Trying It.

THAT baking has been *simplified* amazingly is a fact that women everywhere are learning. One can now be almost *certain* of results.

The altogether delightful "Pigs in Blankets" pictured above are an example. Of 316 women baking them, 315 had perfect success first time. The one lone failure was charged to wrong oven temperature.

A New-Type Flour—"Kitchen-tested"

Those results are brought to you in a scientific way. An utterly new-type flour—"Kitchen-tested" flour—developed by Gold Medal experts, the leading milling experts of the world.

Years were spent tracing the causes of home baking disappointments. 50% were traced to lack of uniformity in flour; not to inefficiency of the housewife. It was found that two batches of the same brand of flour, while chemically alike, seldom acted alike in the home oven. Thus the *same* recipe would often give astonishingly different results. Thus thousands of women wondered *why* their baking varied so discouragingly.

Now Unvarying Results

To meet that situation, home kitchens were installed in the Gold Medal Mills. And there every batch of this famous flour is put to the *same* "Kitchen-test" by Betty Crocker and other cooking experts before going to you, that it will receive later in your own oven.

If it falls short, it never goes to you. Last year some 5 million pounds were turned back because of those tests.

As a result, Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour acts the same with the same recipe every time you use it. Gives the same results every time.

That is why saying Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour to your grocer—instead of just "flour"—is most important, if you expect unvarying baking results. Millions of women will tell you this. Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour is tested for ALL baking, from bread to Angel Food Cake.

For Southern Housewives

There are two special types of soft wheat flour now provided for Southern housewives especially. Both are Gold Medal—both are "Kitchen-tested." Ask for Gold Medal Flour, either plain or self-rising.

Gold Medal Flour (plain and self-rising) is milled in the South at our Louisville mill. It is all "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes.

Special Offer

"Kitchen-tested" Recipes: Recipes used in testing Gold Medal Flour are becoming recognized standards. These "Kitchen-tested" Recipes are printed on cards and filed in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen and last forever. We shall be glad to send you, anywhere in the U. S. A., one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only $1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box.

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we will send you selected samples, including "Pigs in Blankets," FREE. Check and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

Listen for Betty Crocker and her "Kitchen-tested" Recipes over your favorite radio station.

Copyr. General Mills, Inc., 1929

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

SEND COUPON NOW

A New Delight Awaits You

MISS BETTY CROCKER,
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.
Dept. 356, Minneapolis, Minn.

Enclosed find $1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes.

FREE—please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes—including "Pigs in Blankets."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....